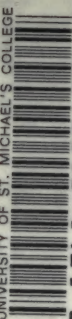
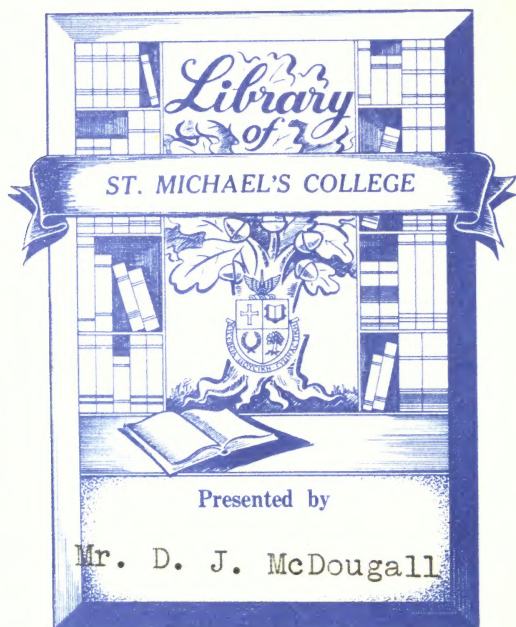


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*DRAMAS AND TRAGEDIES OF  
CHIVALRIC FRANCE*

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME CAMPAN

VOLUME TWO

MARIE ANTOINETTE EDITION

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JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE

MADAME CAMPAN.



ROMANCES OF ROYALTY

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MEMOIRS  
OF  
MADAME CAMPAN  
ON  
MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER COURT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
G. K. FORTESCUE, LL.D.

AND  
WITH A PREFACE BY MME. CAMPAN, A PREFATORY MEMOIR OF  
MADAME CAMPAN BY F. BARRIÈRE

AND  
NOTES OF CONVERSATIONS WITH MADAME CAMPAN  
BY M. MAIGNE



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
G. K. FORTESCUE, LL.D.  
*Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

BOSTON  
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1909

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# THE PRIVATE LIFE

## OF

# MARIE ANTOINETTE

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### CHAPTER I.

“Oath of the Tennis Court”—Insurrection of the 14th of July—The King goes to the National Assembly—Anecdotes—Spectacle presented by the courtyards of the Château of Versailles—Report that the National Assembly is threatened—The King’s speech rebutting these suspicions—Anecdotes—Disposition of the troops—Departure of the Comte d’Artois, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc and Duchesse de Polignac—The latter is recognised by a postilion, who saves her—The King goes to Paris—Alarm at Versailles—The Queen determines to go to the National Assembly—Speech prepared by her—The King’s return—Bailly’s speech—Assassination of Messieurs Foulon and Berthier—Plans presented by Foulon to the King for arresting the progress of the Revolution—Remark by Barnave—His repentance.

THE ever memorable oath of the States-General, taken at the Tennis Court of Versailles, was followed by the royal sitting of the 23d of June.<sup>1</sup> The Queen looked on M. Necker’s not accompanying the King as treachery or criminal cowardice: she said that he had converted a remedy into poison; that being in full popularity his audacity, in openly disavowing the step taken by his sovereign, had emboldened the factions, and led

<sup>1</sup> In this *séance* the King declared that the orders must vote separately, and threatened, if further obstacles were met with, to himself act for the good of the people.

away the whole Assembly; and that he was the more culpable inasmuch as he had the evening before given her his word to accompany the King. In vain did M. Necker endeavour to excuse himself by saying that his advice had not been followed.

Soon afterwards the insurrections of the 11th, 12th, and 14th of July<sup>2</sup> opened the disastrous drama with which France was threatened. The massacre of M. de Flesselles and M. de Launay drew bitter tears from the Queen, and the idea that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart.

The character of the movement was no longer merely that of a popular insurrection; cries of "*Vive la Nation! vive la Roi! vive la Liberté!*" threw the strongest light upon the views of the reformers. Still the people spoke of the King with affection, and appeared to think him favourable to the national desire for the reform of what were called abuses; but they imagined that he was restrained by the opinions and influence of the Comte d'Artois and the Queen; and those two august personages were therefore objects of hatred to the malcontents. The dangers incurred by the Comte d'Artois determined the King's first step with the States-General. He attended their meeting on the morning of the 11th of July with his brothers, without pomp or escort; he spoke standing and uncovered, and pronounced these memorable words: "I trust myself to you; I only wish to be at one with my nation, and, counting on the affection and fidelity of my subjects, I have given orders to the troops to remove from Paris and Versailles." The King returned on foot from the chamber of the States-General to his palace; the deputies crowded after him, and formed his escort, and that of the Princes who accompanied him. The rage of the populace was pointed against the Comte d'Artois, whose unfavourable opinion of the double representation was an odious

<sup>2</sup> The Bastille was taken on the 14th July 1789.

crime in their eyes. They repeatedly cried out, "*The King for ever, in spite of you and your opinions, Monseigneur!*" One woman had the impudence to come up to the King and ask him whether what he had been doing was done sincerely, and whether he would not be forced to retract it.

The courtyards of the Château were thronged with an immense concourse of people; they demanded that the King and Queen, with their children, should make their appearance in the balcony. The Queen gave me the key of the inner doors, which led to the Dauphin's apartments, and desired me to go to the Duchesse de Polignac to tell her that she wanted her son, and had directed me to bring him myself into her room, where she waited to show him to the people. The Duchess said this order indicated that she was not to accompany the Prince. I did not answer; she squeezed my hand, saying, "Ah! Madame Campan, what a blow I receive!" She embraced the child and me with tears. She knew how much I loved and valued the goodness and the noble simplicity of her disposition. I endeavoured to reassure her by saying that I should bring back the Prince to her; but she persisted, and said she understood the order, and knew what it meant. She then retired to her private room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. One of the under-governesses asked me whether she might go with the Dauphin; I told her the Queen had given no order to the contrary, and we hastened to her Majesty, who was waiting to lead the Prince to the balcony.

Having executed this sad commission, I went down into the courtyard, where I mingled with the crowd. I heard a thousand vociferations; it was easy to see, by the difference between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm with some violence, and said, calling me by my name, "I know you very well; tell



your Queen not to meddle with government any longer; let her leave her husband and our good States-General to effect the happiness of the people." At the same moment a man, dressed much in the style of a market man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm, and said, "Yes, yes; tell her over and over again that it will not be with these States as with the others which produced no good to the people; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789 not to make something more of them; and that there will not now be seen a deputy of the *tiers-état* making a speech with one knee on the ground; tell her this, do you hear?" I was struck with dread; the Queen then appeared in the balcony. "Ah!" said the woman in the veil, "the Duchess is not with her." "No," replied the man, "but she is still at Versailles; she is working underground, mole-like; but we shall know how to dig her out." The detestable pair moved away from me, and I re-entered the palace, scarcely able to support myself. I thought it my duty to relate the dialogue of these two strangers to the Queen; she made me repeat the particulars to the King.

About four in the afternoon I went across the terrace to Madame Victoire's apartments; three men had stopped under the windows of the throne-chamber. "Here is that throne," said one of them aloud, "the vestiges of which will soon be sought for." He added a thousand invectives against their Majesties. I went in to the Princess, who was at work alone in her closet, behind a canvas blind, which prevented her from being seen by those without. The three men were still walking upon the terrace; I showed them to her, and told her what they had said. She rose to take a nearer view of them, and informed me that one of them was named Saint Huruge; that he was sold to the Duc d'Orléans, and was furious against government, because he had been confined once under a *lettre de cachet* as a bad character.

The King was not ignorant of these popular threats; he also knew the days on which money was scattered about Paris, and once or twice the Queen prevented my going there, saying there would certainly be a riot the next day, because she knew that a quantity of crown pieces had been distributed in the faubourgs.<sup>3</sup>

On the evening of the 14th of July the King came to the Queen's apartments, where I was with her Majesty alone: he conversed with her respecting the horrid report disseminated by the factions, that he had had the Chamber of the National Assembly undermined, in order to blow it up; but he added that it became him to treat such absurd assertions with contempt, as usual; I ventured to tell him that I had the evening before supped with M. Begouen, one of the deputies, who said that there were very respectable persons who thought that this horrible contrivance had been proposed without the King's knowledge. "Then," said his Majesty, "as the idea of such an atrocity was not revolting to so worthy a man as M. Begouen, I will order the chamber to be examined early to-morrow morning." In fact, it will be seen by the King's speech to the National Assembly, on the 15th of July, that the suspicions excited obtained his attention. "I know," said he in the speech in question, "that unworthy insinuations have been made; I know there are those who have dared to assert that your persons are not safe; can it be necessary to give you assurances upon the subject of reports so culpable, denied beforehand by my known character?"

The proceedings of the 15th of July produced no mitigation of the disturbances. Successive deputations of *poissardes*

<sup>3</sup> I have seen a six-franc crown piece, which certainly served to pay some wretch on the night of the 12th of July; the words "*Midnight, 12th July, three pistols,*" were rather deeply engraven on it. They were no doubt a password for the first insurrection.—*Madame Campan.*

came to request the King to visit Paris, where his presence alone would put an end to the insurrection.

On the 16th a committee was held in the King's apartments, at which a most important question was discussed: whether his Majesty should quit Versailles and set off with the troops whom he had recently ordered to withdraw, or go to Paris to tranquillise the minds of the people. The Queen was for the departure. On the evening of the 16th she made me take all her jewels out of their cases, to collect them in one small box, which she might carry off in her own carriage. With my assistance she burnt a large quantity of papers; for Versailles was then threatened with an early visit of armed men from Paris.


The Queen, on the morning of the 16th, before attending another committee at the King's, having got her jewels ready, and looked over all her papers, gave me one folded up but not sealed, and desired me not to read it until she should give me an order to do so from the King's room, and that then I was to execute its contents; but she returned herself about ten in the morning; the affair was decided; the army was to go away without the King; all those who were in imminent danger were to go at the same time. "The King will go to the Hôtel de Ville to-morrow," said the Queen to me; "he did not choose this course for himself; there were long debates on the question; at last the King put an end to them by rising and saying, '*Well, gentlemen, we must decide; am I to go or to stay? I am ready to do either.*' The majority were for the King's stay; time will show whether the right choice has been made." I returned the Queen the paper she had given me, which was now useless; she read it to me; it contained her orders for the departure; I was to go with her, as well on account of my office about her person as to serve as a teacher to Madame. The Queen tore the paper, and said, with tears



in her eyes. "When I wrote this I thought it would be useful, but fate has ordered otherwise, to the misfortune of us all, as I much fear."

After the departure of the troops the new administration received thanks; M. Necker was recalled. The artillery soldiers were undoubtedly corrupted. "Wherefore all these guns?" exclaimed the crowds of women who filled the streets: "Will you kill your mothers, your wives, your children?"—"Don't be afraid," answered the soldiers; "these guns shall rather be levelled against the tyrant's palace than against you!"

The Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and their children set off at the same time with the troops. The Duc and Duchesse de Polignac, their daughter, the Duchesse de Guiche, the Comtesse Diana de Polignac, sister of the Duke, and the Abbé de Balivière, also emigrated on the same night. Nothing could be more affecting than the parting of the Queen and her friend; extreme misfortune had banished from their minds the recollection of differences to which political opinions alone had given rise. The Queen several times wished to go and embrace her once more after their sorrowful adieu, but she was too closely watched. She desired M. Campan to be present at the departure of the Duchess, and gave him a purse of five hundred louis, desiring him to insist upon her allowing the Queen to lend her that sum to defray her expenses on the road. The Queen added that she knew her situation; that she had often calculated her income, and the expenses occasioned by her place at Court; that both husband and wife having no other fortune than their official salaries, could not possibly have saved anything, however differently people might think at Paris. M. Campan remained till midnight with the Duchess to see her enter her carriage. She was disguised as a *femme de chambre*, and got up in front of the berlin; she requested M. Campan to speak of her frequently to the Queen,



and then quitted for ever that palace, that favour, and that influence which had raised her up such cruel enemies. On their arrival at Sens the travellers found the people in a state of insurrection; they asked all those who came from Paris whether the Polignacs were still with the Queen. A group of inquisitive people put that question to the Abbé de Balivière, who answered them in the firmest tone, and with the most cavalier air, that they were far enough from Versailles, and that we had got rid of all such bad people. At the following stage the postilion got on the doorstep and said to the Duchess, "Madame, there are some good people left in the world; I recognised you all at Sens." They gave the worthy fellow a handful of gold.

On the breaking out of these disturbances an old man above seventy years of age gave the Queen an extraordinary proof of attachment and fidelity. M. Péraque, a rich inhabitant of the colonies, father of M. d'Oudenarde, was coming from Brussels to Paris; while changing horses he was met by a young man who was leaving France, and who recommended him if he carried any letters from foreign countries to burn them immediately, especially if he had any for the Queen. M. Péraque had one from the Archduchess, the Gouvernante of the Low Countries, for her Majesty. He thanked the stranger, and carefully concealed his packet; but as he approached Paris the insurrection appeared to him so general and so violent that he thought no means could be relied on for securing this letter from seizure. He took upon him to unseal it, and learned it by heart, which was a wonderful effort for a man at his time of life, as it contained four pages of writing. On his arrival at Paris he wrote it down, and then presented it to the Queen, telling her that the heart of an old and faithful subject had given him courage to form and execute such a resolution. The Queen received M. Péraque in her closet, and expressed her

gratitude in an affecting manner most honourable to the worthy old man. Her Majesty thought the young stranger who had apprised him of the state of Paris was Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was very devoted to her, and who left Paris at that time.

The Marquise de Tourzel replaced the Duchesse de Polignac.<sup>4</sup> She was selected by the Queen as being the mother of a family and a woman of irreproachable conduct, who had superintended the education of her own daughters with the greatest success.

The King went to Paris on the 17th of July, accompanied by the Maréchal de Beauvau, the Duc de Villeroi, and the Duc de Villequier; he also took the Comte d'Estaing, and the Marquis de Nesle, who were then very popular, in his carriage. Twelve Body Guards, and the town guard of Versailles, escorted him to the *Pont du Jour*, near Sèvres, where the Parisian guard was waiting for him. His departure caused equal grief and alarm to his friends, notwithstanding the calmness he exhibited. The Queen restrained her tears, and shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to her Court; their doors were locked. Terror had driven them away. The silence of death reigned throughout the Palace; they hardly dared hope that the King would return.<sup>5</sup> The Queen had a robe prepared for her, and sent orders to her stables to have all equipages ready. She wrote an address of a few lines for the Assembly, determining to go there with her family, the officers of her Palace, and her servants, if the King should be detained prisoner at Paris.

<sup>4</sup> The *Memoirs* of the Marquise de Tourzel, edited by the Duc des Cars, have just (1883) been published in Paris, and are noteworthy also as containing the last authentic portrait of the unhappy Queen, in facsimile from a striking crayon drawing by one of her attendants found after her execution hidden behind a door in the prison.

<sup>5</sup> See Ferrières' *Memoirs*.—Note by the Editor.

She got this address by heart; it began with these words: "Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign; do not suffer those who have been united in Heaven to be put asunder on earth." While she was repeating this address she was often interrupted by tears, and sorrowfully exclaimed: "*They will not let him return!*"

It was past four when the King, who had left Versailles at ten in the morning, entered the Hôtel de Ville. At length, at six in the evening M. de Lastours, the King's first page, arrived; he was not half an hour in coming from the Barrière de la Conférence to Versailles. Everybody knows that the moment of calm in Paris was that in which the unfortunate sovereign received the tri-coloured cockade from M. Bailly, and placed it in his hat. A shout of "*Vive le Roi!*" arose on all sides; it had not been once uttered before. The King breathed again, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed that his heart stood in need of such greetings from the people. One of his equerries (M. de Cubières) told him the people loved him, and that he could never have doubted it. The King replied in accents of profound sensibility: "Cubières, the French loved Henri IV., and what King ever better deserved to be beloved?"<sup>6</sup>

His return to Versailles filled his family with inexpressible

<sup>6</sup> Louis XVI. cherished the memory of Henri IV.: at that moment he thought of his deplorable end; but he long before regarded him as a model. Soulavie says on the subject: "A tablet with the inscription *Resurrexit* placed upon the pedestal of Henri IV.'s statue on the accession of Louis XVI. flattered him exceedingly. '*What a fine compliment,*' said he, '*if it were true!* *Tacitus himself never wrote anything so concise or so happy.*' Louis XVI. wished to take the reign of that Prince for a model. In the following year the party that raised a commotion among the people on account of the dearness of corn removed the tablet inscribed *Resurrexit* from the statue of Henri IV., and placed it under that of Louis XV., whose memory was then detested, as he was believed to have traded on the scarcity of food. Louis XVI., who was informed of it, withdrew



joy; in the arms of the Queen, his sister, and his children, he congratulated himself that no accident had happened; and he repeated several times, "Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order,"—a determination full of humanity, but too openly avowed in such factious times!

The King's last measure raised a hope in many that general tranquillity would soon enable the Assembly to resume its labours, and promptly bring its session to a close. The Queen never flattered herself so far; M. Bailly's speech to the King had equally wounded her pride and hurt her feelings—"Henri IV. conquered his people, and here are the people conquering their King." The word "*conquest*" offended her; she never forgave M. Bailly for this fine academical phrase.

Five days after the King's visit to Paris, the departure of the troops, and the removal of the Princes and some of the nobility whose influence seemed to alarm the people, a horrible deed committed by hired assassins proved that the King had descended the steps of his throne without having effected a reconciliation with his people.

M. Foulon, *adjoint* to the administration while M. de Broglie was commanding the army assembled at Versailles, had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognised, and the peasants seized him, and dragged him to the Hôtel de Ville. The cry for death was heard; the electors, the members of committee, and M. de La Fayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavoured to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him in a manner which makes humanity shud-

into his private apartments, where he was found in a fever shedding tears; and during the whole of that day he could not be prevailed upon either to dine, walk out, or sup. From this circumstance we may judge what he endured at the commencement of the Revolution, when he was accused of not loving the French people."—*Note by the Editor.*

der, his body was dragged about the streets, and to the Palais Royal, and his heart was carried by *women* in the midst of a bunch of white carnations!<sup>7</sup>

M. Berthier, M. Foulon's son-in-law, intendant of Paris, was seized at Compiègne, at the same time that his father-in-law was seized at Viry, and treated with still more relentless cruelty.

The Queen was always persuaded that this horrible deed was occasioned by some piece of indiscretion; and she informed me that M. Foulon had drawn up two memorials for the direction of the King's conduct at the time of his being called to Court on the removal of M. Necker; and that these memorials contained two schemes of totally different nature for extricating the King from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. In the first of these projects M. Foulon expressed himself without reserve respecting the criminal views of the Duc d'Orléans; said that he ought to be put under arrest, and that no time should be lost in commencing a prosecution against him, while the criminal tribunals were still in existence; he likewise pointed out such deputies as should be apprehended, and advised the King not to separate himself from his army until order was restored.

His other plan was that the King should make himself master of the revolution before its complete explosion; he advised his Majesty to go to the Assembly, and there, in person, to demand the *cahiers*,<sup>8</sup> and to make the greatest sacrifices to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, and not to give the factions time to enlist them in aid of their criminal designs. Madame Adelaide had M. Foulon's two memorials read to

<sup>7</sup> This horrible circumstance is related nowhere else. No record of the time makes any mention of it.—*Note by the Editor.*

<sup>8</sup> *Cahiers*, the memorials or lists of complaints, grievances, and requirements of the electors drawn up by the primary assemblies and sent with the deputies.

her in the presence of four or five persons. One of them<sup>9</sup> was very intimate with Madame de Staël, and that intimacy gave the Queen reason to believe that the opposite party had gained information of M. Foulon's schemes.

It is known that young Barnave, during an aberration of mind, since expiated by sincere repentance, and even by death, uttered these atrocious words: "*Is then the blood now flowing so pure?*" when M. Berthier's son came to the Assembly to implore the eloquence of M. de Lally to entreat that body to save his father's life. I have since been informed that a son of M. Foulon, having returned to France after these first ebullitions of the Revolution, saw Barnave, and gave him one of those memorials, in which M. Foulon advised Louis XVI. to prevent the revolutionary explosion by voluntarily granting all that the Assembly required before the 14th of July. "Read this memorial," said he; "I have brought it to increase your remorse: it is the only revenge I wish to inflict on you." Barnave burst into tears, and said to him all that the profoundest grief could dictate.

<sup>9</sup> Comte Louis de Narbonne.



## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER II.

Creation of the national guard — Departure of the Abbé de Vermond — The Queen desires Madame Campan to portray his character — the French guards quit Versailles — Entertainment given by the Body Guards to the regiment of Flanders — The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin are present at it — Proceedings of the 5th and 6th of October — Detestable threats against the Queen — Devotedness of one of the Body Guard — The life of Marie Antoinette in danger — The Queen is required to appear on the balcony — The royal family repair to Paris — Residence at the Tuileries — Change of feeling — The Queen applauded with enthusiasm by the women of the populace — Private life — Ingenuous observations of the Dauphin — It is proposed that the Queen shall quit her family and France — Her noble refusal — She devotes herself to the education of her children — Picture of the Court — Anecdote of Luckner — Exasperated state of feeling.

AFTER the 14th of July, by a manœuvre for which the most skilful factions of any age might have envied the Assembly, the whole population of France was armed and organised into a national guard. A report was spread throughout France on the same day, and almost at the same hour, that four thousand brigands were marching towards such towns or villages as it was wished to induce to take arms.<sup>1</sup> Never was any plan better laid; terror spread at the same moment all over the kingdom. In 1791 a peasant showed me a steep rock in the mountains of the Mont d'Or on which his wife concealed herself on the day when the four thousand brigands were to attack their village, and told me they had been obliged to make use of ropes to let her down from the height which fear alone had enabled her to climb.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the local effects of this strange general panic, see the *Memoirs of Beugnot*, vol. i., p. 120.



Versailles was certainly the place where the national military uniform appeared most offensive. All the King's valets, even of the lowest class, were metamorphosed into lieutenants or captains; almost all the musicians of the chapel ventured one day to make their appearance at the King's mass in a military costume; and an Italian soprano adopted the uniform of a grenadier captain. The King was very much offended at this conduct, and forbade his servants to appear in his presence in so unsuitable a dress.

The departure of the Duchesse de Polignac naturally left the Abbé de Vermond exposed to all the dangers of favouritism. He was already talked of as an adviser dangerous to the nation. The Queen was alarmed at it, and recommended him to remove to Valenciennes, where Count Esterhazy was in command. He was obliged to leave that place in a few days and set off for Vienna, where he remained.

On the night of the 17th of July the Queen, being unable to sleep, made me watch by her until three in the morning. I was extremely surprised to hear her say that it would be a very long time before the Abbé de Vermond would make his appearance at Court again, even if the existing ferment should subside, because he would not readily be forgiven for his attachment to the Archbishop of Sens;<sup>2</sup> and that she had lost in him a very devoted servant. Then, on a sudden, she remarked to me, that although he was not much prejudiced against me I could not have much regard for him, because he could not bear my father-in-law to hold the place of secretary of the closet. She went on to say that I must have studied the Abbé's character, and, as I had sometimes drawn her portraits of living characters, in imitation of those which were fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., she desired me to sketch that of the Abbé, without any reserve. My astonishment was ex-

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Loménie de Brienne, the dismissed minister.

treme; the Queen spoke of the man who, the day before, had been in the greatest intimacy with her with the utmost coolness, and as a person whom, perhaps, she might never see again! I remained petrified; the Queen persisted, and told me that he had been the enemy of my family for more than twelve years, without having been able to injure it in her opinion; so that I had no occasion to dread his return, however severely I might depict him. I promptly summarised my ideas about the favourite; but I only remember that the portrait was drawn with sincerity, except that everything which could denote antipathy was kept out of it. I shall make but one extract from it: I said that he had been born talkative and indiscreet, and had assumed a character of singularity and abruptness in order to conceal those two failings. The Queen interrupted me by saying, "Ah! how true that is!" I have since discovered that, notwithstanding the high favour which the Abbé de Vermond enjoyed, the Queen took precautions to guard herself against an ascendancy the consequences of which she could not calculate.

On the death of my father-in-law his executors placed in my hands a box containing a few jewels deposited by the Queen with M. Campan on the departure from Versailles of the 6th of October, and two sealed packets, each inscribed, "*Campan will take care of these papers for me.*" I took the two packets to her Majesty, who kept the jewels and the larger packet, and returning me the smaller, said, "Take care of that for me as your father-in-law did."

After the fatal 10th of August, 1792,<sup>3</sup> when my house was about to be surrounded, I determined to burn the most interesting papers of which I was the depositary; I thought it my duty, however, to open this packet, which it might perhaps be

<sup>3</sup> The day of the attack on the Tuileries, slaughter of the Swiss guard, and suspension of the King from his functions.



LE BASSIN DE NEPTUNE  
(à Versailles)





necessary for me to preserve at all hazards. I saw that it contained a letter from the Abbé de Vermond to the Queen. I have already related that in the earlier days of Madame de Polignac's favour he determined to remove from Versailles, and that the Queen recalled him by means of the Comte de Mercy. This letter contained nothing but certain conditions for his return; it was the most whimsical of treaties; I confess I greatly regretted being under the necessity of destroying it. He reproached the Queen for her infatuation for the Comtesse Jules, her family, and society; and told her several truths about the possible consequences of a friendship which ranked that lady among the favourites of the Queens of France, a title always disliked by the nation. He complained that his advice was neglected; and then came to the conditions of his return to Versailles; after strong assurances that he would never, in all his life, aim at the higher Church dignities, he said that he delighted in an unbounded confidence, and that he asked but two things of her Majesty as essential: the first was, not to give him her orders through any third person, and to write to him herself; he complained much that he had had no letter in her own hand since he had left Vienna; then he demanded of her an income of eighty thousand livres, in ecclesiastical benefices; and concluded by saying that if she condescended to assure him herself that she would set about procuring him what he wished, her letter would be sufficient in itself to show him that her Majesty had accepted the two conditions he ventured to make respecting his return. No doubt the letter was written; at least it is very certain that the benefices were granted, and that his absence from Versailles lasted only a single week.

In the course of July 1789 the regiment of French guards, which had been in a state of insurrection from the latter end of June, abandoned its colours. One single company of grena-

diers remained faithful to its post at Versailles. M. the Baron de Leval was the captain of this company. He came every evening to request me to give the Queen an account of the disposition of his soldiers; but M. de La Fayette having sent them a note, they all deserted during the night and joined their comrades, who were enrolled in the Paris guard; so that Louis XVI. on rising saw no guard whatever at the various posts entrusted to them.

The decrees of the 4th of August, by which all privileges were abolished, are well known.<sup>4</sup> The King sanctioned all that tended to the diminution of his own personal gratifications, but refused his consent to the other decrees of that tumultuous night; this refusal was one of the chief causes of the ferments of the month of October.

In the early part of September meetings were held at the Palais Royal, and propositions made to go to Versailles: it

<sup>4</sup> "It was during the night of the 4th of August," says Rivarol, "that the demagogues of the nobility, wearied with a protracted discussion upon the rights of man, and burning to signalise their zeal, rose all at once, and with loud exclamations called for the last sighs of the feudal system. This demand electrified the Assembly. All heads were frenzied. The younger sons of good families, having nothing, were delighted to sacrifice their too fortunate elders upon the altar of the country; a few country curés felt no less pleasure in renouncing the benefices of others; but what posterity will hardly believe is that the same enthusiasm infected the whole nobility; zeal walked hand in hand with malevolence; they made sacrifice upon sacrifice. And as in Japan the point of honour lies in a man's killing himself in the presence of the person who has offended him, so did the deputies of the nobility vie in striking at themselves and their constituents. The people who were present at this noble conflict increased the intoxication of their new allies by their shouts; and the deputies of the commons, seeing that this memorable night would only afford them profit without honour, consoled their self-love by wondering at what Nobility, grafted upon the Third Estate, could do. They named that night the *night of dupes*; the nobles called it the *night of sacrifices*."—*Note by the Editor.*

was said to be necessary to separate the King from his evil counsellors, and keep him, as well as the Dauphin, at the Louvre. The proclamations by the officers of the commune for the restoration of tranquillity were ineffectual; but M. de La Fayette succeeded this time in dispersing the populace. The Assembly declared itself permanent; and during the whole of September, in which no doubt the preparations were made for the great insurrections of the following month, the Court was not disturbed.

The King had the Flanders regiment removed to Versailles; unfortunately the idea of the officers of that regiment fraternising with the Body Guards was conceived, and the latter invited the former to a dinner, which was given in the great theatre of Versailles, and not in the Salon of Hercules, as some chroniclers say. Boxes were appropriated to various persons who wished to be present at this entertainment. The Queen told me she had been advised to make her appearance on the occasion; but that, under existing circumstances, she thought such a step might do more harm than good; and that, moreover, neither she nor the King ought directly to have anything to do with such a festival. She ordered me to go, and desired me to observe everything closely, in order to give a faithful account of the whole affair.

The tables were set out upon the stage; at them were placed one of the Body Guard and an officer of the Flanders regiment alternately. There was a numerous orchestra in the room, and the boxes were filled with spectators. The air, "*O Richard! ô mon Roi!*" was played, and shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" shook the roof for several minutes. I had with me one of my nieces, and a young person brought up with Madame by her Majesty. They were crying "*Vive le Roi*" with all their might when a deputy of the Third Estate, who was in the next box to mine, and whom I had never seen, called to them, and reproached



them for their exclamations; it hurt him, he said to see young and handsome Frenchwomen brought up in such servile habits, screaming so outrageously for the life of one man, and with true fanaticism exalting him in their hearts above even their dearest relations: he told them what contempt worthy American women would feel on seeing Frenchwomen thus corrupted from their earliest infancy. My niece replied with tolerable spirit, and I requested the deputy to put an end to the subject, which could by no means afford him any satisfaction, inasmuch as the young persons who were with me lived, as well as myself, for the sole purpose of serving and loving the King. While I was speaking what was my astonishment at seeing the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin enter the chamber! It was M. de Luxemburg who had effected this change in the Queen's determination.

The enthusiasm became general; the moment their Majesties arrived the orchestra repeated the air I have just mentioned, and afterwards played a song in the Deserter, "*Can we grieve those whom we love?*" which also made a powerful impression upon those present: on all sides were heard praises of their Majesties, exclamations of affection, expressions of regret for what they had suffered, clapping of hands, and shouts of the "*Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, vive le Dauphin!*" It has been said that white cockades were worn on this occasion; that was not the case; the fact is, that a few young men belonging to the National Guard of Versailles, who were invited to the entertainment, turned the white lining of their national cockades outwards. All the military men quitted the hall, and reconducted the King and his family to their apartments. There was intoxication in these ebullitions of joy: a thousand extravagances were committed by the military, and many of them danced under the King's windows; a soldier belonging to the Flanders regiment climbed up to the balcony of the King's



chamber in order to shout "*Vive le Roi*" nearer his Majesty; this very soldier, as I have been told by several officers of the corps, was one of the first and most dangerous of their insurgents in the riots of the 5th and 6th of October. On the same evening another soldier of that regiment killed himself with a sword. One of my relations, chaplain to the Queen, who supped with me, saw him stretched out in a corner of the Place d'Armes; he went to him to give him spiritual assistance, and received his confession and his last sighs. He destroyed himself out of regret at having suffered himself to be corrupted by the enemies of his King, and said that, since he had seen him and the Queen and the Dauphin, remorse had turned his brain.

I returned home, delighted with all that I had seen. I found a great many people there. M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras, listened to my description with a chilling air, and when I had finished, told me that all that had passed was terrific; that he knew the disposition of the Assembly, and that the greatest misfortunes would follow the drama of that night; and he begged my leave to withdraw that he might take time for deliberate reflection whether he should on the very next day emigrate, or pass over to the left side of the Assembly. He adopted the latter course, and never appeared again among my associates.

On the 2d of October the military entertainment was followed up by a breakfast given at the hôtel of the Body Guards. It is said that a discussion took place whether they should not march against the Assembly; but I am utterly ignorant of what passed at that breakfast. From that moment Paris was constantly in commotion; there were continual mobs, and the most virulent proposals were heard in all public places; the conversation was invariably about proceeding to Versailles. The King and Queen did not seem apprehensive of such a

measure, and took no precaution against it; even when the army had actually left Paris, on the evening of the 5th of October, the King was shooting at Meudon, and the Queen was alone in her gardens at Trianon, which she then beheld for the last time in her life. She was sitting in her grotto absorbed in painful reflection, when she received a note from the Comte de Saint Priest, entreating her to return to Versailles. M. de Cubières at the same time went off to request the King to leave his sport and return to the Palace; the King did so on horseback, and very leisurely. A few minutes afterwards he was informed that a numerous body of women, which preceded the Parisian army, was at Chaville, at the entrance of the avenue from Paris.

The scarcity of bread and the entertainment of the Body Guards were the pretexts for the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October 1789; but it is clear to demonstration that this new movement of the people was a part of the original plan of the factions, insomuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some stronghold; and at all the popular assemblies there had been always a great deal said about going to Versailles to seize the King.

At first only women showed themselves; the latticed doors of the Château were closed, and the Body Guard and Flanders regiment were drawn up in the Place d'Armes. As the details of that dreadful day are given with precision in several works, I will only observe that consternation and disorder reigned throughout the interior of the Palace.

I was not in attendance on the Queen at this time. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was leaving her she condescendingly, and with infinite kind-

ness, desired him to make me easy as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me M. de La Fayette's own words, which he had just used on soliciting the royal family to retire to bed, undertaking to answer for his army.

The Queen was far from relying upon M. de La Fayette's loyalty; but she has often told me that she believed on that day that La Fayette, having affirmed to the King, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, that he would answer for the army of Paris, would not risk his honour as a commander, and was sure of being able to redeem his pledge. She also thought the Parisian army was devoted to him, and that all he said about his being forced to march upon Versailles was mere pretence.

On the first intimation of the march of the Parisians the Comte de Saint Priest prepared Rambouillet for the reception of the King, his family, and suite, and the carriages were even drawn out; but a few cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" when the women reported his Majesty's favourable answer, occasioned the intention of going away to be given up, and orders were given to the troops to withdraw.<sup>5</sup> The Body Guards were, however, assailed with stones and musketry while they were passing from the Place d'Armes to their hotel. Alarm revived; again it was thought necessary that the royal family should go away; some carriages still remained ready for travelling; they were called for; they were stopped by a wretched player belonging to the theatre of the town, seconded by the mob: the opportunity for flight had been lost.

The insurrection was directed against the Queen in particular. I shudder even now at the recollection of the *poisardes*, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which they

<sup>5</sup> Compare this account with the particulars given in the *Memoirs* of Ferrières, Weber, and Bailly.—*Note by the Editor.*

screamed out were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, and that they would make cockades of them, mixing the most obscene expressions with these horrible threats.

The Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and even slept, tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She had ordered her two women to go to bed, imagining there was nothing to dread, at least, for that night; but the unfortunate Princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment which prevented their obeying her. My sister who was one of the ladies in question, informed me next day of all that I am about to relate.

On leaving the Queen's bed-chamber these ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all four remained sitting together against her Majesty's bedroom door. About half-past four in the morning they heard horrible yells and discharges of firearms; one ran to the Queen to awaken her to get her out of bed; my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed; she opened the door of the antechamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the Body Guards holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him; his face was covered with blood; he turned round and exclaimed: "*Save the Queen, madame; they are come to assassinate her.*" She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room. On reaching the Queen's chamber she cried out to her, "*Get up, Madame; don't stay to dress yourself; fly to the King's apartment.*" The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her towards the *eil-de-bœuf*. A door, which led from the Queen's dressing-room to that apartment, had never before been fastened but on her side. What a



dreadful moment! it was found to be secured on the other side. They knocked repeatedly with all their strength; a servant of the King's *valets de chambre* came and opened it; the Queen entered the King's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the Queen's life, he had gone down the staircases and through the corridors under the *œil-de-bœuf*,<sup>6</sup> by means of which he was accustomed to go to the Queen's apartments without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered her Majesty's room and found no one there but some Body Guards, who had taken refuge in it. The King, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and afterwards sent to desire them to go the *œil-de-bœuf*. Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the Children of France, had just taken Madame and the Dauphin to the King's apartments. The Queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.

It is not true that the assassins penetrated to the Queen's chamber and pierced the bed with their swords. The fugitive Body Guards were the only persons who entered it; and if the crowd had reached so far they would all have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the antechamber the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the Queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The ferocious horde instantly rushed towards the *œil-de-bœuf*, hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the Duc d'Orléans in a greatcoat and slouched hat, at half-past four in the morning, at the top of the marble staircase, pointing out with his hand the guardroom, which led to the Queen's apartments.

<sup>6</sup> The celebrated antechamber at Versailles, lighted by a bull's eye or circular window.

This fact was deposed to at the Châtelet by several individuals in the course of the inquiry instituted respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.

The prudence and honourable feeling of several officers of the Parisian guards, and the judicious conduct of M. de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general of marine, and of M. de Chevanne, one of the King's guards, brought about an understanding between the grenadiers of the national guard of Paris and the King's guard. The doors of the *œil-de-bœuf* were closed, and the antechamber which precedes that room was filled with grenadiers who wanted to get in to massacre the guards. M. de Chevanne offered himself to them as a victim if they wished for one, and demanded what they would have. A report had been spread through their ranks that the Body Guards set them at defiance, and that they all wore black cockades. M. de Chevanne showed them that he wore, as did the corps, the cockade of their uniform; and promised that the guards should exchange it for that of the nation. This was done; they even went so far as to exchange the grenadiers' caps for the hats of the Body Guards; those who were on guard took off their shoulder-belts; embraces and transports of fraternisation instantly succeeded to the savage eagerness to murder the band which had shown so much fidelity to its sovereign. The cry was now "*Vivent le Roi, la Nation, et les Gardes-du-corps!*"

The army occupied the Place d'Armes, all the courtyards of the Château, and the entrance to the avenue. They called for the Queen to appear in the balcony: she came forward with Madame and the Dauphin. There was a cry of "*No children.*" Was this with a view to deprive her of the interest she inspired, accompanied as she was by her young family, or did the leaders of the democrats hope that some madman would venture to aim a mortal blow at her person? The unfortunate

Princess certainly was impressed with the latter idea, for she sent away her children, and with her hands and eyes raised towards Heaven, advanced upon the balcony like a self-devoted victim.

A few voices shouted "*To Paris!*" The exclamation soon became general. Before the King agreed to this removal he wished to consult the National Assembly, and caused that body to be invited to sit at the Château. Mirabeau opposed this measure. While these discussions were going forward it became more and more difficult to restrain the immense disorderly multitude. The King, without consulting any one, now said to the people: "You wish, my children, that I should follow you to Paris: I consent, but on condition that I shall not be separated from my wife and family." The King added that he required safety also for his guards; he was answered by shouts of "*Vive le Roi, vivent les Gardes-du-corps!*" The guards, with their hats in the air, turned so as to exhibit the cockade, shouted "*Vive le Roi, vive la Nation!*" shortly afterwards a general discharge of all the muskets took place, in token of joy. The King and Queen set off from Versailles at one o'clock. The Dauphin, Madame, the King's daughter, Monsieur, Madame,<sup>7</sup> Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, were in the carriage; the Princesse de Chimay, and the ladies of the bed-chamber for the week, the King's suite and servants, followed in Court carriages; a hundred deputies in carriages, and the bulk of the Parisian army, closed the procession.

The *poissardes* went before and around the carriage of their Majesties, crying, "We shall no longer want bread — we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of this troop of cannibals the heads of two murdered Body Guards were carried on poles. The monsters, who made

<sup>7</sup> Madame here the wife of Monsieur le Comte de Provence.



trophies of them, conceived the horrid idea of forcing a wig-maker of Sèvres to dress them up, and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man who was forced to perform this dreadful work died in consequence of the shock it gave him.<sup>8</sup>

The progress of the procession was so slow that it was near six in the evening when this august family, made prisoners by their own people, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville.<sup>9</sup> Bailly received them there; they were placed upon a throne, just when that of their ancestors had been overthrown. The King spoke in a firm yet gracious manner; he said that *he always came with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of his good city of Paris*. M. Bailly repeated this observation to the representatives of the commune, who came to address the King; but he forgot the word *confidence*. The Queen instantly and loudly reminded him of the omission. The King and Queen, their children, and Madame Elizabeth retired to the Tuileries. Nothing was ready for their reception there. All the living rooms had been long given up to persons belonging to the Court; they hastily quitted them on that day, leaving their furniture, which was purchased by the Court. The Comtesse de la Marck, sister to the Maréchals de Noailles and de Mouchy, had occupied the apartments now appropriated to the Queen. Monsieur and Madame retired to the Luxembourg.

<sup>8</sup> Thiers' *Révolution Française*, tome i., page 85, says that La Fayette "had given orders for disarming the brigands who carried the heads of two of the Body Guards at the end of their pikes. This horrible trophy was torn from them, and it is not true that it preceded the King's carriage." The Duc d'Orléans in his account says, "In going to Versailles at eight in the morning all seemed quiet till I got to the Bridge of Sèvres, there I met the heads of those unhappy victims of the fury of the people."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

<sup>9</sup> A realistic description of this journey will be found in the *Memoirs of Bertrand de Moleville*.—Ed.



The Queen had sent for me on the morning of the 6th of October, to leave me and my father-in-law in charge of her most valuable property. She took away only her casket of diamonds. Comte Gouvernet de la Tour-du-Pin, to whom the military government of Versailles was entrusted *pro tempore*, came and gave orders to the national guard, which had taken possession of the apartments, to allow us to remove everything that we should deem necessary for the Queen's accommodation.

I saw her Majesty alone in her private apartments a moment before her departure for Paris; she could hardly speak; tears bedewed her face, to which all the blood in her body seemed to have rushed; she condescended to embrace me, gave her hand to M. Campan<sup>10</sup> to kiss, and said to us, "Come immediately and settle at Paris; I will lodge you at the Tuileries; come, and do not leave me henceforth; faithful servants at moments like these become useful friends; we are lost, dragged away, perhaps to death; when kings become prisoners they are very near it."

I had frequent opportunities during the course of our misfortune of observing that the people never obey factions with steadiness, but easily escape their control when some cause reminds them of their duty. As soon as the most violent Jacobins had an opportunity of seeing the Queen near at hand, of speaking to her, and of hearing her voice, they became her most zealous partizans; and even when she was in the prison of the Temple several of those who had contributed to place her there perished for having attempted to get her out again.

On the morning of the 7th of October the same women who the day before surrounded the carriage of the august prisoners,

<sup>10</sup> In the course of that one night my father-in-law declined from perfect health into a languishing condition, which brought him to the grave in September 1791.—*Madame Campan*.

riding on cannons and uttering the most abusive language, assembled under the Queen's windows upon the terrace of the Château, and desired to see her. Her Majesty appeared. There are always among mobs of this description orators, that is to say, beings who have more assurance than the rest; a woman of this description told the Queen that she must now remove far from her all such courtiers as ruin kings, and that she must love the inhabitants of her good city. The Queen answered that she had loved them at Versailles, and would likewise love them at Paris. "*Yes, yes,*" said another; "*but on the 14th of July you wanted to besiege the city and have it bombarded: and on the 6th of October you wanted to fly to the frontiers.*" The Queen replied affably that they had been told so, and had believed it; that there lay the cause of the unhappiness of the people and of the best of kings. A third addressed a few words to her in German: the Queen told her she did not understand it; that she had become so entirely French as even to have forgotten her mother tongue. This declaration was answered with "*Bravos!*" and clapping of hands; they then desired her to make a compact with them: "Ah," said she, "how can I make a compact with you, since you have no faith in that which my duty points out to me; and which I ought for my own happiness to respect?" They asked her for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat; her Majesty herself unfastened them and gave them; they were divided among the party, which for above an hour cried out, without ceasing, "*Marie Antoinette for ever! our good Queen for ever!*"

Two days after the King's arrival at Paris the city and the national guard sent to request the Queen to appear at the theatre, and prove by her presence and the King's that it was with pleasure they resided in their capital. I introduced the deputation which came to make this request. Her Majesty

replied that she should have infinite pleasure in acceding to the invitation of the city of Paris; but that time must be allowed her to soften the recollection of the distressing events which had just occurred, and from which she had suffered too much. She added, that having come into Paris preceded by the heads of the faithful guards who had perished before the door of their sovereign, she could not think that such an entry into the capital ought to be followed by rejoicings; but that the happiness she had always felt in appearing in the midst of the inhabitants of Paris was not effaced from her memory, and that she should enjoy it again as soon as she found herself able to do so.

Their Majesties<sup>11</sup> found some consolation in their private life: from Madame's<sup>12</sup> gentle manners and filial affection, from the accomplishments and vivacity of the little Dauphin, and the attention and tenderness of the pious Princess Elizabeth, they still derived moments of happiness. The young Prince daily gave proofs of sensibility and penetration; he was not yet beyond female care; but a private tutor, the Abbé Davout, gave him all the instruction suitable to his age; his memory was highly cultivated, and he recited verses with much grace and feeling.

The day after the arrival of the Court at Paris, terrified at hearing some noise in the gardens of the Tuileries, he threw

<sup>11</sup> On the 19th of October, that is to say, thirteen days after he had taken up his abode at Paris, the King went, on foot and almost alone, to review some detachments of the national guard. After the review Louis XVI. met with a child sweeping the street who asked him for money. The child called the King *M. le Chevalier*. His Majesty gave him six francs. The little sweeper, surprised at receiving so large a sum, cried out, "Oh! I have no change, you will give me money another time." A person who accompanied the monarch said to the child, "Keep it all, my friend, the gentleman is not *chevalier*, he is the eldest of the family."—*Note by the Editor.*

<sup>12</sup> Madame, here, the Princess Marie Thérèse, daughter of Marie Antoinette.

himself into the arms of the Queen, crying out, "*Grand Dieu, mamma! will it be yesterday over again?*" A few days after this affecting exclamation he went up to the King, and looked at him with a pensive air. The King asked him what he wanted; he answered, that he had something very serious to say to him. The King having prevailed on him to explain himself, the young Prince asked why his people, who formerly loved him so well, were all at once angry with him; and what he had done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: "I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were; I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done; magistrates, composing the Parliament, opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the *States-General*. When they were assembled they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor; wicked men inducing the people to rise have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen made the young Prince clearly comprehend that he ought to treat the commanders of battalions, the officers of the national guard, and all the Parisians who were about him, with affability; the child took great pains to please all those people, and when he had had an opportunity of replying obligingly to the mayor or members of the commune he came and whispered in his mother's ear, "*Was that right?*"

He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the royal library; and M. Bailly, asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young Prince replied



without hesitation that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing Madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young Princess could not at that moment recollect the name of the Queen of Carthage; the Dauphin was vexed at his sister's want of memory, and though he never spoke to her in the second person singular, he be-thought himself of the expedient of saying to her, "*But dis donc* the name of the queen, to mamma; *dis donc* what her name was."

Shortly after the arrival of the King and his family at Paris the Duchesse de Luynes came, in pursuance of the advice of a committee of the Constitutional Assembly, to propose to the Queen a temporary retirement from France, in order to leave the constitution to perfect itself, so that the patriots should not accuse her of influencing the King to oppose it. The Duchess knew how far the schemes of the factions extended, and her attachment to the Queen was the principal cause of the advice she gave her. The Queen perfectly comprehended the Duchesse de Luynes' motive; but replied that she would never leave either the King or her son; that if she thought herself alone obnoxious to public hatred she would instantly offer her life as a sacrifice; but that it was the throne which was aimed at, and that, in abandoning the King, she should be merely committing an act of cowardice, since she saw no other advantage in it than that of saving her own life.

One evening, in the month of November 1790, I returned home rather late; I there found the Prince de Poix; he told me he came to request me to assist him in regaining his peace of mind; that at the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly he had suffered himself to be seduced into the hope of a better order of things; that he blushed for his error, and that he abhorred plans which had already produced

such fatal results; that he broke with the reformers for the rest of his life; that he had just given in his resignation as a deputy of the National Assembly; and finally, that he was anxious that the Queen should not sleep in ignorance of his sentiments. I undertook his commission, and acquitted myself of it in the best way I could; but I was totally unsuccessful. The Prince de Poix remained at Court, he there suffered many mortifications, never ceasing to serve the King in the most dangerous commissions with that zeal for which his house has always been distinguished.

When the King, the Queen, and the children were suitably established at the Tuileries, as well as Madame Elizabeth and the Princesse de Lamballe, the Queen resumed her usual habits; she employed her mornings in superintending the education of Madame, who received all her lessons in her presence, and she herself began to work large pieces of tapestry. Her mind was too much occupied with passing events and surrounding dangers to admit of her applying herself to reading; the needle was the only employment which could divert her.<sup>13</sup> She received the Court twice a week before going to mass, and on those days dined in public with the King; she spent the rest of the time with her family and children; she had no concert, and did not go to the play until 1791, after the acceptance of the constitution.<sup>14</sup> The Princesse de Lamballe, how-

<sup>13</sup> There was long preserved at Paris, in the house of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, a tapestry-worker, a carpet worked by the Queen and Madame Elizabeth for the large room of her Majesty's ground-floor apartments at the Tuileries. The Empress Josephine saw and admired this carpet, and desired it might be taken care of, in the hope of one day sending it to Madame.—*Madame Campan*.

<sup>14</sup> A judgment may be formed of the situation in which the Queen found herself placed during the earlier part of her residence in Paris, from the following letter written by her to the Duchesse de Polignac:—"I shed tears of affection on reading your letters. You talk of my courage: it required much less to go through that dreadful crisis which I had to suffer than is daily necessary to endure our situation,

ever, had some evening parties in her apartments at the Tuileries, which were tolerably brilliant, in consequence of the great number of persons who attended them. The Queen was present at a few of the assemblies; but being soon convinced that her present situation forbade her appearing much in public, she remained at home, and conversed as she sat at work.<sup>15</sup> The sole topic of her discourse was, as may well be supposed, the Revolution. She sought to discover the real opinions of the Parisians respecting her, and how she could have so completely lost the affections of the people, and even of many persons in the higher ranks.<sup>16</sup> She well knew that she ought

our own griefs, those of our friends, and those of the persons who surround us. This is a heavy weight to sustain; and but for the strong ties by which my heart is bound to my husband, my children, and my friends, I should wish to sink under it. But you bear me up: I ought to sacrifice such feelings to your friendship. But it is I who bring misfortune on you all, and your troubles are on my account" (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie).—*Note by the Editor.*

<sup>15</sup> The Queen returned one evening from one of these assemblies very much affected: an English nobleman, who was playing at the same table with her Majesty ostentatiously displayed an enormous ring in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.—*Madame Campan.*

<sup>16</sup> This is somewhat inconsistent with the following extract from a letter written by Madame Campan in the latter part of 1789:—"Since the Queen has been at Paris her Court is numerous; she dines three times a week in public with the King; her card-rooms are open on those days. Though the apartments are small, all Paris is to be found there; she converses with the commanders of districts; she finds familiar opportunities of saying obliging things even to the private soldiers, among whom citizens of the first class are to be found, as well as the lowest artisans: mildness, resignation, courage, affability, popularity, everything is made use of, and sincerely, to reconcile people's minds, and promote re-establishment of order. Every one gives the credit due to such affecting attentions; and that is a reparation for the cruel sufferings that have been endured, for the dreadful risks that have been encountered. Upon the whole, nothing is more prudent, or more consistent, than the conduct of the King and Queen; and therefore the number of their partisans



to impute the whole to the spirit of party, to the hatred of the Duc d'Orléans, and the folly of the French, who desired to have a total change in the constitution; but she was not the less desirous of ascertaining the private feelings of all the people in power.

From the very commencement of the Revolution General Luckner indulged in violent sallies against her. Her Majesty, knowing that I was acquainted with a lady who had been long connected with the general, desired me to discover through that channel what was the private motive on which Luckner's hatred against her was founded. On being questioned upon this point, he answered that Maréchal de Ségur had assured him he had proposed him for the command of a camp of observation, but that the Queen had made a bar against his name; and that this *par*, as he called it, and his German accent, he could not forget. The Queen ordered me to repeat this reply to the King myself, and said to him, "See, Sire, whether I was not right in telling you that your ministers, in order to give themselves full scope in the distribution of favours, persuaded the French that I interfered in everything; there was not a single licence given out in the country for the sale of salt or tobacco but the people believed it was given to one of my favourites." — "That is very true," replied the King; "but I find it very difficult to believe that Maréchal de Ségur ever said any such thing to Luckner; he knew too well

increases daily. They are spoken of with enthusiasm in almost every company. In moments of adversity the Queen has displayed a character generous and elevated; she is an angel of mildness and of goodness; she is a woman particularly gifted with courage. She has given proofs of it in the most critical moments; and Paris, replete with the most seditious opinions — Paris, continually reading the most disgusting libels, could not refuse her the admiration due to bravery, presence of mind, and courtesy. Her bitterest enemies confine themselves to saying, 'It must be confessed that she is a woman of strong mind.'"



that you never interfered in the distribution of favours. That Luckner is a good-for-nothing fellow, and Ségur is a brave and honourable man who never uttered such a falsehood; however, you are right, and because you provided for a few dependants, you are most unjustly reported to have disposed of all offices, civil and military."

All the nobility who had not left Paris made a point of presenting themselves assiduously to the King, and there was a considerable influx to the Tuileries. Marks of attachment were exhibited even in external symbols; the women wore enormous bouquets of lilies in their bosoms, and upon their heads, and sometimes even bunches of white ribbon. At the play there were often disputes between the pit and the boxes about removing these ornaments, which the people thought dangerous emblems. National cockades were sold in every corner of Paris; the sentinels stopped all who did not wear them; the young men piqued themselves upon breaking through this regulation, which was in some degree sanctioned by the acquiescence of Louis XVI. Frays took place, which were to be regretted, because they excited a spirit of rebellion. The King adopted conciliatory measures with the Assembly in order to promote tranquillity; the revolutionists were but little disposed to think him sincere; unfortunately the royalists encouraged this incredulity by incessantly repeating that the King was not free, and that all he did was completely null, and in no way bound him for the time to come. Such was the heat and violence of party spirit that persons the most sincerely attached to the King were not even permitted to use the language of reason, and recommend greater reserve in conversation. People would talk and argue at table without considering that all the servants belonged to the hostile army; and it may truly be said there was as much imprudence and levity in the party assailed as there was cunning, boldness, and perseverance in that which made the attack.

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### ANNEX TO CHAPTER II.

IT will be useful to compare the following full and minute narrative with the details of the same events furnished by Madame Campan. The writer, François E. Guignard, Comte de Saint Priest (1735–1821), was at the time Minister of the Interior. He emigrated in 1790, and returned to France in 1814.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE DEPARTURE OF LOUIS XVI. FOR PARIS ON THE 6TH OF OCTOBER 1789, BY M. DE SAINT PRIEST.<sup>1</sup>

I commence the narrative of what took place at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October 1789 by relating the contents of a letter written to me by M. de La Fayette a few days before. I was unable to preserve it, as my papers were burned in France during my emigration; but I have copied it from Bailly's journal, printed after his death.

“The Duc de la Rochefoucauld will have informed you of the idea put into the grenadiers' heads of going to Versailles this night. I wrote to you not to be uneasy about it, because I rely upon their confidence in me, in order to divert them from this project. I owe them the justice to say that they had intended to ask my permission to do so, and that many of them thought it was a very proper step, and one ordered by me. Their very slight inclination has been destroyed by four words which I said to them. The affair is off my mind, except as

<sup>1</sup> We recommend the reader to collate this interesting account with those contained in the *Memoirs* of Ferrières, Dusaulx, and Bailly, and the explanations annexed to Weber's book.— *Note by the Editor.*

to the idea of the inexhaustible resources of the plotters of mischief. You should not consider this circumstance as anything more than an indication of a design, and by no means as dangerous."

M. de La Fayette did not rely so much as he told me he did upon the obedience of these grenadiers, who had formerly belonged to the French guards, since he posted detachments of the unpaid national guard at Sèvres and at Saint Cloud to guard those passages of the river Seine. He informed me of it, and ordered the commandant of those posts to apprise me if there should be any occasion.

These arrangements appeared to me insufficient for the safety of the royal residence. I took M. de La Fayette's letter to the Council of State, and made it the ground of a proposal to reinforce Versailles with some regular troops. I observed that M. de La Fayette's letter afforded a plausible reason for it, and offered the means of literally complying with the decree sanctioned by the King, which gave the municipal authorities the first right to direct the action of regular troops. The King, by the advice of his Council, approved of my proposal, and charged me to execute it. I consequently forwarded M. de La Fayette's letter to the municipality of Versailles, after having apprised the mayor of it. This document was entered in the register, and a resolution was made for demanding a reinforcement of troops for the executive power. Invested with this authority I observed to the Minister of War that the Flanders regiment of foot being on the march, escorting a convoy of arms destined for the Parisian national guard from Douay to Paris, it would be well to draw that body to Versailles as soon as its mission should be fulfilled, in order to prevent, at least in part, the ferment which the arrival of a corps of soldiers of the line in the royal residence would not fail to occasion at Paris and in the National Assembly. This

measure was adopted by the Council. Bailly says, in his journal, that he wrote to me respecting the uneasiness it gave the districts of Paris. He adds, that I replied "that the arrival of armed men in the royal residence, announced by circumstantial reports, had determined the King to call in the Flanders regiment, and to take military measures upon the subject."

I am the less able to recollect what I could have meant by that, insomuch as I am certain I never took any step of a military nature beyond desiring the Flanders regiment to march in a military manner, without turning aside from their destination.

It is true that the civic authorities of Paris, in pursuance of my answer to Bailly, had the insolence to send four deputies to Versailles to learn from the King's ministers their reasons for calling in the Flanders regiment. These deputies alighted at my house, and one of them, M. Dusaulx, a member of the Académie des Belles Lettres, was the spokesman. He interrogated me upon the matter in question in the most imperious manner, informing me that carrying it into execution would be followed by fatal consequences. I answered, with all the moderation I could command, that this demand of a regiment of the line was a natural consequence of the information communicated by letter from M. de La Fayette. I added that I gave him this answer as from myself, the King not having authorised me to answer a question which his Majesty could never have imagined any one would dare to put to his minister. M. Dusaulx and his three brother deputies returned much dissatisfied. M. de Condorcet was one of them. Some factious members of the National Assembly likewise meddled in the matter. M. Alexandre Lameth and M. Barnave spoke to me, and endeavoured to persuade me to induce the King to revoke his call for this regiment of the line. I answered them



in such a manner as to leave them no hope of it. The regiment arrived at Versailles without meeting the smallest obstacle. The conspirators gave the former French guards to understand that they were destined to guard the King in their stead, which was untrue; but that served to make them resume their project of coming to Versailles. I am ignorant whether they had any other view than to take their post again, or whether they had already determined to bring the King back to Paris. However that may have been, the explosion soon took place.

The Body Guards gave a regimental entertainment to the officers of the Flanders regiment, and invited some *sous-officiers* and soldiers, as well as some of the national guards of Versailles. It was an old custom for the military corps quartered at any place to pay this compliment to others which arrived there. Upon such occasions many healths will, of course, be drunk, and the repasts must of necessity be always noisy; and this was the case with the present. The regimental band had been invited, and the air, beginning "*O Richard! ô mon Roi!*" from the play of Richard Cœur de Lion, excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It was thought right to go and fetch the Queen to increase the fervour. And her Majesty came with the Dauphin, which prompted fresh acclamation. When the company left the dining-hall a few soldiers, perhaps affected by wine, appeared in the marble court below the apartments of the King, who had returned from hunting. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" were heard, and one of the soldiers, with the assistance of his comrades, climbed up on the outside, as high as the balcony of the chamber of his Majesty, who did not show himself. I was in my closet, and I sent to know what occasioned the noise. I have, however, no reason to believe that the national cockade was trampled under foot; and it is the less likely because the King wore it at that time, and it



would have been a want of respect to his Majesty himself. It was a lie invented to irritate the minds of the Parisian national guard.

The Comte d'Estaing commanded the national guard of Versailles at that time. The King gave him also the command of all the regular troops there. They consisted of the two battalions of the Flanders regiment, two hundred Chasseurs des Évêchés, eight hundred mounted Body Guards, and the Swiss guard on duty. On the 5th of October, at about eleven in the morning, one of my *valets de chambre* came from Paris to apprise me that the Parisian national guard, both paid and unpaid, accompanied by a numerous concourse of men and women, had set out for Versailles. The King was hunting on the heights of Meudon, and I wrote to tell him of it. His Majesty returned promptly, and ordered that the Council of State should be summoned for half-past three. The Council then consisted of eight ministers: the Maréchal de Beauvau, the Archbishop of Vienne, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Keepers of the Seals, M. Necker, Minister of the Finances, and the Comtes de Montmorin, de la Luzerne, de la Tour-du-Pin, and de Saint Priest, Secretaries of State.

I laid before the Council the information I had received, and which had been subsequently confirmed by several other reports. I represented the danger that would attend the waiting for this multitude at Versailles, and I proposed measures to be pursued on this emergency. They were, that detachments should be sent to guard the bridges across the Seine; a battalion of the Flanders regiment for that at Sèvres; another for that at Saint Cloud; and the Swiss guard for that at Neuilly; and that the King should send the Queen and the royal family to Rambouillet, where the chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine were; while his Majesty himself should go and meet the Parisians with the two hundred Chas-

seurs des Évêchés, and his eight hundred Body Guards. The thousand horse being drawn up in order of battle beyond the bridge of Sèvres, the King was to order the Parisian band to retire, and, in case they should disobey, was to make a few charges of cavalry to endeavour to disperse them. Then, if this should be unsuccessful, the King would have time to regain Versailles at the head of his troops, and march immediately to Rambouillet. My advice was approved by the Maréchal de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de la Tour-du-Pin; and warmly opposed by M. Necker, seconded by Comte de Montmorin, and the Archbishops of Vienne and Bordeaux. M. Necker insisted that there was no danger in suffering the multitude to come to Versailles, where its object was probably only to present some petition to the King; and, should the worst happen, if his Majesty should find it necessary to reside in Paris, he would be venerated and respected there by his people, who adored him.

I replied by opposing to this reasoning the origin and the features of this proceeding, which completely contradicted the alleged loyalty of the people of Paris.

The King did not declare the course he should pursue; he broke up the Council, and we knew that he went to consult the Queen. She declared that she would not, upon any consideration, separate herself from him and her children; which rendered the execution of the measure I had proposed impossible. Thus perplexed, we did nothing but wait. However, I sent an order to the Swiss barracks at Courbevoie, that all belonging to the regiment of guards who were then there should immediately repair to Versailles, which was promptly done.

The National Assembly was sitting when information of the march of the Parisians was given to it by one of the deputies who came from Paris. A certain number of the members were no strangers to this movement. It appears that Mira-

beau wished to avail himself of it to raise the Duc d'Orléans to the throne. Mounier, who presided over the National Assembly, rejected the idea with horror: "*My good man,*" said Mirabeau to him, "*what difference will it make to you to have Louis XVII. for your King instead of Louis XVI?*" [The Duc d'Orléans was baptized Louis.]

Mounier, seeing the urgency of the case, proposed that the Assembly should declare itself permanent and inseparable from his Majesty, which was decreed. Mirabeau then insisted that the deputation which should carry up this decree to the King should demand his sanction to some which had remained in arrear; among others that of the rights of man, in which some alterations were desired. But existing circumstances carried the King's sanction. A few female citizens then presented themselves to offer civic gifts; it seems they were sent to keep the Assembly employed until the arrival of the Parisians. They were admitted, and the scene was ridiculous enough.

The Comte d'Estaing had ordered the mounted Body Guards to horse, and stationed them in the Place d'Armes, in advance of the post of the French guard, which was occupied by a detachment of the national guard of Versailles, commanded by a man named Lecointre, a draper, and of very bad disposition. He was displeased that the Body Guards left his soldiers in the second line, and tried to raise some quarrel in order to dislodge them. For that purpose he sent persons who slipped between the ranks of the soldiers to annoy the horses. M. de Savonnières, an officer of the Body Guards, while giving chase to these wretches, received a musket shot from the national guard, of which he died. A short time afterwards M. d'Estaing, who had received a secret order from the King not to permit any violence, sent the Body Guard back to their hôtel. They were saluted as they went off by



a few musket shots from the national guard of Versailles, by which some men and horses were wounded. When they reached their hôtel they found it pillaged by the populace of Versailles, which made them return to their former position.

The Flanders regiment was under arms at the end of the avenue of Versailles. Mirabeau and some other deputies mingled among the ranks of the soldiery; it is asserted that they distributed money to them. The soldiers dispersed themselves in the public-houses of the town, and reassembled in the evening, when they were shut up in the King's stables.

As to the Body Guards, M. d'Estaing knew not what to do beyond bringing them into the courtyard of the ministers, and shutting the *grilles*. Thence they proceeded to the terrace of the Château, then to Trianon, and lastly to Rambouillet.

I could not refrain from expressing to M. d'Estaing when he came to the King my astonishment at not seeing him make any military disposition. "*Sir,*" replied he, "*I await the orders of the King*" (who did not open his mouth). "*When the King gives no orders,*" pursued I, "*a general should decide for himself in a soldier-like manner.*" This observation remained unanswered. About seven o'clock in the evening a kind of advance guard from Paris, consisting of ill-armed men and women of the rabble, arrived at the gates of the minister's courtyard, which those within refused to open. The mob then demanded that a few women should be permitted to go and present a supplication to the King. His Majesty ordered that six should be let in, and desired me to go into the *œil-de-bœuf*, and there hear what they had to say. I accordingly went. One of these women told me that a famine existed in Paris, and that the people came to ask bread of his Majesty. I answered that the King had taken all the steps which could depend on him for preventing the injurious effects of the failure in the last harvest; and I added that

calamities of this nature ought to be borne with patience, as drought was borne when there was a dearth of rain. I dismissed the women, telling them to return to Paris, and to assure their fellow-citizens of the King's affection for the people of his capital. It was then that the Marquis de Favras, whom I did not know at the time, proposed to me to mount a number of gentlemen on horses from the King's stables; and that they should meet the Parisians, and force them to retreat. I answered that the King's horses not being trained to the kind of service which he proposed would be but ill adapted to it, and would only endanger their riders without answering any purpose. I returned to the King to give an account of my conversation with the women. Shortly afterwards the King assembled the Council; it was dark; we were scarcely seated when an aide-de-camp of M. de La Fayette, named Villars, brought me a letter written to me by that general from near Anteuil, half a league from Paris: he informed me that he was on his march with the national guard of Paris, both paid and unpaid, and a part of the people of Paris, who came to make remonstrances to the King. He begged me to assure his Majesty that he vouched for it that no disorder would take place. Notwithstanding this tone of confidence it is certain that La Fayette had been dragged to Versailles against his will at the moment when he endeavoured to stop the former French guards, who were already on their march upon the Pont Royal. It is not the less true that he had become familiar with the idea of marching to Versailles since the first time he had written to me about it. He had even spoken to me on the subject, believing it at that time preferable that the King should reside at Paris; but undoubtedly he would have preferred the adoption of some other method of taking his Majesty thither.

After I had read M. de La Fayette's letter to the Council

I recapitulated my advice of the afternoon, observing, however, that it was now impossible to resort to the measures I had then proposed; but that it was of importance that the King, with his family and regular troops, should set off for Rambouillet. The contest between M. Necker and myself now grew warmer than upon the former occasion. I explained the risks which the King and his family would incur if they did not avoid them by departing. I dwelt upon the advantages that would be gained by quitting Versailles for Rambouillet, and I concluded by saying to the King, "*Sire, if you are taken to Paris to-morrow your crown is lost!*" The King was shaken, and he arose to go and speak to the Queen, who this time consented to the departure. M. Necker says in one of his works: "*He alone [the King] was to determine, and he determined to remain at Versailles. Out of a considerable number of persons, one alone, so far as I remember, was for the departure and without any modification.*"

It is probably to myself that M. Necker attributes this isolated opinion, but his memory has failed him, for it is a fact that M. de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de la Tour-du-Pin were also of my opinion.

M. Necker passes over in silence the order which the King gave me on re-entering the Council chamber, to have his carriages got ready, which broke up the Council. I told his Majesty that I would execute his orders, send off his wife and children to Rambouillet, and proceed thither myself, to be ready to receive him upon his arrival. I deputed the Chevalier de Cubières, equerry in charge of the stable, to carry the order for getting the carriages ready to the stables, and I went home to make my own arrangements. After regulating everything with Madame de Saint Priest for her departure, I got on horseback, wrapped up in my cloak that I might not be observed, and succeeded in keeping myself concealed. I had

scarcely proceeded half a league when my wife's carriage overtook me. She informed me that M. de Montmorin had sent her word that the King was no longer willing to set out; "but," added she, "I would not countermand the arrangements you had made." I begged she would proceed on her journey, most happy in the reflection that she and my children would be far from the scene which I then anticipated would take place on the morrow. As for myself, I retraced my steps and re-entered by one of the park gates, where I dismissed my horses, and went through the gardens to the King's apartments. There I found M. de La Fayette, who had just arrived. He personally confirmed to his Majesty all the assurances which he had by letter desired me to give him, and went to bed extremely fatigued by the events of the day, without making any fresh arrangement for the safety of the Château. The King as he withdrew gave orders to the captain of his guards to prohibit his subalterns from any violence.

I never knew perfectly what made the King change his mind respecting his departure. I returned home in great anxiety, and threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed. It was impossible for me to close my eyes on account of the noise made by the mob from Paris, with which the streets of Versailles were filled. At daybreak I went into my closet, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the ministers. At that very moment I saw the gates open, and a frenzied multitude, armed with pikes and bludgeons, and some of them with sabres and muskets, rush in and run with the utmost speed to the courtyard of the Princes, where the staircase leading to the apartments of their Majesties is situated. They all passed below my windows without seeing me. I waited about a quarter of an hour, and saw a considerable number of them bringing back a dozen of the Body Guards,



whom they had seized in the Queen's guard-room, and were going to massacre in the Place d'Armes. Fortunately for these unhappy men M. de La Fayette appeared with some soldiers of the guards, whom he employed to drive off the assailants. It is known that they immediately went up to the Queen's apartments; that the Body Guard suffered them to enter their guard-room without opposition, in pursuance of the King's orders; that, however, those who stood sentinels at the door of the Queen's antechamber made some resistance, and gave the footmen on duty inside time to awaken the Queen and barricade the door with trunks and chairs; and that her Majesty, alarmed by the noise, took refuge in the King's rooms through the communication between their apartments. The rioters then made their way in, and finding their prey escaped, committed no violence in the apartments. But they had assassinated two of the Body Guards, and wounded many others in the guard-room, which was the result of the King's order of the preceding day to make no resistance. M. de La Fayette went up to the King's rooms, and found the door of the antechamber, called the *œil-de-bœuf*, closed and barricaded. He parleyed with the Body Guards who had taken refuge there to preserve his Majesty's apartments. Upon M. de La Fayette's assurances the door was opened. He then stationed there some grenadiers, who, in conjunction with the Body Guards, kept that entry closed until the King's departure for Paris. The door by which the King generally went out to get into his carriage remained free; the people of Paris were not aware of its existence. I wrapped myself in a greatcoat to make my way through the crowd which filled the courtyard, and went up to the King's apartments. I found him with the Queen and the Dauphin in the balcony of his bedroom, protected by M. de La Fayette, who harangued the rabble from time to time; but all his speeches could not stop

their shouts of "*To Paris, to Paris!*" There were even a few musket-shots fired from the courtyard, which fortunately struck nobody. The King occasionally withdrew into his room to sit down and rest himself; he was in a state of stupefaction, which it is difficult to describe, or even to imagine. I accosted him repeatedly, and represented to him that delay in yielding to the wishes of the mob was useless and dangerous; that it was necessary he should promise to go to Paris; and that this was the only way of getting rid of these savages, who might the very next moment proceed to the utmost extremities, to which there were not wanting persons to excite them. To all this the King did not answer one single word. The Queen, who was present, said to me, "*Ah! Monsieur de Saint Priest, why did we not go away last night!*" I could not refrain from replying, "*It was no fault of mine.*"—"I know that well," answered she.

These remarks proved to me that she had no share in his Majesty's change of determination. He made up his mind at last, about eleven o'clock, to promise to go to Paris. Some cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were then heard, and the mob began to quit the courtyards and take the road to the capital. Care had been taken to send cart-loads of bread from Paris during the night to feed the multitude. I left the King in order to be at the Tuileries before him; and as I took the Saint Cloud road, I met with no obstacle. I dined with the Ambassador of the Two Sicilies, and proceeded to the Tuileries, ready for the arrival of their Majesties. I had not calculated that their unfortunate journey, which was a real martyrdom, would have occupied so much time. Their carriage was preceded by the heads of two murdered Body Guards, carried upon pikes. The carriage was surrounded by ill-looking fellows, who contemplated the royal personages with a brutal curiosity. A few of the Body Guards on foot and unarmed, protected by the

former French guards, followed dejectedly; and to complete the climax, after six or seven hours spent in travelling from Versailles to Paris, their Majesties were led to the Hôtel de Ville, as if to make the *amende honorable*. I know not who ordered this. The King ascended the Hôtel de Ville, and said that he came freely to reside in his capital. As he spoke in a low tone of voice, "Tell them, then," said the Queen, "that the King comes freely to reside in his capital." "*You are more fortunate than if I had uttered it,*" said Bailly; "*since the Queen herself has given you this favourable assurance.*" This was a falsehood, in which his Majesty was obviously contradicted by facts; never had he acted less freely. It was near ten at night when the King reached the Tuileries. As he got out of his carriage I told him that if I had known he was going to the Hôtel de Ville I would have waited for him there. "*I did not know it myself,*" replied the King in a tone of dejection.

On the morrow the Body Guards, who had passed the night upon benches in the Château of the Tuileries, were dismissed. M. de La Fayette filled up all the posts with the national guard of Paris, which was commanded by himself, and hence he became the keeper of the royal family.

When I reflect how many favourable consequences would have resulted from a more steadfast resolution to quit Versailles, I feel myself, even at this day, filled with regret. In the first place, M. de Villars, M. de La Fayette's aide-de-camp, who brought me the letter from the latter to Versailles on the 5th of October, told me that he had been sent by his general to the bridge of Sèvres to know whether it was defended; and that if it had been, he would have retreated. Secondly, Madame de Saint Priest, on her arrival at Rambouillet, saw there a deputation from the city of Chartres, which is in its neighbourhood; they came in the name of their fellow-citi-



zens to entreat his Majesty to make their city his asylum; to assure him they abhorred the insolence of the Parisians, and that they would lay down their lives and property in support of his Majesty's authority — an example which would infallibly have been followed by the other towns, and in particular by Orléans, which was wholly devoted to the royal cause. The Mayor of Rambouillet has since assured me that the request of the deputation from Chartres was transcribed into the registers of the municipality of Rambouillet. Thirdly, the National Assembly, under the presidency of Mounier, a man of integrity, who had the welfare of the State at heart, had declared itself inseparable from his Majesty. It would therefore have followed him to Rambouillet and Chartres. It is probable, moreover, that the factious leaders would not have ventured there; that the National Assembly, purified by their absence, would have united itself to the King, whose intentions were pure; and that useful reforms would have resulted without an overthrow of the monarchy. Fourthly, and lastly, if it had been necessary to come to extremities for the reduction of Paris, what advantages would not the royal party have possessed over that city, which at that time subsisted only upon the corn carried up the Seine! By stopping the convoys at Pontoise, Paris would have been starved. Besides, the King would easily have collected round him ten thousand men in four days, and forty thousand in five, secure of being able to concentrate still more considerable forces if circumstances should require it. The army under M. de Bouillé, in his district of Metz, would have been ready to march in a very short time; and, under such a general, the insurgents would speedily have been subdued.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The Marquis de Bouillé writes of this period: "During these transactions I resided at Metz, hated by the people, but having the most perfect reliance on my army, between which and the inhabitants of the town I maintained a constant jealousy, inspiring it at the



Such is the correct narrative which I determined to give as an eye-witness, and even as an actor, on the days of the 5th and 6th of October; it may one day contribute to the history of that remarkable period which, by its consequences, has perhaps decided the fate of the universe.

same time with contempt for the lower class of the people" (p. 98). It was only in July 1790 that the troops of De Bouillé became untrustworthy, see *Bouillé*, p. 167.



## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER III.

Affair of Favras — His prosecution and death — His children are imprudently presented to the Queen — Plan laid for carrying off the royal family — Singular letter from the Empress Catherine to Louis XVI. — The Queen is unwilling to owe the re-establishment of the throne to the *émigrés* — Death of the Emperor Joseph II. — First negotiation between the Court and Mirabeau — Louis XVI. and his family inhabit Saint Cloud — New plans for escaping.

IN February 1790 the affair of the unfortunate Favras gave the Court much uneasiness; this individual had conceived the scheme of carrying off the King, and effecting what was then called a counter-revolution. Monsieur, probably out of mere benevolence, gave him some money, and thence arose a report that he thereby wished to favour the execution of the enterprise. The step taken by Monsieur in going to the Hôtel de Ville to explain himself on this matter was unknown to the Queen; it is more than probable that the King was acquainted with it. When judgment was pronounced upon M. de Favras the Queen did not conceal from me her fears about the confessions of the unfortunate man in his last moments.

I sent a confidential person to the Hôtel de Ville; she came to inform the Queen that the condemned had demanded to be taken from Notre Dame to the Hôtel de Ville to make a final declaration, and give some particulars verifying it. These particulars compromised nobody; Favras corrected his last will after writing it, and went to the scaffold with heroic courage and coolness. The judge who read his condemnation to him told him that his life was a sacrifice which he owed to public tranquillity. It was asserted at the time that Favras



*Saint Cloud*





was given up as a victim in order to satisfy the people and save the Baron de Besenval, who was a prisoner in the Abbaye.<sup>1</sup>

On the morning of the Sunday following this execution

<sup>1</sup> Favras (Thomas Mahy, Marquis de), born at Blois in 1745, entered the service first in the corps of *mousquetaires*, and made the campaign in 1761 with them; he was afterwards captain and adjutant of Belsunce's regiment, and subsequently lieutenant of the Swiss guard of Monsieur, the King's brother; he resigned that commission in 1775 to go to Vienna, where his wife was acknowledged the only and legitimate daughter of the Prince d'Anhalt-Schauenbourg. He commanded a legion in Holland on the insurrection against the Stadtholder in 1787. Possessing a warm imagination and a head fertile in expedients, Favras always had something to propose. He presented a great number of plans on the subject of finance; and at the breaking out of the Revolution he tendered some upon political measures, which rendered him an object of suspicion to the revolutionary party. Favras was accused in the month of December 1789 of having conspired against the Revolution. Having been arrested by order of the committee of inquiry of the National Assembly, he was transferred to the Châtelet, where he defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind, repelling the accusations brought against him by Morel, Turcati, and Marquié, with considerable force. These witnesses declared he had imparted his plan to them; it was to be carried into execution by 12,000 Swiss and 12,000 Germans, who were to be assembled at Montargis, thence to march upon Paris, carry off the King, and assassinate Bailly, La Fayette, and Necker. The greater number of these charges he denied, and declared that the rest related only to the levy of a troop intended to favour the revolution preparing in Brabant. The judge having refused to disclose who had denounced him, he complained to the Assembly, which passed to the order of the day. His death was obviously inevitable. During the whole time of the proceedings the populace never ceased threatening the judges and shouting, "*À la lanterne!*" It was even necessary to keep numerous troops and artillery constantly ready to act in the courtyard of the Châtelet. The judges, who had just acquitted M. de Besenval in an affair nearly similar, doubtless dreaded the effects of this fury. When they refused to hear Favras' witnesses in exculpation, he compared them to the tribunal of the Inquisition. The principal charge against him was founded on a letter from M. de Foucault, asking him, "Where are your troops? in which direction will they enter Paris? I should like to be employed among them." Favras was condemned to make

M. de la Villeurnoy<sup>2</sup> came to my house to tell me that he was going that day to the public dinner of the King and Queen to present Madame de Favras and her son, both of them in mourning for the brave Frenchman who fell a sacrifice for his King; and that all the royalists expected to see the Queen load the unfortunate family with favours. I did all that lay in my power to prevent this proceeding: I foresaw the effect it would have upon the Queen's feeling heart, and the painful constraint she would experience, having the horrible Santerre, the commandant of a battalion of the Parisian guard, behind her chair during dinner-time. I could not make M. de la Villeurnoy comprehend my argument; the Queen was gone to mass, surrounded by her whole Court, and I had not even means of apprising her of his intention.

When dinner was over I heard a knocking at the door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor next that of the Queen; it was herself. She asked me whether there was anybody with me; I was alone; she threw herself into an armchair, and told me she came to weep with me over the foolish conduct of the ultras of the King's party. "We must fall," said she, "attacked as we are by men who possess every talent and shrink from no crime, while we are defended only by those who are no doubt very estimable, but have no adequate idea of our situation. They have exposed me to the

the *amende honorable* in front of the cathedral, and to be hanged at the Place de Grève. He heard this sentence with wonderful calmness, and said to his judges, "I pity you much if the testimony of two men is sufficient to induce you to condemn." The judge having said to him, "I have no other consolation to hold out to you than that which religion affords," he replied nobly, "My greatest consolation is that which I derive from my innocence."—*Biographie Universelle, Ancienne et Moderne*, vol. xiv., p. 221.

<sup>2</sup> M. de la Villeurnoy, master of the requests, was deported to Sinamary on the 18th Fructidor, 4th September 1797—the *coup d'état* made by the Directory against the royalist party—and there died.—*Madame Campan*.

animosity of both parties by presenting the widow and son of Favras to me. Were I free to act as I wish I should take the child of the man who has just sacrificed himself for us and place him at table between the King and myself; but, surrounded by the assassins who have destroyed his father, I did not dare even to cast my eyes upon him. The royalists will blame me for not having appeared interested in this poor child; the revolutionists will be enraged at the idea that his presentation should have been thought agreeable to me." However, the Queen added that she knew Madame de Favras was in want, and that she desired me to send her next day, through a person who could be relied on, a few rouleaus of fifty louis, and to direct that she should be assured her Majesty would always watch over the fortunes of herself and her son.

In the month of March following I had an opportunity of ascertaining the King's sentiments respecting the schemes which were continually proposed to him for making his escape. One night about ten o'clock Comte d'Inisdal, who was deputed by the nobility, came to request that I would see him in private, as he had an important matter to communicate to me. He told me that on that very night the King was to be carried off; that the section of the national guard, that day commanded by M. d'Aumont,<sup>3</sup> was gained over, and that sets of horses, furnished by some good royalists, were placed in relays at suitable distances; that he had just left a party of nobles assembled for the execution of this scheme, and that he had been sent to me that I might, through the medium of the Queen, obtain the King's positive consent to it before mid-

<sup>3</sup> A brother of the Duc de Villequier, who had joined the revolutionary party; a man of no weight or respectability, who desired he might be called *Jacques Aumont*; a far different man from his brave brother, who always proved himself entirely devoted to the cause of his King.—*Madame Campan*.



night; that the King was aware of their plan, but that his Majesty never would speak decidedly, and that it was necessary he should consent to the undertaking. I greatly displeased Comte d'Inisdal by expressing my astonishment that the nobility at the moment of the execution of so important a project should send to me, the Queen's first woman, to obtain a consent which ought to have been the basis of any well-concerted scheme. I told him, also, that it would be impossible for me to go at that time to the Queen's apartments without exciting the attention of the people in the antechambers; that the King was at cards with the Queen and his family, and that I never broke in upon their privacy unless I was called for. I added, however, that M. Campan could enter without being called; and if the Count chose to give him his confidence he might rely upon him. My father-in-law, to whom Comte d'Inisdal repeated what he had said to me, took the commission upon himself, and went to the Queen's apartments. The King was playing at whist with the Queen, Monsieur, and Madame; Madame Elizabeth was kneeling on a stool near the table. M. Campan informed the Queen of what had been communicated to me; nobody uttered a word. The Queen broke silence and said to the King, "Do you hear, Sire, what Campan says to us?" — "Yes, I hear," said the King, and continued his game. Monsieur, who was in the habit of introducing passages from plays into his conversation, said to my father-in-law, "M. Campan, *that pretty little coup-let again*, if you please;" and pressed the King to reply. At length the Queen said, "But something must be said to Campan." The King then spoke to my father-in-law in these words: "*Tell M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off!*" The Queen enjoined M. Campan to take care and report this answer faithfully. "*You understand,*" added she, "*the King cannot consent to be carried off.*" Comte d'Inisdal



was very much dissatisfied with the King's answer, and went out, saying, "I understand; he wishes to throw all the blame, beforehand, upon those who are to devote themselves for him." He went away, and I thought the enterprise would be abandoned. However, the Queen remained alone with me till midnight, preparing her cases of valuables, and ordered me not to go to bed. She imagined the King's answer would be understood as a tacit consent, and merely a refusal to participate in the design. I do not know what passed in the King's apartments during the night; but I occasionally looked out at the windows: I saw the garden clear; I heard no noise in the Palace, and day at length confirmed my opinion that the project had been given up. "*We must, however, fly,*" said the Queen to me shortly afterwards: "*who knows how far the factions may go? The danger increases every day.*"<sup>4</sup> This Princess received advice and memorials from all quarters. Rivarol addressed several to her, which I read to her. They were full of ingenious observations; but the Queen did not find that they contained anything of essential service under the circumstances in which the royal family was placed. Comte du Moustier also sent memorials and plans of conduct. I remember that in one of his writings he said to the King,

<sup>4</sup>The disturbances of the 13th of April 1790, occasioned by the warmth of the discussions upon Dom Gerle's imprudent motion in the National Assembly, having afforded room for apprehension that the enemies of the country would endeavour to carry off the King from the capital, M. de La Fayette promised to keep watch, and told Louis XVI. that if he saw any alarming movement among the disaffected he would give him notice of it by the discharge of a cannon from Henri IV.'s battery on the Pont Neuf. On the same night a few casual discharges of musketry were heard from the terrace of the Tuileries. The King, deceived by the noise, flew to the Queen's apartments; he did not find her; he ran to the Dauphin's room, where he found the Queen holding her son in her arms. "Madame," said the King to her, "I have been seeking you; and you have made me uneasy." The Queen, showing her son, said to him, "I was at my post."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

"Read *Telemachus* again, Sire; in that book which delighted your Majesty in infancy you will find the first seeds of those principles which, erroneously followed up by men of ardent imaginations, are bringing on the explosion we expect every moment." I read so many of these memorials that I could hardly give a faithful account of them, and I am determined to note in this work no other events than such as I witnessed; no other words than such as (notwithstanding the lapse of time) still in some measure vibrate in my ears.

Comte de Ségur,<sup>5</sup> on his return from Russia, was employed some time by the Queen, and had a certain degree of influence over her; but that did not last long. Comte Augustus de la Marck likewise endeavoured to negotiate for the King's advantage with the leaders of the factions. M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, possessed also the Queen's confidence; but none of the endeavours which were made at home produced any beneficial result. The Empress Catherine II. also conveyed her opinion upon the situation of Louis XVI. to the Queen, and her Majesty made me read a few lines in the Empress's own handwriting, which concluded with these words: "Kings ought to proceed in their career undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." This maxim of the despotic sovereign of Russia was very inapplicable to the situation of a captive King.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party followed up its audacious enterprise in a determined manner, without meeting any opposition. The advice from without, as well from Coblenz as from Vienna, made various impressions upon the members of the royal family, and those cabinets were not in accordance with each other. I often had reason to infer from what the

<sup>5</sup> Louis Philippe, Comte de Ségur (1753-1830), son of the Maréchal and Minister of War, Philippe Henri, Marquis de Ségur.

Queen said to me that she thought the King, by leaving all the honour of restoring order to the Coblenz party,<sup>6</sup> would, on the return of the emigrants, be put under a kind of guardianship which would increase his own misfortunes. She frequently said to me, "If the emigrants succeed, they will give the law for a long time; it will be impossible to refuse them anything: to owe the crown to them would be contracting too great an obligation." It always appeared to me that she wished her own family to counterbalance the claims of the emigrants by disinterested services. She was fearful of M. de Calonne, and with good reason. She had proof that this minister was her bitterest enemy, and that he made use of the most criminal means in order to blacken her reputation. I can testify that I have seen in the hands of the Queen a manuscript copy of the infamous memoirs of the woman De La-motte, which had been brought to her from London, and in which all those passages where a total ignorance of the customs of Courts had occasioned that wretched woman to make blunders which would have been too palpable were corrected in M. de Calonne's own handwriting.

The two King's Guards who were wounded at her Majesty's door on the 6th of October were M. du Repaire and M. de Miomandre de Sainte Marie; on the dreadful night of the 6th of October the latter took the post of the former the moment he became incapable of maintaining it.

M. de Miomandre was at Paris, living on terms of friendship with another of the Guards, who, on the same day, received a gunshot wound from the brigands in another part of the Château. These two officers, who were attended and cured together at the infirmary of Versailles,<sup>7</sup> were almost

<sup>6</sup> The Princes and the chief of the emigrant nobility assembled at Coblenz, and the name was used to designate the reactionary party.

<sup>7</sup> A considerable number of the Body Guards, who were wounded

constant companions; they were recognised at the Palais Royal, and insulted. The Queen thought it necessary for them to quit Paris. She desired me to write to M. de Mionmandre de Sainte Marie, and tell him to come to me at eight o'clock in the evening; and then to communicate to him her wish to hear of his being in safety; and ordered me, when he had made up his mind to go, to tell him in her name that gold could not repay such a service as he had rendered; that she hoped some day to be in sufficiently happy circumstances to recompense him as she ought; but that for the present her offer of money was only that of a sister to a brother situated as he then was, and that she requested he would take whatever might be necessary to discharge his debts at Paris and defray the expenses of his journey. She told me also to desire he would bring his friend Bertrand with him, and to make him the same offer.

The two Guards came at the appointed hour, and accepted, I think, each one or two hundred louis. A moment afterwards the Queen opened my door; she was accompanied by the King and Madame Elizabeth; the King stood with his back against the fireplace; the Queen sat down upon a sofa and Madame Elizabeth sat near her; I placed myself behind the Queen, and the two Guards stood facing the King. The Queen told them that the King wished to see before they went away two of the

on the 6th of October betook themselves to the infirmary at Versailles. The brigands wanted to make their way into the infirmary in order to massacre them. M. Voisin, head surgeon of that infirmary, ran to the entrance hall, invited the assailants to refresh themselves, ordered wine to be brought, and found means to direct the Sister Superior to remove the Guards into a ward appropriated to the poor, and dress them in the caps and greatcoats furnished by the institution. The good sisters executed this order so promptly that the Guards were removed, dressed as paupers, and their beds made, while the assassins were drinking. They searched all the wards, and fancied they saw no persons there but the sick poor; thus the Guards were saved.—*Madame Campan.*



brave men who had afforded him the strongest proofs of courage and attachment. Miomandre said all that the Queen's affecting observations were calculated to inspire. Madame Elizabeth spoke of the King's gratitude; the Queen resumed the subject of their speedy departure, urging the necessity of it; the King was silent; but his emotion was evident, and his eyes were suffused with tears. The Queen rose, the King went out, and Madame Elizabeth followed him; the Queen stopped and said to me, in the recess of a window, "I am sorry I brought the King here! I am sure Elizabeth thinks with me; if the King had but given utterance to a fourth part of what he thinks of those brave men they would have been in ecstasies; but he cannot overcome his diffidence."

The Emperor Joseph died about this time. The Queen's grief was not excessive; that brother of whom she had been so proud, and whom she had loved so tenderly, had probably suffered greatly in her opinion; she reproached him sometimes, though with moderation, for having adopted several of the principles of the new philosophy, and perhaps she knew that he looked upon our troubles with the eye of the sovereign of Germany rather than that of the brother of the Queen of France.<sup>8</sup>

Mirabeau had not lost the hope of becoming the last resource of the oppressed Court; and at this time some communications passed between the Queen and him. The question was about an office to be conferred upon him. This transpired, and it must have been about this period that the Assembly decreed that no deputy could hold an office as a

<sup>8</sup> The Emperor Joseph sent the Queen an engraving which represented unfrocked nuns and monks. The first were trying on fashionable dresses, the latter were having their hair arranged; this engraving was always left in a closet, and never hung up. The Queen told me to have it taken away; for she was hurt to see how much influence the philosophers had over her brother's mind and actions.—*Madame Campan.*

minister of the King until the expiration of two years after the cessation of his legislative functions. I know that the Queen was much hurt at this decision, and considered that the Court had lost a promising opening.<sup>9</sup>

The palace of the Tuileries was a very disagreeable residence during the summer, which made the Queen wish to go to Saint Cloud. The removal was decided on without any opposition; the national guard of Paris followed the Court thither. At this period new plans of escape were presented; nothing would have been more easy than to execute them. The King had obtained leave (!) to go out without guards, and to be accompanied only by an aide-de-camp of M. de La Fayette. The Queen also had one on duty with her, and so had the Dauphin. The King and Queen often went out at four in the afternoon, and did not return until eight or nine.

I will relate one of the plans of emigration which the Queen communicated to me, the success of which seemed infallible. The royal family were to meet in a wood four leagues from Saint Cloud; some persons who could be fully relied on were to accompany the King, who was always followed by his equerries and pages; the Queen was to join him with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth; these Princesses, as well as the Queen, had equerries and pages, of whose fidelity no doubt could be entertained. The Dauphin likewise was to be at the place of rendezvous with Madame de Tourzel;<sup>10</sup> a large berlin and a chase for the attendants were sufficient for the whole family; the aides-de-camp were to have been gained over or mastered. The King was to leave a letter for the president of the National Assembly on his bureau at Saint Cloud. The people in the service of the King and Queen would have waited until nine in the evening without anxiety,

<sup>9</sup> See Thiers' *Révolution Française*, tome i., p. 89.

<sup>10</sup> The *Memoirs* of Madame de Tourzel have since been published (Paris, 1883), edited by the Duc des Cars.

because the family sometimes did not return until that hour. The letter could not be forwarded to Paris until ten o'clock at the earliest. The Assembly would not then be sitting; the president must have been sought for at his own house or elsewhere; it would have been midnight before the Assembly could have been summoned and couriers sent off to have the royal family stopped; but the latter would have been six or seven hours in advance, as they would have started at six leagues' distance from Paris; and at this period travelling was not yet impeded in France. The Queen approved of this plan; but I did not venture to interrogate her, and I even thought if it was put in execution she would leave me in ignorance of it. One evening in the month of June the people of the Château, finding the King did not return by nine o'clock, were walking about the courtyards in a state of great anxiety. I thought the family was gone, and I could scarcely breathe amidst the confusion of my good wishes, when I heard the sound of the carriages.<sup>11</sup> I confessed to the Queen that

<sup>11</sup> On his return from one of the visits to Saint Cloud the King wrote to the Duchesse de Polignac:—"I have returned from the country; the air has been of service to us; but how changed did the place appear! How desolate was the breakfast-room! Neither of you were there. I do not give up the hope of our meeting there again; but when? I know not. How many things we shall have to say to one another! The health of your friend keeps up in spite of all the misfortunes which press upon her. Adieu, Duchess! speak of me to your husband and all around you; and understand that I shall not be happy until the day I find myself with my old friends again."

"The farther the first National Assembly advanced in its labours," adds Montjoie (*History of Marie Antoinette*, page 262), "the more unhappy the Queen found herself. We have a proof of this in these few words from another note from Louis XVI. to the Duchesse de Polignac: 'For the last eighteen months we have seen and heard nothing but what was disagreeable; we do not lose our temper, but we are hurt and rendered melancholy at being thwarted in everything, and particularly at being misrepresented.'"

In a former letter from the King to the Duchess the following

I thought she had set off; she told me she must wait until Mesdames the King's aunts had quitted France, and afterwards see whether the plan agreed with those formed abroad.

passage occurs: "Your friend is unhappy and exceedingly misrepresented; but I flatter myself that justice will one day be done to her. Still, the wicked are very active; they are more readily believed than the good; you are a striking proof of it."—*Note by the Editor.*



## MARIE ANTOINETTE.

### CHAPTER IV.

First Federation—Attempts to assassinate the Queen—Affecting scene—Account of the affair of Nancy, written by Madame Campan, at night, in the council chamber, by the King's dictation—Madame Campan becomes the subject of calumnious denunciation—Marks of confidence bestowed upon her by the Queen—Interview between the Queen and Mirabeau in the gardens of Saint Cloud—He treats with the Court—Ridicule of the revolutionary party—Stones of the Bastille offered to the Dauphin—The Queen feels her aversion to M. de La Fayette increase—Plan formed by the Princess for re-entering France through Lyons—Imprudence of persons attached to the Queen—Anecdote relative to M. de La Fayette—Departure of the King's aunts—Death of Mirabeau.

THERE was a meeting at Paris for the first federation on the 14th of July 1790, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. What an astonishing assemblage of four hundred thousand men, of whom there were not perhaps two hundred who did not believe that the King found happiness and glory in the order of things then being established. The love which was borne him by all, with the exception of those who meditated his ruin, still reigned in the hearts of the French in the departments; but if I may judge from those whom I had an opportunity of seeing, it was totally impossible to enlighten them; they were as much attached to the King as to the constitution, and to the constitution as to the King; and it was impossible to separate the one from the other in their hearts and minds.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Two deputies from Nantes, sent to England to cement the fraternal union between the London revolutionary club and all the friends of the French constitution, wrote the following letter:—

“From all that we have seen and known, we can assure you

The Court returned to Saint Cloud after the federation. A wretch, named Rotondo, made his way into the palace with the intention of assassinating the Queen. It is known that he penetrated to the inner gardens: the rain prevented her Majesty from going out on that day. M. de La Fayette, who was aware of this plot, gave all the sentinels the strictest orders, and a description of the monster was distributed throughout the Palace by order of the general. I do not know how he was saved from punishment. The police belonging to the King discovered that there was likewise a scheme on foot for poisoning the Queen. She spoke to me, as well as to her head physician, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, about it, without the slightest emotion, but both he and myself considered what precautions it would be proper to take. He relied much upon the Queen's temperance; yet he recommended me always to have a bottle of oil of sweet almonds within reach, and to renew it occasionally, that oil and milk being, as is known, the most certain

that the people of London are at least as enthusiastic on the subject of the French revolution as the people of France. We went yesterday to see the opera of *The Confederation of the French at the Champ de Mars*. This piece has been played daily for six weeks. The house is filled by five o'clock, though the performance does not begin till seven. When we arrived there was no room; but as soon as they heard us speak French they hastened to place us in the front of the boxes; they paid us every possible attention, and forced refreshments upon us. The first act of this opera represents the arrival of several people at Paris for the federation. The second, the works of the Champ de Mars. The third, the Confederation itself. In the second act Capuchins are seen in grenadier caps, girls are caressing abbés, the King comes in, and chops with a hatchet; everybody is at work, and singing: '*Ça ira, ça ira.*' In the third act you see the municipal officers in scarfs, the National Assembly, the national guard, officiating ministers in pontifical dresses, and priests singing. A regiment of children sing, '*Moi je suis soldat pour la patrie!*' in French and English. All this appears to us something new upon the banks of the Thames, and every verse is encored and applauded to delirium."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. iv., pp. 93, 94.

antidotes to the divellications of corrosive poisons. The Queen had a habit which rendered M. Vicq-d'Azyr particularly uneasy: there was always some pounded sugar upon the table in her Majesty's bed-chamber; and she frequently, without calling anybody, put spoonfuls of it into a glass of water when she wished to drink. It was agreed that I should get a considerable quantity of sugar powdered; that I should always have some papers of it in my bag, and that three or four times a day, when alone in the Queen's room, I should substitute it for that in her sugar-basin. We knew that the Queen would have prevented all such precautions, but we were not aware of her reason. One day she caught me alone making this exchange, and told me she supposed it was agreed on between myself and M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I gave myself very unnecessary trouble. "Remember," added she, "that not a grain of poison will be put in use against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to this century: this age possesses calumny, which is a much more convenient instrument of death; and it is by that I shall perish."

Even while melancholy presentiments afflicted this unfortunate Princess, manifestations of attachment to her person, and to the King's cause, would frequently raise agreeable illusions in her mind, or present to her the affecting spectacle of tears shed for her sorrows. I was one day, during this same visit to Saint Cloud, witness of a very touching scene, which we took great care to keep secret. It was four in the afternoon; the guard was not set; there was scarcely anybody at Saint Cloud that day, and I was reading to the Queen, who was at work in a room, the balcony of which hung over the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a sort of inarticulate murmur from a great number of voices. The Queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty persons beneath



the balcony: this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the Queen it was probably an assemblage of persons residing in the neighbourhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared in the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone: "Courage, Madame; good Frenchmen suffer for you, and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers: we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous King." The Queen burst into tears, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor Queen! she weeps!" said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing her Majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, to observation, prompted me to take her hand, and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and, raising my eyes, I gave the excellent people to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They comprehended me, for I heard, "*That lady is right;*" and afterwards, "*Farewell, Madame!*" from several of them; and all this in accents of feeling so true and so mournful, that I am affected at the recollection of them even after a lapse of twenty years.

A few days afterwards the insurrection of Nancy took place.<sup>2</sup> Only the ostensible cause is known; there was another, of which I might have been in full possession, if the great confusion I was in upon the subject had not deprived me of the power of paying attention to it: I will endeavour to make myself understood. In the early part of September the Queen, as she was going to bed, desired me to let all her people go, and to remain with her myself: when we were alone she said to me, "The King will come here at midnight. You know

<sup>2</sup> The insurrection of the troops at Nancy broke out in August 1790, and was put down by Maréchal de Bouillé on the last day of that month. See *Bouillé*, p. 195.



that he has always shown you marks of distinction; he now proves his confidence in you by selecting you to write down the whole affair of Nancy from his dictation. He must have several copies of it." At midnight the King came to the Queen's apartments, and said to me, smiling, "You did not expect to become my secretary, and that, too, during the night." I followed the King into the council chamber. I found there sheets of paper, an inkstand, and pens all ready prepared. He sat down by my side and dictated to me the report of the Marquis de Bouillé, which he himself copied at the same time. My hand trembled; I wrote with difficulty; my reflections scarcely left me sufficient power of attention to listen to the King. The large table, the velvet cloth, seats which ought to have been filled by none but the King's chief counsellors; what that chamber had been, and what it was at that moment, when the King was employing a woman in an office which had so little affinity with her ordinary functions; the misfortunes which had brought him to the necessity of doing so — all these ideas made such an impression upon me that when I had returned to the Queen's apartments I could not sleep for the remainder of the night, nor could I remember what I had written.

The more I saw that I had the happiness to be of some use to my employers, the more scrupulously careful was I to live entirely with my family; and I never indulged in any conversation which could betray the intimacy to which I was admitted; but nothing at Court remains long concealed, and I soon saw I had numerous enemies. The means of injuring others in the minds of sovereigns are but too easily obtained, and they had become still more so, since the mere suspicion of communication with partizans of the Revolution was sufficient to forfeit the esteem and confidence of the King and Queen: happily my conduct protected me, with them,

against calumny. I had left Saint Cloud two days, when I received at Paris a note from the Queen, containing these words: "Come to Saint Cloud immediately: I have something concerning you to communicate." I set off without loss of time. Her Majesty told me she had a sacrifice to request of me: I answered that it was made. She said it went so far as the renunciation of a friend's society; that such a renunciation was always painful, but that it must be particularly so to me; that, for her own part, it might have been very useful that a deputy, a man of talent, should be constantly received at my house; but at this moment she thought only of my welfare. The Queen then informed me that the ladies of the bed-chamber had, the preceding evening, assured her that M. de Beaumetz, deputy from the nobility of Artois, who had taken his seat on the left of the Assembly, spent his whole time at my house. Perceiving on what false grounds the attempt to injure me was based, I replied respectfully, but at the same time smiling, that it was impossible for me to make the sacrifice exacted by her Majesty; that M. de Beaumetz, a man of great judgment, had not determined to cross over to the left of the Assembly with the intention of afterwards making himself unpopular by spending his time with the Queen's first woman; and that, ever since the 1st of October 1789, I had seen him nowhere but at the play, or in the public walks, and even then without his ever coming to speak to me; that this line of conduct had appeared to me perfectly consistent: for whether he was desirous to please the popular party, or to be sought after by the Court, he could not act in any other way towards me. The Queen closed this explanation by saying, "Oh! it is clear, as clear as the day! this opportunity for trying to do you an injury is very ill chosen; but be cautious in your slightest actions; you perceive that the confi-

dence placed in you by the King and myself raises you up powerful enemies."

The private communications which were still kept up between the Court and Mirabeau at length procured him an interview with the Queen, in the gardens of Saint Cloud.<sup>3</sup> He left Paris on horseback, on pretence of going into the country, to M. de Clavières, one of his friends; but he stopped at one of the gates of the gardens of Saint Cloud, and was led to a spot situated in the highest part of the private garden, where the Queen was waiting for him. She told me she accosted him by saying, "With a common enemy, with a man who had sworn to destroy monarchy without appreciating its utility among a great people, I should at this moment be guilty of a most ill-advised step; but in speaking to a Mirabeau," etc. The poor Queen was delighted at having discovered this method of exalting him above all others of his principles; and in imparting the particulars of this interview to me she said, "Do you know that those words, 'a Mirabeau,' appeared to flatter him exceedingly." On leaving the Queen he said to her with warmth, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!"<sup>4</sup> It must have been soon afterwards that Mirabeau received considerable sums of money. He showed it too plainly by the increase of his expenditure. Already did some of his remarks upon the necessity of arresting the progress of the democrats circulate in society. Being once invited to meet a person at dinner who was very much attached to the Queen, he learned that that person withdrew on hearing that he was one of the guests; the party who invited him told him this with some degree of

<sup>3</sup> It was not in her apartments, as is asserted by M. de Lacretelle, that the Queen received Mirabeau; his person was too generally known.—*Madame Campan*.

<sup>4</sup> See an anecdote in Weber's *Memoirs*, vol. ii., on the subject of this interview.—*Note by the Editor*.

satisfaction; but all were very much astonished when they heard Mirabeau eulogise the absent guest, and declare that in his place he would have done the same; but, he added, they had only to invite that person again in a few months, and he would then dine with the restorer of the monarchy. Mirabeau forgot that it was more easy to do harm than good, and thought himself the political Atlas of the whole world.

Outrages and mockery were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the revolutionists. It was customary to give serenades under the King's windows on New-Year's Day. The band of the national guard repaired thither on that festival in 1791; in allusion to the liquidation of the debts of the state, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely, and repeatedly, that air from the comic opera of the *Debts*, the burthen of which is, "*But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy.*"

On the same day some *conquerors of the Bastille*, grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young Dauphin, as a New-Year's gift, a box of dominoes, made of some of the stone and marble of which that state prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it, as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the Revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses, the purport of which was as follows, "*Stones from those walls, which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been converted into a toy, to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as a mark of the people's love: and to teach you their power.*"

The Queen said that M. de La Fayette's thirst for popularity induced him to lend himself, without discrimination, to all popular follies. Her distrust of the General increased daily, and grew so powerful that when, towards the end of the



Revolution, he seemed willing to support the tottering throne, she could never bring herself to incur so great an obligation to him.

M. de J——, a colonel attached to the staff of the army, was fortunate enough to render several services to the Queen, and acquitted himself with discretion and dignity of various important missions.<sup>5</sup> Their Majesties had the highest confidence in him, although it frequently happened that his prudence, when inconsiderate projects were under discussion, brought upon him the charge of adopting the principles of the constitutionals. Being sent to Turin, he had some difficulty in dissuading the Princes from a scheme they had formed at that period of re-entering France, with a very weak army, by way of Lyons; and when, in a council which lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he showed his instructions, and demonstrated that the measure would endanger the King, the Comte d'Artois alone declared against the plan, which emanated from the Prince de Condé.

Among the persons employed in subordinate situations, whom the critical circumstances of the times involved in affairs of importance, was M. de Goguelat, a geographical engineer at Versailles, and an excellent draughtsman. He made plans of Saint Cloud and Trianon for the Queen; she was very much pleased with them, and had the engineer admitted into the staff of the army. At the commencement of the Revolution he was sent to Count Esterhazy, at Valenciennes, in the capacity of aide-de-camp. The latter rank was given him solely to get him away from Versailles, where his rashness endangered the Queen during the earlier months of the Assembly of the States-General. Making a parade of his devotion

<sup>5</sup> During the Queen's detention in the Temple he introduced himself into that prison in the dress of a lamplighter, and there discharged his duty unrecognised.—*Madame Campan*.

to the King's interests, he went repeatedly to the tribunes of the Assembly, and there openly railed at all the motions of the deputies, and then returned to the Queen's antechamber, where he repeated all that he had just heard, or had had the imprudence to say. Unfortunately at the same time that the Queen sent away M. de Goguelat she still believed that, in a dangerous predicament, requiring great self-devotion, the man might be employed advantageously. In 1791 he was commissioned to act in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé in furtherance of the King's intended escape.<sup>6</sup>

Projectors in great numbers endeavoured to introduce themselves not only to the Queen, but to Madame Elizabeth, who had communications with many individuals who took upon themselves to make plans for the conduct of the Court. The Baron de Gilliers and M. de Vanoise were of this description; they went to the Baroness de Mackau's, where the Princess spent almost all her evenings. The Queen did not like these meetings, where Madame Elizabeth might adopt views in opposition to the King's intentions or her own.

The Queen gave frequent audiences to M. de La Fayette. One day, when he was in her inner closet, his aides-de-camp, who waited for him, were walking up and down the great room where the persons in attendance remained. Some imprudent young women were thoughtless enough to say, with the intention of being overheard by those officers, that it was very alarming to see the Queen alone with a rebel and a brigand. I was annoyed at their indiscretion, and imposed silence on them. One of them persisted in the appellation "brigand." I told her that M. de La Fayette well deserved the name of rebel, but that the title of leader of a party was

<sup>6</sup> See the *Memoirs* of M. de Bouillé, those of the Duc de Choiseul, and the account of the journey to Varennes, by M. de Fontanges, in Weber's *Memoirs*.— *Note by the Editor*.

given by history to every man commanding forty thousand men, a capital, and forty leagues of country; that kings had frequently treated with such leaders, and if it was convenient to the Queen to do the same, it remained for us only, to be silent and respect her actions. On the morrow the Queen with a serious air, but with the greatest kindness, asked what I had said respecting M. de La Fayette on the preceding day; adding that she had been assured I had enjoined her women to silence, because they did not like him, and that I had taken his part. I repeated what had passed to the Queen, word for word. She condescended to tell me that I had done perfectly right.

Whenever any false reports respecting me were conveyed to her she was kind enough to inform me of them; and they had no effect on the confidence with which she continued to honour me, and which I am happy to think I have justified even at the risk of my life.

Mesdames, the King's aunts, set out from Bellevue in the beginning of the year 1791.<sup>7</sup> I went to take leave of Madame Victoire.<sup>8</sup> I little thought that I was then seeing her for the

<sup>7</sup> Alexander Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, then a colonel on the staff of the army, and commandant of the national guard of Versailles, favoured the departure of Mesdames. The Jacobins of that town procured his dismissal, and he ran the greatest risk, on account of having rendered this service to these Princesses.—*Madame Campan*.

<sup>8</sup> The departure of Mesdames was an important event. It was an actual experiment made by the Court of the means to be taken to quit Paris. We will here relate from the memoirs of these Princesses what concerns General Berthier, and the part he took in their departure.

"A crowd of women collected at Bellevue to oppose the setting out of Mesdames. On their arrival at the Château they were told that Mesdames were no longer there, that they had gone with a suite of twenty persons. The intelligence of this departure caused a great ferment at the Palais Royal. All the clubs who were apprised of it gave orders to the leaders to put the light troops in





last time. She received me alone in her closet, and assured me that she hoped, as well as wished, soon to return to France; that the French would be much to be pitied if the excesses of the Revolution should arrive at such a pitch as to force her to prolong her absence. I knew from the Queen that the departure of Mesdames was deemed necessary, in order to leave the King free to act when he should be compelled to go away with his family. It being impossible that the constitution

motion. The Department of Seine and Oise came to a resolution that there were no grounds for retaining the property of Mesdames. The municipality of Versailles was charged to require the commandant of the national guard and the troops of the line to aid and assist. It was to have an understanding with the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon to put down all obstacles. General Berthier justified the monarch's confidence by a firm and prudent line of conduct which entitled him to the highest military honours, and to the esteem of the warrior whose fortune, dangers, and glory he afterwards shared. He went to Bellevue at midnight of the day on which the order was made. As soon as the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon were informed of his arrival at the Château they both came to a resolution by which they left the General full liberty to act for the department; but in order to leave no doubt as to their own sentiments relative to Mesdames, these two municipalities made the arrangement which provided that no search should be made in either the Château or its dependencies. The posts were relieved quietly enough; but when it was necessary to send off the carriages murmurs broke out, and violent resistance was made. Part of the armed force and the unarmed mob declared that Mesdames should not go, and uttered horrible imprecations against them. A sapper of the national guard of Sèvres, an officer of the same guard, and an officer of chasseurs of the first division, distinguished themselves by formal and obstinate disobedience; several gunners, instead of keeping the refractory in awe by remaining at their guns, cut the traces of one of the carriages. Such was the impotence of the laws that General Berthier, although invested with full powers by reiterated acts of the departments and municipalities of Versailles and Meudon, could not send off the equipages. This officer, full of honour, and gifted with the highest courage, was shut into the courtyard of Bellevue by his own troop, and ran great risk of being murdered. It was not until the 14th of March that he succeeded in executing the law (*Memoirs of Mesdames* by Montigny, vol. 1.) — *Note by the Editor.*



of the clergy should be otherwise than in direct opposition to the religious principles of Mesdames, they thought their journey to Rome would be attributed to piety alone. It was, however, difficult to deceive an Assembly which weighed the slightest actions of the royal family, and from that moment they were more than ever alive to what was passing at the Tuileries.

Mesdames were desirous of taking Madame Elizabeth to Rome. The free exercise of religion, the happiness of taking refuge with the head of the Church, and the prospect of living in safety with her aunts, whom she tenderly loved, were sacrificed by that virtuous Princess to her attachment to the King.

The oath required of priests by the civil constitution of the clergy introduced into France a division which added to the dangers by which the King was already surrounded.<sup>9</sup> Mirabeau spent a whole night with the curé of Saint Eustache, confessor of the King and Queen, to persuade him to take the oath required by that constitution. Their Majesties chose another confessor, who remained unknown.

A few months afterwards (2d April 1791) the too celebrated Mirabeau, the mercenary democrat and venal royalist, terminated his career. The Queen regretted him, and was astonished at her own regret; but she had hoped that he who had possessed adroitness and weight enough to throw everything into confusion would have been able by the same means to repair the mischief he had caused. Much has been said respecting the cause of Mirabeau's death. M. Cabanis, his

<sup>9</sup> The priests were required to swear to the civil constitution of the clergy of 1790, by which all the former bishoprics and parishes were remodelled, and the priests and bishops elected by the people. Most refused, and under the name of *prêtres insermentés* (as opposed to the few who took the oath, *prêtres assermentés*) were bitterly persecuted. A simple promise to obey the constitution of the State was substituted by Napoleon as soon as he came to power.

friend and physician, denied that he was poisoned. M. Vicq-d'Azyr assured the Queen that the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the state of the intestines would apply just as well to a case of death produced by violent remedies as to one produced by poison. He said, also, that the report had been faithful; but that it was prudent to conclude it by a declaration of natural death, since, in the critical state in which France then was, if a suspicion of foul play were admitted, a person innocent of any such crime might be sacrificed to public vengeance.

ANNEX TO CHAPTER IV.

A FULL report of the proceedings taken by the National Assembly after the departure of the King's aunts will be found in Montigny's *Mémoires des Mesdames*, tome i., from which the following account is somewhat condensed.

THE FLIGHT OF MESDAMES.

The King informed the Assembly of the departure of his aunts, which caused much excitement in Paris, in the following letter:—

“Gentlemen,—Having learned that the National Assembly had referred a question arising upon a journey intended by my aunts to the committee for matters concerning the constitution, I think it right to inform the Assembly that I was this morning apprised of their departure at ten o'clock last night. As I am persuaded they could not be deprived of their liberty, which every one possesses of going wherever he chooses, I felt that I neither ought to, nor could, offer any obstacle to their setting off, although I witness their separation from me with much regret.

(Signed) “LOUIS.”

The two parties which divided the Assembly were in the highest state of excitement when intelligence was received that Mesdames had been stopped by the municipality of Moret. It was at the same time announced that they had been liberated by the chasseurs of Lorraine. It was known that individuals had preceded Mesdames, spreading among the people the reports with which the newspapers were filled by the conspirators. They scattered handfuls of money among the most brutalised

men, as most likely to plunge into the greatest excesses; consequently the lives of Mesdames were in imminent danger. One scoundrel, who grossly insulted the Princesses, talked of hanging them up to a street lamp. The money lavished by the persons unknown was not furnished by the Duc d'Orléans; his finances were then exhausted — it was English money.<sup>1</sup> The Parlement granted the Minister all the supplies he asked for and dispensed with any account from him. The purpose served by these funds is no longer problematical.

The Assembly soon received the following *procès-verbal* from the municipality of Moret:—"On the 20th of February 1791 certain carriages attended by a retinue, and escorted in a manner announcing rank, appeared at Moret. The municipal officers, who had heard of the departure of Mesdames, and of the uneasiness it had occasioned in Paris, stopped these carriages, and would not suffer them to pass until they should have exhibited their passports. They produced two — one was from the King, and countersigned *Montmorin*, to go to Rome; the other was a declaration from the municipality of Paris, acknowledging that it possessed no right to prevent these *citoyennes* from travelling in such parts of the kingdom as they should think fit. The municipal officers of Moret, on inspection of these two passports, between which they think they see some contradiction, are disposed to believe that it is their duty to consult the National Assembly, and to await the answer of that body with Mesdames; but while they are hesitating as to the course they are to pursue, certain chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine come up, with arms in their hands, and by force open the gates to Mesdames, who proceed on their way."

The reading of this *procès-verbal* was hardly ended when the ex-director Rewbell exhibited great surprise. How could the

<sup>1</sup> This statement hardly requires refutation.— *Note by the Editor.*



Minister of Foreign Affairs have signed a passport when he was well aware that their departure had been the ground for demanding a new decree, which the committee for affairs concerning the constitution was drawing up? As everything was a *scandal* and a *reproach* in that impious age, the speaker said it was *scandalous* that the chasseurs of Lorraine should have so conducted themselves. “*If such acts of violence,*” said he, in conclusion, “*are permitted to remain unpunished, the belief that we have a constitution is a strange illusion: no, there are no laws, and we live under the dominion of the sword.*” Being compelled to defend himself, the Minister at War declared that he had given no orders to the chasseurs of Lorraine; and that, after all, they had done nothing in the affair. The decree passed upon Rewbell’s motion was supported by the Duc d’Aiguillon, and it was found, from M. de Ségur’s letter, *that they were chasseurs of Haguenau, and not chasseurs of Lorraine, who had the honour of forming the escort of Mesdames at Fontainebleau and Moret.* This letter, which was signed by M. de Ségur, was inserted in the journals at his own request. He prided himself upon having given the order. “*The ancient ordinances are not abrogated,*” said the colonel of the chasseurs of Haguenau, and not of Lorraine; “*the officer commanding did no more than conform to them, and if he did enter the town armed, it was but in observance of the custom among soldiers to pay that mark of respect to cities.*”

Still M. de Montmorin could not avoid justifying himself. He did it triumphantly by the following letter:—

“M. le President — I have just learned that, upon the reading of the *procès-verbal* sent by the municipality of Moret, some members of the Assembly appeared astonished at my having countersigned the passport given to Mesdames by the King. If this circumstance requires explanation, I entreat the Assembly

to reflect that the opinion of the King and his Ministers upon the point is sufficiently well known. This passport would be a permission to quit the kingdom if any law forbade the passing of its limits; but no such law ever existed. Down to the present moment a passport is to be looked upon as merely an attestation of the quality of the persons who bear it. In this light it was impossible to refuse one to Mesdames; either their journey must be opposed or their possible arrest by a municipality to which they were unknown must be prevented. There were ancient laws against emigration; they had fallen into disuse, and the principles of liberty, established by the decrees of the Assembly, had wholly abrogated them. These, sir, are the grounds upon which I countersigned the passports granted to Mesdames. I request you will have the kindness to communicate them to the Assembly, on whose justice I shall always rely with the utmost confidence."

The fate of Mesdames depended on the resolution to which the National Assembly was about to come; the two parties were ready, and well prepared. The Abbé Maury, whose merit has placed him at the head of Catholicism, was eager for the honour of being the first to speak. He eulogised the principles of order, without which no government can subsist, and there can be neither peace nor prosperity for the people. Several orators spoke, and all of them acknowledged that there was no law which forbade the departure of Mesdames. But an unknown member, remarkable only for his gigantic form and his strength of voice, rose and roared out—"You profess that no law exists, and I maintain that a law does exist—it is the safety of the people." General Menou put an end to the debate by one of those caustic observations which seldom fail to take effect when they are happily introduced, that is to say, when the audience begin to be tired by the discussion. "Europe," said he, "will

be greatly astonished, no doubt, on hearing that the National Assembly spent four hours in deliberating upon the departure of two ladies who preferred hearing mass at Rome rather than at Paris." The debate was thus terminated, and the decree, conformably to the opinion of Mirabeau, was as follows:—

"The National Assembly, inasmuch as there exists no law of the realm to forbid the free journeying of Mesdames, the King's aunts, declares that there is no ground for deliberating on it, and refers the matter to the executive power."

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER V

Preparations for the Journey to Varennes — The Queen watched and betrayed — Madame Campan's departure for Auvergne precedes that of the royal family for Versailles — Madame Campan hears of the King's arrest — Note written to her by the Queen immediately upon her return to Paris — Anecdotes — Measures taken for keeping the King at the Tuileries — Barnave gains the esteem and confidence of Marie Antoinette during the return from Varennes — His honourable and respectful conduct — She contrasts it with that of Pétion — Bravery of Barnave — His advice to the Queen — Particulars respecting the Varennes journey.

IN the beginning of the spring of 1791 the King, tired of remaining at the Tuileries, wished to return to Saint Cloud. His whole household had already gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one; the guard mutined, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some suspicion of a plan for escape. Two persons who drew near the King's carriage were very ill-treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts; they saw in it a justification, even in the eyes of the people, of their intention to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March in the same year the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her occupied with cares which seemed to me useless, and even dangerous, and I remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen



and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain; she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone and almost disguised to purchase the articles necessary and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, etc. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame, by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the Dauphin from those of my son. I filled a trunk with these things, and addressed them, by the Queen's orders, to one of her women, my aunt, Madame Cardon — a widow living at Arras, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence — in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure, she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me on her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Netherlands. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed that, amidst so many people who watched her slightest actions, there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover that it was only a pretext for sending away the property in question before her own departure; she persisted in her intention, and all I could arrange was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and that M. de —, *chargé d'affaires* from the Court of Vienna during the absence of the Comte de Mercy, should come and ask her

at her toilette, before all her people, to order one exactly like her own for Madame the Gouvernante of the Netherlands. The Queen, therefore, commanded me before the *chargé d'affaires* to order the article in question. This occasioned only an expense of five hundred louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely.

About the middle of May 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner who had it in hand. He could not complete it for six weeks. I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added that, as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficient precaution, especially by saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that therefore her own must be emptied and cleaned, and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would send it off. I executed this order without any appearance of mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, because that intended for the Archduchess could not be finished for some time; and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes which might not suit that Princess.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually; but, on the evening of that very day, the 15th of May 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence for a departure; and that the dressing-case was already sent off, under pretence of its being presented to the Archduchess Christina.<sup>1</sup>

It was necessary, likewise, to send off the whole of the dia-

<sup>1</sup> After the return from Varennes M. Bailly put this woman's deposition into the Queen's hands.—*Madame Campan*.

monds belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty shut herself up with me in a closet in the *entresol*, looking into the garden of the Tuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls she possessed in a small chest. The cases containing these ornaments, being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited, ever since the 6th of October 1789, with the *valet de chambre* who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself detecting the use that was to be made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were, as usual, covered with red morocco, marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors during the domiciliary visits in January 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box when the Queen was compelled to desist from packing it, being obliged to go down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself, and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early next day to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the dressing-case was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private rooms. No other servant was permitted to enter them; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, etc. The Queen received back the key, when the woman had finished putting them in order, from her own hands; but, desirous of doing her duty well, and sometimes having the key in her possession for a few minutes only, she had probably on that account ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. It is impossible not to believe this, since the

despatch of the diamonds was the subject of a second accusation which the Queen heard of after the return from Varennes. She made a formal declaration that her Majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up the whole of her jewelry some time before the departure; that she was certain of it, as she had found the diamonds, and the cotton which served to wrap them, scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the *entresol*, and most assuredly she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me next day, at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Léonard, her Majesty's hairdresser, who left the country with the Duc de Choiseul.<sup>2</sup> The box remained a long time at Brussels, and at length got into the hands of Madame the Duchesse d'Angoulême, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna.

In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tirewoman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on days of state, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendant and the *dame d'honneur* being absent, the first tirewoman required me to sign a receipt, the terms of which she dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on the 10th of August 1792.<sup>3</sup> The Queen having determined, upon the arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and the

<sup>2</sup> This unfortunate man, after having emigrated for some time, returned to France, and perished upon the scaffold.—*Note by the Editor.*

<sup>3</sup> The sack of the Tuileries and slaughter of the Swiss guard.



10th of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly, which deprived the King of the custody of the crown diamonds, the Queen had at this time already given up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants called *Mazarins*, from the name of the Cardinal who had enriched the treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds, and the *Sanci*. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the National Assembly to place them with the crown diamonds. After giving them to him, she offered him a row of pearls of great beauty, saying to him, "that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria; that it was invaluable, on account of its rarity; that having been appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses, Louis XV. had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France; but that she considered it national property."—"That is an open question, Madame," said the commissary.—"Sir," replied the Queen, "it is one for me to decide, and is now settled."

My father-in-law, who was dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the courtyard of the Tuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled by an insurrection to give up a journey to Saint Cloud, her Majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost, if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Tuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physician, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter

end of May. At the moment of my going away the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the 15th and the 20th of June; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Auguié, the date of which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg, or Montmédy. She desired me to explain the meaning of these three letters clearly to my sister, and to leave them with her in writing, in order that at the moment of my going away she might be able to take my place in writing to Arras.

The Queen had a more delicate commission for me; it was to select from among my acquaintance a prudent person of obscure rank, wholly devoted to the interests of the Court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me, or some one furnished with a note from the Queen. She added that she would not travel with this portfolio, and that it was of the utmost importance that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be entrusted should be well founded. I proposed to her Madame Vallayer Coster, a painter of the Academy, and an amiable and worthy artist, whom I had known from my infancy. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had made her marriage by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilette, whom I was to take with me, to show him the residence of Madame Coster, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. The day before her departure the Queen particularly

recommended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers as soon as she should have started. She advised me to take with me a confidential person, fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me that she would give orders to M. — to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add that having a long journey to make in foreign countries she determined to give me three hundred louis.

I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation; and having money at my disposal I declined accepting her gold. I did not dread the road I had to travel in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was that by treachery or miscalculation a scheme, the safety of which was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe woman gave me well-founded reason for alarm. I mentioned to the Queen many revolutionary remarks which this woman had made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first *femme de chambre*, yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about *hierarchy overturned, equality among men*, of course more especially among persons holding offices at Court; and this jargon, at that time in the mouths of all the partisans of the Revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You know many important secrets, madame," said this woman to me, "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose." This argument, in which I had been promptly silenced, left me pale and trembling. Unfortunately as I began my narrative to the Queen with particulars of this woman's refusal to obey me, and sovereigns are all

their lives importuned with complaints upon the rights of places, she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking; and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in nearly fifteen thousand francs a year. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the *entresols* of the Tuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies, consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the national guard, passed almost every day with her; and it is to be presumed that she had long worked for the party in opposition to the Court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Tuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de La Fayette would, of course be apprised of this circumstance, and well-informed persons have assured me that on the very night of the Queen's departure this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the royal family set off.

As for myself, after I had executed all the Queen's orders, on the 30th of May 1791 I set out for Auvergne. I was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of the 25th of June, I heard the beat of a drum to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased I heard a hairdresser from Bresse proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne: "The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on: "The Queen, with her well-known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens who were



upbraiding the King, 'Well, since you recognise your sovereign, respect him.' Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin club of Clermont could not have invented, I exclaimed, "*The news is true!*"

I immediately learnt that a courier being come from Paris to Clermont, the *procureur* of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the canton; these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising from the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my sovereigns reached me in the wildest part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the 28th I received a note written in a hand which I recognised as that of M. Diet,<sup>4</sup> usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by her Majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived; I have just got into my bath; I and my family exist, that is all. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my poor Campan, soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times."

This note was for greater safety addressed to my father-in-law's *valet de chambre*. What were my feelings on perceiving that after the most distressing crisis we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate Princess!

M. Campan having been unable to use the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The committee of surveillance, or that of general safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary counsellor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm that I was in Auvergne solely for the pur-

<sup>4</sup> This officer was massacred in the Queen's chamber on the 10th of August 1792.—*Madame Campan*.

pose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill. The precautions relative to my absence from Paris were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the *procureur* of the commune, who was at the same time president of the Jacobin club; but he was also a physician of repute, and without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would favour our quiet if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate given to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and every evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the *Moniteur*. Doctor Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us. Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen in the insulting and brutal terms at that time unfortunately adopted throughout France, I used to stop him and say coolly, "Sir, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid us losing sight of the respect due to them from us." Notwithstanding that he was an inveterate patriot he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revocation of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the committee of the Assembly, and to the Jacobin society.

The two chief women about the Dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet her usher, and Carnot her *garçon de toilette* — the females on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe — were sent to the prisons of the Abbaye. After my departure the *garçon de toilette* whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's was sent there with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave informa-

*Letter of Madame Campan.*

MONSEIGNEUR — “Esther” appeared to give pleasure to your Highness when that tragedy was performed by my pupils four years ago. The desire to give some proof of their respect and affection for their old companion, Madame the Princess of Baden, has induced them to believe that to give another representation of this masterpiece of the French stage could be their only way of entertaining her agreeably. The entertainment will only be for the Princesses, there are no tickets or invitation; the object and the place where this little entertainment takes place prove the necessity of making it exclusively private. If her Highness, Madame the Duchess will be pleased to do us the favour of accompanying you there, Monseigneur, we should be as highly flattered as honoured. “Esther” will begin punctually at seven o’clock next Tuesday, the 17th of June.

I am with respect,

Monseigneur,

Your very humble and  
obedient servant,

GENET CAMPAN.

Monsieur

Voltaire parait s'être plaint à S<sup>te</sup> Jean d'Alger  
quand cette tragédie fut représentée par mes  
frères il y a quatre ans.

Les devoirs de l'homme envers ses amis de respect  
et d'attachement à leur amitié Compagne  
Madame de Brinche des dades lui a  
fait penser que ce serait une double injustice  
de la plus agréable que de se priver  
en son honneur. Elle se doit d'ailleurs de la  
sainte franchise. — La seule raison que  
pour les Romains, il n'y a ni billet, ni  
invitation, l'objet et le lieu de la fête  
celle qui le fête indiquent la manière de  
la rendre très intéressante, si son Altesse  
Madame de La Rochefoucauld vous lui en  
la grace de vous et accompagner

Monsieur me en  
avoir aussi l'honneur qu'honneur.  
Voltaire commence à adopter nos principes  
mardi prochain 17 d'août

Je suis avec respect

Monsieur

Voltaire humble et  
très obéissant Servant  
Genet Campan



tion that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure, adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's easy-chair, that the *garçon de toilette* wrapped it up in a napkin and took it under his arm, and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experienced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the release of her servants.

The Queen, about the 15th of August, had me informed by letter that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law back in a dying state, and on the day preceding that of the acceptance of the constitutional act, I informed the Queen that he was no more. "The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, "has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on the 1st of September 1791. She was unable then to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having on guard near her an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversations with me, my return being a subject of suspicion. But next day the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favour of having the door shut, when I was in bed she began the narrative of the journey, and the

unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and kneeling by her bedside I remained until three o'clock in the morning, listening with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details, of tolerable exactness, in papers of the time.

The King entrusted the Comte de Fersen with all the preparations for departure. The carriage was ordered by him; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his connection with that lady, who was a foreigner. And lastly, he himself drove the royal family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame Brunier and Madame Neuville, the first women of Madame and the Dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxembourg and took another road. They as well as the King were recognised by the master of the last post in France; but this man, devoting himself to the fortune of the Prince, left the French territory, and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Cardon, from Arras, met with no hindrance; and Léonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed through Varennes a few hours before the royal family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and there two circumstances caused a delay of three hours, precisely at the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. de Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to

wait there for the arrival of certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which manifested their anxiety. M. de Gougelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway in order to return to Varennes by two cross roads.<sup>5</sup> The King looked out of the carriage at Sainte Menehould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet, the postmaster, struck by the resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognised the Queen also, and that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the royal family and their suite, mounted his horse, reached Varennes by cross roads before the royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.<sup>6</sup>

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augmented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage in full gallop, cried out, bending towards the window without slackening his speed, "You are recognised!" They arrived with beating hearts at the gates of Varennes without meeting one of the horsemen by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays, and some minutes were lost in waiting, to no purpose. The cabriolet had preceded them, and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. de Gougelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the

<sup>5</sup> Madame Campan here attributes to M. de Gougelat the steps taken by the Duc de Choiseul, the motives for which he explains in his *Memoirs*, p. 84.— *Note by the Editor*.

<sup>6</sup> Varennes lies between Verdun and Montmédy, and not far from the French frontier.



King and asked him *if he chose to effect a passage by force!* What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI., who from the very beginning of the Revolution had shown in every crisis the fear he entertained of giving the least order which might cause an effusion of blood! "Would it be a brisk action?" said the King. "It is impossible that it should be otherwise, Sire," replied the aide-de-camp. Louis XVI. was unwilling to expose his family. They therefore went to the house of a grocer, Mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris. He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavoured to demonstrate to the people around him that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the constitution which he would maintain, though many of its articles were incompatible with the dignity of the throne, and the force by which it was necessary that the sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment, in which the King communicated to the very humblest class of his subjects his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart.

Whilst the King was speaking to this mayor, whose name was Sauce, the Queen seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavoured to make Madame Sauce understand that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This woman was moved; she could not, without streaming eyes, see herself thus solicited by her Queen; but she could not be got to say anything more than, "Bon Dieu, Madame, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce; I love my King, but I love my



husband too, you must know, and he would be answerable, you see." Whilst this strange scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. de Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons whether they would protect the departure of the King; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. de Goguelat; he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de La Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen, after the 6th of October 1789, by the commander of the Parisian guard to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. "If you wish to make your name remarkable, sir," said the Queen to him, "you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal consequences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen, still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive with a sufficient force to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at Varennes by every means in her power.

The Dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed, in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she wept and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave one who had devoted herself to follow them in such a state of suffering. But no delay in departing was allowed. The three Body Guards (Valory, Du Moustier, and Malden) were gagged and fastened upon the seat of the carriage.

A horde of national guards, animated with fury, and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the royal family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the

King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned got into the King's carriage. The Queen astonished me by the favourable opinion she had formed of Barnave. When I quitted Paris a great many persons spoke of him only with horror. She told me he was much altered, that he was full of talent and noble feeling. "A feeling of pride which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the *tiers-état*," she said, "made him applaud everything which smoothed the road to rank and fame for that class in which he was born. And if we get the power in our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is already written on our hearts." The Queen added, that she had not the same feeling towards those nobles who had joined the revolutionary party, who had always received marks of favour, often to the injury of those beneath them in rank, and who, born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, could never be pardoned for having deserted it. She then told me that Barnave's conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Pétion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window at the risk of sending them even into the King's face; lifting up his glass, when Madame Elizabeth poured him out wine, to show her that there was enough, without saying a word; that this offensive behaviour must have been intentional, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something—"Madame," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy your Majesties solely about their mission, and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions, and all that he said, gained the esteem not only of the Queen but of Madame Elizabeth also.

The King began to talk to Pétion about the situation of France, and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action, for the good even of the constitutional act, since France could not be a republic. "Not yet, 'tis true," replied Pétion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Pétion held the little Dauphin upon his knees, and amused himself with curling the beautiful light hair of the interesting child round his fingers; and, as he spoke with much gesticulation, he pulled his locks hard enough to make the Dauphin cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen to him, "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage upon leaving Varennes. A poor village curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King; the cannibals who surrounded the carriage rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?" These words alone saved the curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave, as he spoke to them, threw himself almost out of the coach window, and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen, while speaking of this event, said that on the most momentous occasions whimsical contrasts always struck her, and that even at such a moment the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat was a ludicrous sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence, and the ease and

simplicity with which she talked to him, yet without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree, appeared to him celestial, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to right principles though he had followed the wrong path, was overcome with admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the republican and constitutional parties. At the inns where she alighted she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the royalists during the Revolution, adding that he found the interest of the Court so feebly and so badly defended that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, a courageous wrestler, who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him what was the weapon he would have recommended her to use. "Popularity, Madame."—"And how could I use that," replied her Majesty, "of which I have been deprived?"—"Ah! Madame, it was much more easy for you to regain it, than for me to acquire it."

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. de Goguelat; she said he calculated the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmédy to Paris before taking the King's last orders, alone in a postchaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent thus. The trial has been made since, and it was found that a light carriage without any courier was nearly three hours less in running the distance than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The affair of Varennes, the event of the Revolution which it is the more important to clear up because it was one of the most decisive, has given birth to a mass of accounts which contradict or corroborate one another, but all of which have their own interest. The accounts of the Marquis de Bouillé, of M. de Fontanges (*Mémoires de Weber*), of M. le Duc de Choiseul, have already appeared in the *Collection des Mémoires sur la Révolution*. The second volume of that collection contains also the private memoirs of M. le Comte



The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high road at Pont-de-Sommeville, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not have asked the hussars whether they were for the King or the nation; that, particularly, he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received when it was proposed to carry off the King.

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. de Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What was my surprise when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with the greatest kindness. She said he had done what he could, and that his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.<sup>s</sup>

Louis, afterwards Marquis de Bouillé, and the accounts of the Comtes de Raigecourt, de Damas, and de Valory, who have all been actors or witnesses in this historical scene.— *Note by the Editor.*

<sup>s</sup> Full details of the preparations for the flight to Varennes will be found in *Le Comte de Fersen et La Cour de France*, Paris, Didot et Cie, 1878 (a review of which was given in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1880), and in the *Memoirs of the Marquis de Bouillé*, London, Cadell and Davis, 1797; the Comte de Fersen being the person who planned the actual escape, and de Bouillé being in command of the army which was to receive the King. The plan was excellent, and would certainly have succeeded, if it had not been for the royal family themselves. Marie Antoinette, it will have been seen by Madame Campan's account, nearly wrecked the plan from inability to do without a large dressing or travelling case. The King did a more fatal thing. De Bouillé had pointed out the necessity for having in the King's carriage an officer knowing the route, and able to show himself to give all directions, and a proper person had been provided. The King, however, objected, as "he could not have the Marquis d'Agoult in the same carriage with himself, the governess of the royal children, who was to accompany them having refused to abandon her privilege of constantly moving with her charge."

When the royal family was brought back from Varennes to the Tuileries, the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments; everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should have the service; and she was to be assisted in it only by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de La Fayette's aide-de-camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this contemptible precaution she told the King of it, who sent to ascertain the fact. His Majesty then called for M. de La Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman in whom no one but himself could confide out of the palace. M. de La Fayette was obliged to comply.<sup>9</sup>

See *Bouillé*, p. 307 and 334. Thus, when Louis was recognised at the window of the carriage by Drouet, he was lost by the very danger that had been foreseen, and this wretched piece of etiquette led to his death.

<sup>9</sup> On the day when the return of the royal family was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters to that of the Feuillans, insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The *poissardes* attacked them for their boldness in resisting the order excluding them. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her the slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her, "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she gave me my marriage portion; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate. Ought I to abandon her?"—"She is right," cried the *poissardes*; "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make an entry for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, taking her under her protection, gave her advice by

The measures adopted for guarding the King were rigorous with respect to the entrance into the Palace, and insulting as to his private apartments. The commandants of battalion, stationed in the saloon called the *grand cabinet*, and which led to the Queen's bed-chamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open, in order that they might have their eyes upon the royal family. The King shut this door one day; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders, and that he would always open it; so that his Majesty in shutting it gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the night, when the Queen was in bed; and the officer placed himself in an arm-chair between the two doors, with his head turned towards her Majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising. The Queen had the bed of her first *femme de chambre* placed very near her own; this bed, which ran on castors, and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me that one night the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly, and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post and went close to her Majesty, to advise her as to the line of conduct she should pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke, and nearly died with fright at seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her Majesty comforted her, and told her not to rise; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who

which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her, "pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the colour of that d'Artois, whom we will never forgive."—*Madame Campan.*



was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed sincere attachment to the King. There was a sentinel in the corridor which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time an inner one, and enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very onerous, because it was to be kept four and twenty hours, was often claimed by Saint Prix, an actor belonging to the Théâtre Française. He took it upon himself in some measure to favour short interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He left them at a distance, and gave them notice if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the national guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down, so far as he could with prudence, all the revolting orders he received; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard dared to speak insolently of the Queen in her own apartment. M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de La Fayette against him, and have him dismissed. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw her Majesty after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It had become, in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princesse de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription,



*"Blanched by sorrow."* At the period of the acceptance of the constitution the Princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this; but the attachment of Madame de Lamballe to the royal family impelled her to come and seek death.

When I returned to Paris most of the harsh precautions were abandoned; the doors were not kept open; greater respect was paid to the sovereign; it was known that the constitution soon to be completed would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER VI.

Acceptance of the constitution — Opinion of Barnave and his friends approved by the Court of Vienna — Secret policy of the Court — The Legislative Assembly deliberates upon the ceremony to be observed on receiving the King — Offensive motion — Louis XVI. is received by the Assembly with transport — He gives way to profound grief when with his family — Public *fêtes* and rejoicings — M. de Montmorin's conversation with Madame Campan upon the continual indiscretions of the people about the Court — The royal family go to the Théâtre Français — Play changed — Personal conflicts in the pit of the Italiens — Double correspondence of the Court with foreign powers — Maison Civile — The Queen's misfortunes do not alter the sweetness of her disposition — Method adopted by the Queen respecting her secret correspondence — Madame Campan's conduct when attacked by both parties — Particulars respecting M. Genet, her brother, *chargé d'affaires* from France to Russia — Written testimony of the Queen in favour of Madame Campan's zeal and fidelity — The King comes to see her, and confirms these marks of confidence and satisfaction — Projected interview between Louis XVI. and Barnave — Attempts to poison Louis XVI. — Precautions taken — The Queen consults Pitt about the Revolution — His reply — The *émigrés* oppose all alliance with the constitutionals — Letter from Barnave to the Queen.

On my arrival at Paris on the 25th of August I found the state of feeling there much more temperate than I had dared to hope. The conversation generally ran upon the acceptance of the constitution, and the *fêtes* which would be given in consequence. The struggle between the Jacobins and the constitutionals on the 17th of July 1791 nevertheless had thrown the Queen into great terror for some moments; and the firing of the cannon from the Champ de Mars upon a party which called for a trial of the King, and the leaders of which were

in the very bosom of the Assembly, left the most gloomy impressions upon her mind.

The constitutionals, the Queen's connection with whom was not slackened by the intervention of the three members already mentioned, had faithfully served the royal family during their detention.

"We still hold the wire by which this popular mass is moved," said Barnave to M. de J—— one day, at the same time showing him a large volume, in which the names of all those who were influenced by the power of gold alone were registered. It was at that time proposed to hire a considerable number of persons in order to secure loud acclamations when the King and his family should make their appearance at the play upon the acceptance of the constitution. That day, which afforded a glimmering hope of tranquillity, was the 14th of September; the *fêtes* were brilliant; but already new anxieties forbade the royal family to encourage hope.

The Legislative Assembly, which had just succeeded the Constituent Assembly (October 1791), founded its conduct upon the wildest republican principles; created from the midst of popular assemblies, it was wholly inspired by the spirit which animated them. The constitution, as I have said, was presented to the King on the 3d of September 1791. The ministers, with the exception of M. de Montmorin, insisted upon the necessity of accepting the constitutional act in its entirety. The Prince de Kaunitz<sup>1</sup> was of the same opinion. Malouet wished the King to express himself candidly respecting any errors or dangers that he might observe in the constitution. But Duport and Barnave, alarmed at the spirit prevailing in the Jacobin Club,<sup>2</sup> and even in the Assembly, where Robespierre had already denounced them as traitors to

<sup>1</sup> Chief minister of Austria.

<sup>2</sup> The extreme revolutionary party, so called from the club, orig-

the country, and dreading still greater evils, added their opinions to those of the majority of the ministers and M. de Kaunitz; those who really desired that the constitution should be maintained advised that it should not be accepted thus literally; and of this number, as I have already said, were M. Montmorin and M. Malouet. The King seemed inclined to this advice; and this is one of the strongest proofs of his sincerity.<sup>3</sup>

Alexandre Lameth, Duport, and Barnave, still relying on the resources of their party, hoped to have credit for directing the King through the influence they believed they had acquired over the mind of the Queen. They also consulted people of acknowledged talent, but belonging to no council nor to any assembly. Among these was M. Dubucq, formerly intendant of the marine and of the colonies. He answered in one phrase: "*Prevent disorder from organising itself.*"

Opinions such as those of the sententious and laconic M. Dubucq emanated from the aristocratic party, who preferred anything, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of the constitutional laws; and who, in fact, believed that any acceptance which should have any other appearance than that of compulsion would amount to a sanction sufficient to uphold the new government. The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they gave hope of a total change; and twenty times over, upon occasions when persons but little acquainted with the secret policy of the Court expressed the apprehensions they entertained of the popular societies, the initiated answered that a sincere royalist ought to favour the Jacobins.

inally "Breton," then "Amis de la Constitution," sitting at the convent of the Dominicans (called in France Jacobins) of the Rue Saint Honoré.

<sup>3</sup> See the Private Memoirs of Louis the Sixteenth by Bertrand de Moleville, Vol. I, p. 207.



My avowal of the terror of which they inspired me often brought this answer upon me, and often procured me the epithet of "constitutional;" while all the time I was intent only upon diligently serving the unfortunate Princess with whom my destiny was united.

The letter written by the King to the Assembly, claiming to accept the constitution in the very place where it had been created, and where he announced he would be on the 14th September at mid-day, was received with transport, and the reading was repeatedly interrupted by plaudits. The sitting terminated amid the greatest enthusiasm, and M. de La Fayette obtained the release of all those who were detained on account of the King's journey [to Varennes], the abandonment of all proceedings relative to the events of the Revolution, and the discontinuance of the use of passports and of temporary restraints upon free travelling, as well in the interior as without. The whole was conceded by acclamation. Sixty members were deputed to go to the King and express to him fully the satisfaction his Majesty's letter had given. The Keeper of the Seals quitted the chamber, in the midst of applause, to precede the deputation to the King.

The King answered the speech addressed to him, and concluded by saying to the Assembly that a decree of that morning, which had abolished the order of the Holy Ghost, had left him and his son alone permission to be decorated with it; but that an order having no value in his eyes, save for the power of conferring it, he would not use it.

The Queen, her son, and Madame, were at the door of the chamber into which the deputation was admitted. The King said to the deputies, "You see there my wife and children, who participate in my sentiments;" and the Queen herself confirmed the King's assurance. These apparent marks of confidence were very inconsistent with the agitated state of her

mind. "These people want no sovereigns," said she. "We shall fall before their treacherous though well-planned tactics; they are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone."

Next day the particulars of the reception of the deputies by the King were reported to the Assembly, and excited warm approbation. But the President having put the question whether the Assembly ought not to remain seated while the King took the oath—"Certainly," was repeated by many voices; "*and the King, standing, uncovered.*" M. Malouet observed that there was no occasion on which the nation, assembled in the presence of the King, did not acknowledge him as its head; that the omission to treat the head of the State with the respect due to him would be an offence to the nation, as well as to the monarch. He moved that the King should take the oath standing, and that the Assembly should also stand while he was doing so. M. Malouet's observations would have carried the decree, but a deputy from Brittany exclaimed, with a shrill voice, "that he had an amendment to propose which would render all unanimous. Let us decree," said he, "that M. Malouet, and whoever else shall so please, may have leave to receive the King upon their knees; but let us stick to the decree."

The King repaired to the chamber at mid-day. His speech was followed by plaudits which lasted several minutes. After the signing of the constitutional act all sat down. The President rose to deliver his speech; but after he had begun, perceiving that the King did not rise to hear him, he sat down again. His speech made a powerful impression; the sentence with which it concluded excited fresh acclamations, cries of "*Bravo!*" and "*Vive le Roi!*" "Sire," said he, "how important in our eyes, and how dear to our hearts—how sublime a feature in our history—must be the epoch of that regeneration which gives citizens to France, and a country to

Frenchmen — to you, as a King, a new title of greatness and glory, and, as a man, a source of new enjoyment.” The whole Assembly accompanied the King on his return, amidst the people’s cries of happiness, military music, and salvoes of artillery.

At length I hoped to see a return of that tranquillity which had so long vanished from the countenances of my august master and mistress. Their suite left them in the *salon*; the Queen hastily saluted the ladies, and returned much affected; the King followed her, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, put his handkerchief to his eyes. “Ah! Madame,” cried he, his voice choked with tears, “why were you present at this sitting? to witness ——” I heard these words, and no more, respecting their affliction. I withdrew, struck with the contrast between the shouts of joy without the Palace, and the profound grief which oppressed the sovereigns within.<sup>4</sup> Half an hour afterwards the Queen sent for me. She desired to see M. de Goguelat, to announce to him his departure on that very night for Vienna. The new attacks upon the dig-

<sup>4</sup> Madame Campan, in one of her manuscripts, relates this anecdote in a somewhat different manner:—

“The Queen attended the sitting in a private box. I remarked her total silence, and the deep grief which was depicted in her countenance on her return. The King came to her apartment the private way: he was pale, his features were much changed. The Queen uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. I thought he was ill; but what was my affliction when I heard the unfortunate monarch say, as he threw himself into a chair and put his handkerchief to his eyes, ‘All is lost! Ah! Madame, and you are witness to this humiliation! What! you are come into France to see ——’ these words were interrupted by sobs. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him, and pressed him in her arms. I remained with them, not from any blamable curiosity, but from a stupefaction which rendered me incapable of determining what I ought to do. The Queen said to me, ‘Oh! go, go!’ with an accent which expressed, ‘Do not remain to see the dejection and despair of your sovereign!’” — *Note by the Editor.*



nity of the throne which had been made during the sitting; the spirit of an Assembly worse than the former; the monarch put upon a level with the President, without any deference to the throne — all this proclaimed but too loudly that the sovereignty itself was aimed at. The Queen no longer saw any ground for hope from the interior of the country. The King wrote to the Emperor; she told me that she would herself, at midnight, bring the letter which M. de Goguelat was to bear to the Emperor, to my room. During all the remainder of the day the Château and the Tuileries were crowded; the illuminations were magnificent. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in their carriage in the Champs-Élysées, escorted by the aides-de-camp and leaders of the Parisian army, the constitutional guard not being at that time organised. Many shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" were heard; but as often as they ceased, one of the mob, who never quitted the door of the King's carriage for a single instant, exclaimed with a stentorian voice, "*No, don't believe them; vive la Nation!*" This ill-omened cry struck terror into the Queen.

A few days afterwards M. de Montmorin sent to say he wanted to speak to me; that he would come to me, if he were not apprehensive his doing so would attract observation; and that he thought it would appear less particular if he should see me in the Queen's great closet at a time which he specified, and when nobody would be there. I went. After having made some polite observations upon the services I had already performed, and those I might yet perform, for my master and mistress, he spoke to me of the King's imminent danger; of the plots which were hatching, and of the lamentable composition of the Legislative Assembly; but he particularly dwelt upon the necessity of appearing, by prudent remarks, determined as much as possible to abide by the act the King had just recognised. I told him that could not be done with-



out committing ourselves in the eyes of the royalist party, with which moderation was a crime; that it was painful to hear ourselves taxed with being constitutionals, at the same time that it was our opinion that the only constitution which was consistent with the King's honour, and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the entire power of the sovereign; that this was my creed, and it would pain me to give any room for suspicion that I was wavering in it. "Could you ever believe," said he, "that I should desire any other order of things? Have you any doubt of my attachment to the King's person, and the maintenance of his rights?"—"I know it, Count," replied I; "but you are not ignorant that you lie under the imputation of having adopted revolutionary ideas."—"Well, madame, have resolution enough to dissemble and to conceal your real sentiments; dissimulation was never more necessary. Endeavours are being made to paralyse the evil intentions of the factions as much as possible; but we must not be counteracted here by certain dangerous expressions which are circulated in Paris as coming from the King and Queen." I told him that I had already been struck with apprehension of the evil which might be done by the intemperate observations of persons who had no power to act; and that I had felt ill consequences from having repeatedly enjoined silence on those in the Queen's service. "I know that," said the Count; "the Queen informed me of it, and that determined me to come and request you to cherish, as much as you can, that spirit of discretion which is so necessary."

While the household of the King and Queen were a prey to all these fears, the festivities in celebration of the acceptance of the constitution proceeded. Their Majesties went to the opera; the audience consisted entirely of persons who sided with the King, and on that day the happiness of seeing him

for a short time surrounded by faithful subjects might be enjoyed. The acclamations were then sincere.

*Le Coquette corrigée* had been selected for representation at the Théâtre Français solely because it was the piece in which Mademoiselle Contat shone most. Yet the notions propagated by the Queen's enemies coinciding in my mind with the name of the play, I thought the choice very ill-judged. I was at a loss, however, how to tell her Majesty so; but sincere attachment gives courage. I explained myself; she was obliged to me, and desired that another play might be performed. They accordingly acted *La Gouvernante*.

The Queen, Madame the King's daughter, and Madame Elizabeth, were all well received on this occasion. It is true that the opinions and feelings of the spectators in the boxes could not be otherwise than favourable, and great pains had been taken, previously to these two performances, to fill the pit with proper persons. But, on the other hand, the Jacobins took the same precautions on their side at the Théâtre Italien, and the tumult was excessive there. The play was Grétry's *Les Événemens imprévus*. Unfortunately, Madame Dugazon thought proper to bow to the Queen as she sung the words, "*Ah, how I love my mistress!*" in a duet. Above twenty voices immediately exclaimed from the pit, "*No mistress! no master! liberty!*" A few replied from the boxes and slips, "*Vive le Roi! vive le Reine!*" Those in the pit answered, "*No master! no Queen!*" The quarrel increased; the pit formed into parties; they began fighting, and the Jacobins were beaten, tufts of their black hair flew about the theatre.<sup>5</sup> A strong guard arrived. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, hearing of what was going forward at the Théâtre Italien, flocked together, and began to talk of marching to-

<sup>5</sup> At this time none but the Jacobins had discontinued the use of hair-powder.—*Madame Campan*.

wards the scene of action. The Queen preserved the calmest demeanour; the commandants of the guard surrounded and encouraged her; they conducted themselves promptly and discreetly. No accident happened, The Queen was highly applauded as she quitted the theatre: it was the last time she was ever in one.

While couriers were bearing confidential letters from the King to the Princes, his brothers, and to the foreign sovereigns, the Assembly invited him to write to the Princes in order to induce them to return to France. The King desired the Abbé de Montesquiou to write the letter he was to send; this letter, which was admirably composed in a simple and affecting style, suited to the character of Louis XVI., and filled with very powerful arguments in favour of the advantages to be derived from adopting the principles of the constitution, was confided to me by the King, who desired me to make him a copy of it.

At this period M. M——, one of the intendants of Monsieur's household, obtained a passport from the Assembly to join that Prince on business relative to his domestic concerns. The Queen selected him to be the bearer of this letter. She determined to give it to him herself, and to inform him of its object. I was astonished at her choice of this courier. The Queen assured me he was exactly the man for her purpose, that she relied even upon his indiscretion, and that it was merely necessary that the letter from the King to his brothers should be known to exist. The Princes were doubtless informed beforehand on the subject by the private correspondence. Monsieur nevertheless manifested some degree of surprise, and the messenger returned more grieved than pleased at this mark of confidence, which nearly cost him his life during the Reign of Terror.

Among the causes of uneasiness to the Queen there was one

which was but too well founded — the thoughtlessness of the French whom she sent to foreign Courts. She used to say that they had no sooner passed the frontiers than they disclosed the most secret matters relative to the King's private sentiments, and that the leaders of the Revolution were informed of them through their agents, many of whom were Frenchmen who passed themselves off as emigrants in the cause of their King.

After the acceptance of the constitution the formation of the King's household, as well military as civil, formed a subject of attention. The Duc de Brissac had the command of the constitutional guard, which was composed of officers and men selected from the regiments, and of several officers drawn from the national guard of Paris. The King was satisfied with the feelings and conduct of this band, which, as is well known, existed but a very short time.

The new constitution abolished what were called honours, and the prerogatives belonging to them. The Duchesse de Duras resigned her place of lady of the bed-chamber, not choosing to lose her right to the tabouret at Court. This step hurt the Queen, who saw herself forsaken for lost privileges at a time when her own rights were so hotly attacked. Many ladies of rank left the Court for the same reason. However, the King and Queen did not dare to form the civil part of their household, lest by giving the new names of the posts they should acknowledge the abolition of the old ones, and also lest they should admit into the highest positions persons not calculated to fill them well. Some time was spent in discussing the question, *whether the household should be formed without chevaliers and without ladies of honour*. The Queen's constitutional advisers were of opinion that the Assembly, having decreed a civil list adequate to uphold the splendour of the throne, would be dissatisfied at seeing the King adopting only



a military household, and not forming his civil household upon the new constitutional plan. "How is it, Madame," wrote Barnave to the Queen, "that you will persist in giving these people even the smallest doubt as to your sentiments? When they decree you a civil and military household, you, like young Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, eagerly seize the sword and scorn the mere ornaments." The Queen persisted in her determination to have no civil household. "If," said she, "this constitutional household be formed, not a single person of rank will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs we should be obliged to discharge the persons received into their place."

"Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find one day that I have saved the nobility, if I now had resolution enough to afflict them for a time: I have it not. When any measure which injures them is wrested from us they sulk with me; nobody comes to my card party; the King goes unattended to bed. No allowance is made for political necessity; we are punished for our very misfortunes."

The Queen wrote almost all day, and spent part of the night in reading: her courage supported her physical strength; her disposition was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humour for a moment. She was, however, held up to the people as a woman absolutely furious and mad whenever the rights of the Crown were in any way attacked.

I was with her one day at one of the windows. We saw a man plainly dressed, like an ecclesiastic, surrounded by an immense crowd. The Queen imagined it was some abbé whom they were about to throw into the basin of the Tuileries; she hastily opened her window and sent a *valet de chambre* to know what was going forward in the garden. It was Abbé Grégoire, whom the men and women of the tribunes were

bringing back in triumph, on account of a motion he had just made in the National Assembly against the royal authority. On the following day the democratic journalists described the Queen as witnessing this triumph, and showing, by expressive gestures at the window, how highly she was exasperated by the honours conferred upon the patriot.

The correspondence between the Queen and the foreign powers was carried on in cipher. That to which she gave the preference can never be detected; but the greatest patience is requisite for its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some work. She selected *Paul and Virginia*. The page and line in which the letters required, and occasionally a monosyllable, are to be found are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in finding the letters, and frequently I made an exact copy for her of all that she had ciphered, without knowing a single word of its meaning.

There were always several secret committees in Paris occupied in collecting information for the King respecting the measures of the factions, and in influencing some of the committees of the Assembly.

M. Bertrand de Moleville was in close correspondence with the Queen. The King employed M. Talon and others; much money was expended through the latter channel for the secret measures. The Queen had no confidence in them. M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list and of the household, also attempted to give a bias to public opinion by means of hiring publications; but these papers influenced none but the royalist party, which did not need influencing. M. de Laporte had a private police, which gave him some useful information.

I determined to sacrifice myself to my duty, but by no means to any intrigue, and I thought that, circumstanced as

I was, I ought to confine myself to obeying the Queen's orders. I frequently sent off couriers to foreign countries, and they were never discovered, so many precautions did I take. I am indebted for the preservation of my own existence to the care I took never to admit any deputy to my abode, and to refuse all interviews which even people of the highest importance often requested of me; but this line of conduct exposed me to every species of ill-will, and on the same day I saw myself denounced by Proud'homme, in his *Gazette Révolutionnaire*, as capable of making an aristocrat of the mother of the Gracchi, if a person so dangerous as myself could have got into her household; and by Gauthier's *Gazette Royaliste*, as a monarchist, a constitutionalist, more dangerous to the Queen's interests than a Jacobin.

At this period an event with which I had nothing to do placed me in a still more critical situation. My brother, M. Genet, began his diplomatic career successfully. At eighteen he was attached to the embassy to Vienna; at twenty he was appointed chief secretary of Legation in England, on occasion of the peace of 1783. A memorial which he presented to M. de Vergennes upon the dangers of the treaty of commerce then entered into with England gave offence to M. de Calonne, a patron of that treaty, and particularly to M. Gérard de Rayneval, chief clerk for foreign affairs. So long as M. de Vergennes lived, having upon my father's death declared himself the protector of my brother, he supported him against the enemies his memorial had raised up. But on his death M. de Montmorin, being much in need of the long experience in business which he found in M. de Rayneval, was guided solely by the latter. The office of which my brother was the head was suppressed. He then went to St. Petersburg, strongly recommended to the Comte de Ségur, minister from France to that Court, who appointed him secretary of Lega-

tion. Some time afterwards the Comte de Ségur left him at St. Petersburg, charged with the affairs of France.\*

When my brother quitted Versailles he was much hurt at being deprived of a considerable income for having penned a memorial which his zeal alone had dictated, and the importance of which was afterwards but too well understood. I perceived from his correspondence that he inclined to some of the new notions. He told me it was right he should no longer conceal from me that he sided with the constitutional party; that the King had in fact commanded it, having himself accepted the constitution; that he would proceed firmly in that course, because in this case disingenuousness would be fatal, and that he took that side of the question because he had had it proved to him that the foreign powers would not serve the King's cause without advancing pretensions prompted by longstanding interests, which always would influence their councils; that he saw no salvation for the King and Queen but from within France, and that he would serve the constitutional King as he served him before the Revolution. And lastly, he requested me to impart to the Queen the real sentiments of one of his Majesty's agents at a foreign Court. I immediately went to the Queen and gave her my brother's letter, she read it attentively, and said, "This is the letter of a young man led astray by discontent and ambition; I know you do not think as he does; do not fear that you will lose the confidence of the King and myself." I offered to discontinue

\* After his return from Russia M. Genet was appointed ambassador to the United States by the party called Girondists, the deputies who headed it being from the department of the Gironde. He was recalled by the Robespierre party, which overthrew the former faction, on the 31st of May 1793, and condemned to appear before the Convention. Vice-President Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, offered him an asylum in his house and the hand of his daughter, and M. Genet established himself prosperously in America.—*Madame Campan.*



all correspondence with my brother; she opposed that, saying it would be dangerous. I then entreated she would permit me in future to show her my own and my brother's letters, to which she consented. I wrote warmly to my brother against the course he had adopted. I sent my letters by sure channels; he answered me by the post, and no longer touched upon anything but family affairs. Once only he informed me that if I should write to him respecting the affairs of the day he would give me no answer. "Serve your august mistress with the unbounded devotion which is due from you," said he, "and let us each do our duty. I will only observe to you that at Paris the fogs of the Seine often prevent people from seeing that immense capital, even from the Pavilion of Flora, and I see it more clearly from St. Petersburg." The Queen said, as she read this letter, "Perhaps he speaks but too truly; who can decide upon so disastrous a position as ours has become?"

The day on which I gave the Queen my brother's first letter to read she had several audiences to give to ladies and other persons belonging to the Court, who came on purpose to inform her that my brother was an avowed constitutional and revolutionist. The Queen replied, "I know it; Madame Campan has been to tell me so." Persons jealous of my situation having subjected me to mortifications, and these unpleasant circumstances recurring daily, I requested the Queen's permission to withdraw from Court. She exclaimed against the very idea, represented it to me as extremely dangerous for my own reputation, and had the kindness to add that, for my sake as well as for her own, she never would consent to it. After this conversation I retired to my apartment. A few minutes later a footman brought me this note from the Queen:—"I have never ceased to give you and yours proofs of my attachment; I wish to tell you in writing that I have full faith in your honour and fidelity, as well as in your other good quali-

ties; and that I ever rely on the zeal and address you exert to serve me.”<sup>7</sup>

At the moment that I was going to express my gratitude to the Queen I heard a tapping at the door of my room, which opened upon the Queen's inner corridor; I opened it: it was the King. I was confused; he perceived it, and said to me kindly, “I alarm you, Madame Campan; I come, however, to comfort you; the Queen has told me how much she is hurt at the injustice of several persons towards you. But how is it that you complain of injustice and calumny when you see that we are victims of them? In some of your companions it is jealousy; in the people belonging to the Court it is anxiety. Our situation is so disastrous, and we have met with so much

<sup>7</sup> I had just received this letter from the Queen when M. de la Chapelle, commissary general of the King's household, and head of the offices of M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list, came to see me. The Palace having been already forced by the brigands on the 20th of June 1792, he proposed that I should entrust the paper to him, that he might place it in a safer situation than the apartments of the Queen. When he returned into his offices he placed the letter she had condescended to write to me behind a large picture in his closet; but on the 10th of August M. de la Chapelle was thrown into the prisons of the Abbaye, and the committee of public safety established themselves in his offices, whence they issued all their decrees of death. There it was that a villainous servant belonging to M. de Laporte went to declare that in the minister's apartment, under a board in the floor, a number of papers would be found. They were brought forth, and M. de Laporte was sent to the scaffold, where he suffered *for having betrayed the State by serving his master and sovereign*. M. de la Chapelle was saved, as if by a miracle, from the massacres of the 2d of September. The committee of public safety having removed to the King's apartments at the Tuileries, M. de la Chapelle had permission to return to his closet to take away some property belonging to him. Turning round the picture, behind which he had hidden the Queen's letter, he found it in the place into which he had slipped it, and, delighted to see that I was safe from the ill consequences the discovery of this paper might have brought upon me, he burnt it instantly. In times of danger a mere nothing may save life or destroy it.—*Madame Campan*.

ingratitude and treachery, that the apprehensions of those who love us are excusable! I could quiet them by telling them all the secret services you perform for us daily; but I will not do it. Out of good-will to you they would repeat all I should say, and you would be lost with the Assembly. It is much better, both for you and for us, that you should be thought a constitutional. It has been mentioned to me a hundred times already; I have never contradicted it; but I come to give you my word that if we are fortunate enough to see an end of all this, I will, at the Queen's residence, and in the presence of my brothers, relate the important services you have rendered us, and I will recompense you and your son for them." I threw myself at the King's feet and kissed his hand. He raised me up, saying, "Come, come, do not grieve; the Queen, who loves you, confides in you as I do."

Down to the day of the acceptance it was impossible to introduce Barnave into the interior of the Palace; but when the Queen was free from the inner guard she said she would see him. The very great precautions which it was necessary for the deputy to take in order to conceal his connection with the King and Queen compelled them to spend two hours waiting for him in one of the corridors of the Tuileries, and all in vain. The first day that he was to be admitted a man whom Barnave knew to be dangerous having met him in the courtyard of the Palace he determined to cross it without stopping, and walked in the gardens in order to lull suspicion. I was desired to wait for Barnave at a little door belonging to the *entresols* of the Palace, with my hand upon the open lock. I was in that position for an hour. The King came to me frequently, and always to speak to me of the uneasiness which a servant belonging to the Château, who was a patriot, gave him. He came again to ask me whether I had heard the door called *de Decret* opened. I assured him nobody had been in



the corridor, and he became easy. He was dreadfully apprehensive that his connection with Barnave would be discovered. "It would," said the King, "be a ground for grave accusations, and the unfortunate man would be lost." I then ventured to remind his Majesty that as Barnave was not the only one in the secret of the business which brought him in contact with their Majesties, one of his colleagues might be induced to speak of the association with which they were honoured, and that in letting them know by my presence that I also was informed of it, a risk was incurred of removing from those gentlemen part of the responsibility of the secret. Upon this observation the King quitted me hastily and returned a moment afterwards with the Queen. "Give me your place," said she, "I will wait for him in my turn. You have convinced the King. We must not increase in their eyes the number of persons informed of their communications with us."

The police of M. de Laporte, intendant of the civil list, apprised him, as early as the latter end of 1791, that a man belonging to the King's offices who had set up as a pastry-cook at the Palais Royal was about to resume the duties of his situation, which had devolved upon him again on the death of one who held it for life; that he was so furious a Jacobin that he had dared to say it would be a good thing for France if the King's days were shortened. His duty was confined to making the pastry; he was closely watched by the head officers of the kitchen, who were devoted to his Majesty; but it is so easy to introduce a subtle poison into made dishes that it was determined the King and Queen should eat only plain roast meat in future; that their bread should be brought to them by M. Thierry de Ville-d'Avray, intendant of the smaller apartments, and that he should likewise take upon himself to supply the wine. The King was fond of pastry; I was directed to



order some, as if for myself, sometimes of one pastry-cook, and sometimes of another. The pounded sugar, too, was kept in my room. The King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth ate together, and nobody remained to wait on them. Each had a dumb waiter and a little bell to call the servants when they were wanted. M. Thierry used himself to bring me their Majesties' bread and wine, and I locked them up in a private cupboard in the King's closet on the ground floor. As soon as the King sat down to table I took in the pastry and bread. All was hidden under the table lest it might be necessary to have the servants in. The King thought it dangerous as well as distressing to show any apprehension of attempts against his person, or any mistrust of his officers of the kitchen. As he never drank a whole bottle of wine at his meals (the Princesses drank nothing but water), he filled up that out of which he had drunk about half from the bottle served up by the officers of his butlery. I took it away after dinner. Although he never ate any other pastry than that which I brought, he took care in the same manner that it should seem that he had eaten of that served at table. The lady who succeeded me found this duty all regulated, and she executed it in the same manner; the public never was in possession of these particulars, nor of the apprehensions which gave rise to them. At the end of three or four months the police of M. de La-porte gave notice that nothing more was to be dreaded from that sort of plot against the King's life; that the plan was entirely changed; and that all the blows now to be struck would be directed as much against the throne as against the person of the sovereign.

There are others besides myself who know that at this time one of the things about which the Queen most desired to be satisfied was the opinion of the famous Pitt. She would sometimes say to me, "I never pronounce the name of *Pitt*



without feeling a chill like that of death" (I repeat here her very expressions). "That man is the mortal enemy of France; and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes by our destruction to guarantee the maritime power of his country forever against the efforts made by the King to improve his marine power and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the King's policy but his private inclination to be solicitous about his fleets, and that the most active step he has taken during his whole reign was to visit the port of Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French Revolution from the first disturbances; he will perhaps serve it until its annihilation. I will endeavour to learn to what point he intends to lead us, and I am sending M. — to London for that purpose. He has been intimately connected with Pitt, and they have often had political conversations respecting the French Government. I will get him to make him speak out, at least so far as such a man can speak out."

Some time afterwards the Queen told me that her secret envoy was returned from London, and that all he had been able to wring from Pitt, whom he found alarmingly reserved, was that *he would not suffer the French monarchy to perish*; that to suffer the revolutionary spirit to erect an organised republic in France would be a great error, affecting the tranquillity of Europe. "Whenever," said she, "Pitt expressed himself upon the necessity of supporting *monarchy* in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the monarch. The result of these conversations is anything but encouraging; but, even as to that monarchy which he wishes to save, will he have means and strength to save it if he suffers us to fall?"

The death of the Emperor Leopold took place on the 1st of

March 1792. When the news of this event reached the Tuileries the Queen was gone out. Upon her return I put the letter containing it into her hands. She exclaimed that the Emperor had been poisoned; that she had remarked and preserved a newspaper, in which, in an article upon the sitting of the Jacobins, at the time when the Emperor Leopold declared for the coalition, it was said, speaking of him, that a *piecrust* would settle that matter. The Queen lamented her brother. However, the education of Francis II., which had been superintended by the Emperor Joseph, inspired her with new hopes: she thought he must have inherited sentiments of affection for her, and did not doubt that he had, under the care of his uncle, imbibed that valiant spirit so necessary for the support of a crown. At this period Barnave obtained the Queen's consent that he should read all the letters she should write. He was fearful of private correspondences that might hamper the plan marked out for her; he mistrusted her Majesty's sincerity on this point; and the diversity of counsels, and the necessity of yielding, on the one hand, to some of the views of the constitutionalists, and on the other, to those of the French Princes, and even of foreign Courts, were unfortunately the circumstances which most rapidly impelled the Court towards its ruin.

The Queen wished she could have shown Barnave the letter of condolence she wrote to Francis II. This letter was to be shown to her *triumvirate* (as she sometimes designated the three deputies whom I have named). She would not use a single word which, by clashing with their plans, might prevent its going; she was also fearful of introducing anything not in accordance with her private sentiments which the Emperor might learn by other means. "Sit down at that table," said she to me, "and sketch me out a letter: dwell upon the idea that I see in my nephew the pupil of Joseph. If yours

be better than mine you shall dictate it to me." I wrote a letter; she read it and said, "It is the very thing, the matter concerned me too nearly to admit of my keeping the true line as you have done."

The party of the Princes was much alarmed on being informed of the communication between the remnant of the constitutional party and the Queen, who, on her part, always dreaded the party of the Princes. She did justice to the Comte d'Artois, and often said that his party would act in contradiction to his feelings towards the King, his brother, and herself; but that he would be led away by people over whom Calonne had a most lamentable ascendancy. She reproached Count Esterhazy, whom she had loaded with favours, for having sided with Calonne so entirely that she had reason to consider him an enemy.

However, the emigrants showed great apprehensions of the consequences which might follow in the interior from a connection with the constitutionalists, whom they described as a party existing only in idea, and totally without means of repairing their errors. The Jacobins were preferred to them, because, said they, there would be no treaty to be made with any one at the moment of extricating the King and his family from the abyss in which they were plunged.

I frequently read to the Queen the letters written to her by Barnave. One struck me forcibly, and I think I have retained the substance of it sufficiently well to enable me to give a faithful account of it. He told the Queen she did not rely enough upon the strength remaining in the constitutional party; that their flag was indeed torn, but the word *constitution* was still legible upon it; that this word would recover its virtue if the King and his friends would rally round it sincerely; that the authors of the constitution, enlightened with respect to their own errors, might yet amend it, and restore to the throne all



its splendour; that the Queen must not believe the public mind was favourably disposed towards the Jacobins; that the weak joined them because there was no strength elsewhere, but the general opinion was for the constitution; that the party of the French Princes, unfortunately shackled by the policy of foreign Courts, ought not to be depended on; that the majority of the emigrants had already destroyed by misconduct much of the interest excited by their misfortunes; that entire confidence ought not to be reposed in the foreign powers, guided, as they were, by the policy of their cabinets, and not by the ties of blood; and that the interior alone was capable of supporting the integrity of the kingdom. He concluded the letter by saying that he laid at her Majesty's feet the only national party still in existence; that he feared to name it; but that she ought not to forget that Henri IV. was not assisted by foreign Princes in regaining his dominions, and that he ascended a Catholic throne after having fought at the head of a Protestant party.

Barnave and his friends presumed too far upon their strength; it was exhausted in the contest with the Court. The Queen was aware of this, and if she seemed to have any confidence in them, she was probably prompted by a policy which, it must be confessed, could only prove injurious to her.

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER VII.

Fresh libel by Madame de Lamotte — The Queen refuses to purchase the manuscript — The King buys it — The Queen performs her Easter devotions secretly in 1792 — She dares not confide in General Dumouriez — Barnave's last advice — Insults offered to the royal family by the mob — The King's dejection — 20th of June — The King's kindness to Madame Campan — Iron closet — Louis XVI. entrusts a portfolio to Madame Campan — Importance of the documents it contained — Procedure of M. de La Fayette — Why it was unsuccessful — An assassin conceals himself in the Queen's apartments.

IN the beginning of the year 1792 a worthy priest requested a private interview with me. He had learned the existence of a new libel by Madame de Lamotte. He told me that the people who came from London to get it printed in Paris only desired gain, and that they were ready to deliver the manuscript to him for a thousand louis, if he could find any friend of the Queen disposed to make that sacrifice for her peace; that he had thought of me, and if her Majesty would give him the twenty-four thousand francs, he would hand the manuscript to me.

I communicated this proposal to the Queen, who rejected it, and desired me to answer that at the time when she had power to punish the hawkers of these libels she deemed them so atrocious and incredible that she despised them too much to stop them; that if she were imprudent and weak enough to buy a single one of them, the Jacobins might possibly discover the circumstance through their espionage; that were this libel bought up, it would be printed nevertheless, and would be much more dangerous when they apprised the public of the means she had used to suppress it.

Baron d'Aubier, gentleman-in-ordinary to the King, and my particular friend, had a good memory and a clear way of communicating the substance of the debates and decrees of the National Assembly. I went daily to the Queen's apartments to repeat all this to the King, who used to say, on seeing me, "Ah! here's the *Postillon par Calais*" — a newspaper of the time.

M. d'Aubier one day said to me, "The Assembly has been much occupied with an information laid by the workmen of the Sèvres manufactory. They brought to the President's office a bundle of pamphlets which they said were the life of Marie Antoinette. The director of the manufactory was ordered up to the bar, and declared he had received orders to burn the printed sheets in question in the furnaces used for baking his china."

While I was relating this business to the Queen the King coloured and held his head down over his plate. The Queen said to him, "Do you know anything about this, Sire?" The King made no answer. Madame Elizabeth requested him to explain what all this meant. Still silent. I withdrew hastily. A few minutes afterwards the Queen came to my room and informed me that the King, out of regard for her, had purchased the whole edition struck off from the manuscript which I had mentioned to her; and that M. de Laporte had not been able to devise any more secret way of destroying the work than that of having it burnt at Sèvres among two hundred workmen, one hundred and eighty of whom must, in all probability, be Jacobins! She told me she had concealed her vexation from the King; that he was in consternation, and that she could say nothing, since his good intentions and his affection for her had been the cause of the mistake.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bertrand de Moleville in *Private Memoirs of Louis the Sixteenth* gives an account of the burning of these papers.

Some time afterwards the Assembly received a denunciation against M. de Montmorin. The ex-minister was accused of having neglected forty despatches from M. Genet, the *chargé d'affaires* from France in Russia, not having even unsealed them, because M. Genet acted on constitutional principles. M. de Montmorin appeared at the bar to answer this accusation. Whatever distress I might feel in obeying the order I had received from the King to go and give him an account of the sitting, I thought I ought not to fail in doing so. But instead of giving my brother his family name, I merely said *your Majesty's chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg*.

The King did me the favour to say that he noticed a reserve in my account of which he approved. The Queen condescended to add a few obliging remarks to those of the King. However, my office of journalist gave me in this instance so much pain that I took an opportunity, when the King was expressing his satisfaction to me at the manner in which I gave him this daily account, to tell him that its merit belonged wholly to M. d'Aubier; and I ventured to request the King to suffer that excellent man to give him an account of the sittings himself. I assured the King that if he would permit it, that gentleman might proceed to the Queen's apartments through mine unseen; the King consented to the arrangement. Thenceforward M. d'Aubier gave the King repeated proofs of zeal and attachment.

The Curé of Saint Eustache ceased to be the Queen's confessor when he took the constitutional oath. I do not remember the name of the ecclesiastic who succeeded him; I only know that he was conducted into her apartments with the greatest mystery. Their Majesties did not perform their Easter devotions in public, because they could neither declare for the constitutional clergy, nor act so as to show that they were against them.



The Queen did perform her Easter devotions in 1792; but she went to the chapel attended only by myself. She desired me beforehand to request one of my relations, who was her chaplain, to celebrate a mass for her at five o'clock in the morning. It was still dark; she gave me her arm, and I lighted her with a taper. I left her alone at the chapel door. She did not return to her room until the dawn of day.

Dangers increased daily. The Assembly were strengthened in the eyes of the people by the hostilities of the foreign armies and the army of the Princes. The communication with the latter party became more active; the Queen wrote almost every day. M. de Goguelat possessed her confidence for all correspondence with the foreign parties, and I was obliged to have him in my apartments; the Queen asked for him very frequently, and at times which she could not previously appoint.

All parties were exerting themselves either to ruin or to save the King. One day I found the Queen extremely agitated; she told me she no longer knew where she was; that the leaders of the Jacobins offered themselves to her through the medium of Dumouriez; or that Dumouriez, abandoning the Jacobins, had come and offered himself to her; that she had granted him an audience; that when alone with her, he had thrown himself at her feet, and told her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head to the very ears; but that he neither was nor could be a Jacobin; that the Revolution had been suffered to extend even to that rabble of destroyers who, thinking of nothing but pillage, were ripe for anything, and might furnish the Assembly with a formidable army, ready to undermine the remains of a throne already but too much shaken. Whilst speaking with the utmost ardour he seized the Queen's hand and kissed it with transport, exclaiming, "*Suffer yourself to be saved.*" The Queen told me that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on; that the

whole of his conduct was so well known, that undoubtedly the wisest course was not to trust to it;<sup>2</sup> that moreover, the Princes particularly recommended that no confidence should be placed in any proposition emanating from within the kingdom; that the force without became imposing; and that it was better to rely upon their success, and upon the protection due from Heaven to a sovereign so virtuous as Louis XVI. and to so just a cause.

The constitutionalists, on their part, saw that there had been nothing more than a pretence of listening to them. Barnave's last advice was as to the means of continuing, a few weeks longer, the constitutional guard, which had been denounced to the Assembly, and was to be disbanded. The denunciation against the constitutional guard affected only *its staff, and the Duc de Brissac*. Barnave wrote to the Queen that the staff of the guard was already attacked; that the Assembly was about to pass a decree to reduce it; and he entreated her to prevail on the King, the very instant the decree should appear, to form the staff afresh of persons whose names he sent her. Barnave said that all who were set down in it passed for decided Jacobins, but were not so in fact; that they, as well as himself, were in despair at seeing the monarchical government attacked; that they had learned to dissemble their sentiments, and that it would be at least a fortnight before the Assembly could know them well, and certainly before it could succeed in making them unpopular; that it would be necessary to take advantage of that short space of time to get away from

<sup>2</sup> The sincerity of General Dumouriez cannot be doubted in this instance. The second volume of his Memoirs shows how unjust the mistrust and reproaches of the Queen were. By rejecting his services, Marie Antoinette deprived herself of her only remaining support. He who saved France in the defiles of Argonne would perhaps have saved France before the 20th of June had he obtained the full confidence of Louis XVI. and the Queen.— *Note by the Editor.*

Paris, immediately after their nomination. The Queen was of opinion that she ought not to yield to this advice. The Duc de Brissac was sent to Orleans, and the guard was disbanded.

Barnave, seeing that the Queen did not follow his counsel in anything, and convinced that she placed all her reliance on assistance from abroad, determined to quit Paris. He obtained a last audience. "Your misfortunes, Madame," said he, "and those which I anticipate for France, determine me to sacrifice myself to serve you. I see that my advice does not agree with the views of your Majesties. I augur but little advantage from the plan you are induced to pursue — you are too remote from your succours; you will be lost before they reach you. Most ardently do I wish I may be mistaken in so lamentable a prediction; but I am sure to pay with my head for the interest your misfortunes have raised in me, and the services I have sought to render you. I request, for my sole reward, the honour of kissing your hand." The Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, granted him that favour, and remained impressed with a favourable idea of his sentiments. Madame Elizabeth participated in this opinion, and the two Princesses frequently spoke of Barnave. The Queen also received M. Duport several times, but with less mystery. Her connection with the constitutional deputies transpired. Alexandre de Lameth was the only one of the three who survived the vengeance of the Jacobins.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> When, after the revolution of the 10th of August 1792, the iron closet of the Château of the Tuileries had been discovered and forced, a considerable number of documents, which had been imprudently preserved in it, and which were communicated to the Convention by Gohier, who had just succeeded Danton in the ministry of justice, proved that the Court had established and maintained during the latter months of the session of the Constituent Assembly, and from the time of the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, constant communication with the most powerful members of those Assemblies. Being decreed as accused, on the 15th of August 1792,

The national guard, which succeeded the King's guard, having occupied the gates of the Tuileries, all who came to see the Queen were insulted with impunity. Menacing cries were uttered aloud even in the Tuileries; they called for the destruction of the throne, and the murder of the sovereign; the grossest insults were offered by the very lowest of the mob.

About this time the King fell into a despondent state, which amounted almost to physical helplessness. He passed ten successive days without uttering a single word, even in the bosom of his family; except, indeed, when playing at backgammon after dinner with Madame Elizabeth. The Queen roused him from this state, so fatal at a critical period, by throwing herself at his feet, urging every alarming idea, and employ-

with Alexandre de Lameth, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, Bertrand de Moleville, Duport du Tertre, Duportail, Montmorin, and Tarbé, ex-ministers of the marine, of justice, of war, of foreign affairs, and of public contributions, Barnave was arrested at Grenoble. He remained in prison in that town fifteen months, and his friends began to hope that he would be forgotten, when an order arrived that he should be removed to Paris. At first he was imprisoned in the Abbaye, but transferred to the Conciergerie, and almost immediately taken before the revolutionary tribunal. He appeared there with wonderful firmness, summed up the services he had rendered to the cause of liberty with his usual eloquence, and made such an impression upon the numerous auditors that, although accustomed to behold only conspirators worthy of death in all those who appeared before the tribunal, they themselves considered his acquittal certain. The decree of death was read amidst the deepest silence; but Barnave's firmness was immovable. When he left the court, he cast upon the judges, the jurors, and the public looks expressive of contempt and indignation. He was led to his fate with the respected Duport du Tertre, one of the last ministers of Louis XVI. When he had ascended the scaffold, Barnave stamped, raised his eyes to heaven, and said—"This, then, is the reward of all that I have done for liberty!" He fell on the 29th of October 1793, in the thirty-second year of his age; his bust was placed in the Grenoble Museum. The Consular Government placed his statue next to that of Vergniaud, on the great staircase of the palace of the Senate.—*Biographie de Bruxelles.*



ing every affectionate expression. She represented also what he owed to his family; and told him that if they were doomed to fall they ought to fall honourably, and not wait to be smothered upon the floor of their apartment.

About the 15th of June 1792 the King refused his sanction to the two decrees ordaining the deportation of priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He himself wished to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to burst forth.<sup>4</sup> The Queen insisted upon the *veto*, and reproached herself bitterly when this last act of the constitutional authority had occasioned the day of the 20th of June.

A few days previously above twenty thousand men had gone to the Commune to announce that, on the 20th, they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the King respecting the *veto* which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the garden of the Tuileries, and marched under the Queen's windows; it consisted of people who called themselves the citizens of the Faubourgs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau. Covered with filthy clothes, they bore a most terrifying appearance, and even infected the air. People asked each other where such an army could come from; nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June this mob thronged about the Tuileries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets, and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting, "*The nation for ever! Down with*

<sup>4</sup> This assertion contradicts the almost unanimous testimony of historians. To say nothing of Dumouriez, who tells us precisely the contrary, Bertrand de Moleville enters into particulars upon the subject while leave no room for doubt.— *Note by the Editor.*

*the veto!*" The King was without guards. Some of these desperadoes rushed up to his apartments; the door was about to be forced in, when the King commanded that it should be opened. Messieurs de Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parois, d'Aubier, Acloque,<sup>5</sup> Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septeuil, the King's first *valet de chambre*, instantly ran to his Majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out, "Put the King in the recess of the window, and place benches before him," Six royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles Saint Thomas made their way by an inner staircase, and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. de Bougainville saved the King from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a Pole named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The King's brave defenders said, "Sire, fear nothing." The King's reply is well known — "Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid." M. Vanot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the King; a grenadier of the Filles Saint Thomas parried a sword-thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments; when she reached the door she heard loud threats of death against the Queen: they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah! let them think I am the Queen," she said to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The Queen could not join the King; she was in the council chamber, where she had been placed behind the great table to protect her, as much as possible, against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the Dauphin before her,

<sup>5</sup> A citizen of Paris, commandant of battalion, who during the whole of the Revolution was in direct opposition to the regicide Santerre.— *Madame Campan*.

seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princesse de Lamballe, the Princesse de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau, surrounded her. She had fixed a tri-coloured cockade, which one of the national guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little Dauphin was, like the King, shrouded in an enormous red cap.<sup>6</sup> The horde passed in files before the table; the sort of standards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words "*Marie Antoinette à la lanterne*" were written beneath it. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with "*Heart of Louis XVI.*" written round it. And a third showed the horn of an ox, with an obscene inscription.

One of the most furious Jacobin women who marched with these wretches stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her Majesty asked whether she had ever seen her. She replied that she had not. Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, "It is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," answered the Queen; "you are deceived. As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman; I shall never see my own country again — I can be happy or unhappy only in France; I was happy when you loved me." The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said, "It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

Santerre, the monarch of the faubourgs, made his subjects file off as quickly as he could; and it was thought at the time that he was ignorant of the object of this insurrection, which was the murder of the royal family. However, it was eight

<sup>6</sup> Bertrand de Moleville, in his *Memoirs*, explains the circumstance of the King wearing the *bonnet rouge*.

o'clock in the evening before the Palace was completely cleared. Twelve deputies, impelled by attachment to the King's person, ranged themselves near him at the commencement of the insurrection; but the deputation from the Assembly did not reach the Tuileries until six in the evening; all the doors of the apartments were broken. The Queen pointed out to the deputies the state of the King's Palace, and the disgraceful manner in which his asylum had been violated under the very eyes of the Assembly: she saw that Merlin de Thionville was so much affected as to shed tears while she spoke. "You weep, M. Merlin," said she to him, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy." "True, Madame," replied Merlin; "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake, not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen; I hate kings and queens: it is my religion." The Queen could not understand this madness, and saw all that was to be apprehended from persons who evinced it.

All hope was gone, and nothing was thought of but succour from abroad. The Queen appealed to her family and the King's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and expressed apprehensions upon the tardiness of relief. Her Majesty read me one to herself from the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Low Countries: she reproached the Queen for some of her expressions, and told her that those out of France were at least as much alarmed as herself at the King's situation and her own; but that the manner of attempting to assist her might either save her or endanger her safety; and that the members of the coalition were bound to act prudently, entrusted as they were with interests so dear to them.

The 14th of July 1792, fixed by the constitution as the



anniversary of the independence of the nation, drew near. The King and Queen were compelled to make their appearance on the occasion; aware that the plot of the 20th of June had their assassination for its object, they had no doubt but that their death was determined on for the day of this national festival. The Queen was recommended, in order to give the King's friends time to defend him if the attack should be made, to guard him against the first stroke of a dagger by making him wear a breastplate. I was directed to get one made in my apartments: it was composed of fifteen folds of Italian taffety, and formed into an under-waistcoat and a wide belt. This breastplate was tried; it resisted all thrusts of the dagger, and several balls were turned aside by it. When it was completed the difficulty was to let the King try it on without running the risk of being surprised. I wore the immense heavy waistcoat as an under-petticoat for three days without being able to find a favourable moment. At length the King found an opportunity one morning to pull off his coat in the Queen's chamber and try on the breastplate.

The Queen was in bed; the King pulled me gently by the gown, and drew me as far as he could from the Queen's bed, and said to me, in a very low tone of voice: "It is to satisfy her that I submit to this inconvenience: they will not assassinate me; their scheme is changed; they will put me to death another way." The Queen heard the King whispering to me, and when he was gone out she asked me what he had said. I hesitated to answer; she insisted that I should, saying that nothing must be concealed from her, and that she was resigned upon every point. When she was informed of the King's remark she told me she had guessed it, that he had long since observed to her that all which was going forward in France was an imitation of the revolution in Eng-

land in the time of Charles I., and that he was incessantly reading the history of that unfortunate monarch in order that he might act better than Charles had done at a similar crisis.<sup>7</sup> "I begin to be fearful of the King's being brought to trial," continued the Queen; "as to me, I am a foreigner; they will assassinate me. What will become of my poor children?" These sad ejaculations were followed by a torrent of tears.<sup>8</sup> I wished to give her an antispasmodic; she refused it, saying that only happy women could feel nervous; that the cruel situation to which she was reduced rendered these remedies useless. In fact the Queen, who during her happier days was frequently attacked by hysterical disorders, enjoyed more uniform health when all the faculties of her soul were called forth to support her physical strength.

I had prepared a corset for her, for the same purpose as the King's under-waistcoat, without her knowledge; but she would not make use of it; all my entreaties, all my tears, were in vain. "If the factions assassinate me," she replied, "it will be a fortunate event for me; they will deliver me from a most painful existence." A few days after the King had tried on his breastplate I met him on a back staircase. I drew back to let him pass. He stopped and took my hand; I wished to kiss his; he would not suffer it, but drew me to-

<sup>7</sup> See the *Private Memoirs of Louis the Sixteenth* by Bertrand de Moleville.

<sup>8</sup> These distressing scenes were often renewed. There is nothing in history to which the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette can be compared but those of Henriette de France, the daughter of Henri IV., wife of Charles I., and mother of Charles II. Like Henriette, she was accused of having exercised too much control over the King's mind; like her, she was haunted by continual fears for the lives of her husband and her children: but she had not, like Henriette, the consolation, after protracted misfortunes, of seeing her family re-ascend the throne. The tragic and deplorable end of Mary Stuart awaited her who had experienced all the griefs of Henriette de France.—*Note by the Editor.*

wards him by the hand, and kissed both my cheeks without saying a single word.

The fear of another attack upon the Tuileries occasioned scrupulous search among the King's papers: I burnt almost all those belonging to the Queen. She put her family letters, a great deal of correspondence which she thought it necessary to preserve for the history of the era of the Revolution, and particularly Barnave's letters and her answers, of which she had copies, into a portfolio, which she entrusted to M. de J——. That gentleman was unable to save this deposit, and it was burnt. The Queen left a few papers in her *secrétaire*. Among them were instructions to Madame de Tourzel, respecting the dispositions of her children and the characters and abilities of the sub-governesses under that lady's orders. This paper, which the Queen drew up at the time of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, with several letters from Maria Theresa, filled with the best advice and instructions, were printed after the 10th of August by order of the Assembly in the collection of papers found in the *secrétaires* of the King and Queen.

Her Majesty had still, without reckoning the income of the month, one hundred and forty thousand francs in gold. She was desirous of depositing the whole of it with me; but I advised her to retain fifteen hundred louis, as a sum of rather considerable amount might be suddenly necessary for her. The King had an immense quantity of papers, and unfortunately conceived the idea of privately making, with the assistance of a locksmith, who had worked with him above ten years, a place of concealment in an inner corridor of his apartments. The place of concealment, but for the man's information, would have been long undiscovered.<sup>9</sup> The wall in which it was made was painted to imitate large stones, and

<sup>9</sup> See Vol. I., p. 199.

the opening was entirely concealed among the brown grooves which formed the shaded part of these painted stones. But even before this locksmith had denounced what was afterwards called *the iron closet* to the Assembly, the Queen was aware that he had talked of it to some of his friends; and that this man, in whom the King from long habit placed too much confidence, was a Jacobin. She warned the King of it, and prevailed on him to fill a very large portfolio with all the papers he was most interested in preserving, and entrust it to me. She entreated him in my presence to leave nothing in this closet; and the King, in order to quiet her, told her that he had left nothing there. I would have taken the portfolio and carried it to my apartment, but it was too heavy for me to lift. The King said he would carry it himself; I went before to open the doors for him. When he placed the portfolio in my inner closet he merely said, "The Queen will tell you what it contains." Upon my return to the Queen I put the question to her, deeming, from what the King had said, that it was necessary I should know. "They are," the Queen answered me, "such documents as would be most dangerous to the King should they go so far as to proceed to a trial against him. But what he wishes me to tell you is, that the portfolio contains a *procès-verbal* of a cabinet council, in which the King gave his opinion against the war. He had it signed by all the ministers, and, in case of a trial, he trusts that this document will be very useful to him." I asked the Queen to whom she thought I ought to commit the portfolio. "To whom you please," answered she, "*you alone are answerable for it*. Do not quit the Palace even during your vacation months: there may be circumstances under which it would be very desirable that we should be able to have it instantly."

At this period M. de La Fayette, who had probably given



up the idea of establishing a republic in France similar to that of the United States, and was desirous to support the first constitution which he had sworn to defend, quitted his army and came to the Assembly for the purpose of supporting by his presence and by an energetic speech a petition signed by twenty thousand citizens against the late violation of the residence of the King and his family. The General found the constitutional party powerless, and saw that he himself had lost his popularity. The Assembly disapproved of the step he had taken; the King, for whom it was taken, showed no satisfaction at it, and he saw himself compelled to return to his army as quickly as he could. He thought he could rely on the national guard; but on the day of his arrival those officers who were in the King's interest inquired of his Majesty whether they were to forward the views of General de La Fayette by joining him in such measures as he should pursue during his stay at Paris. The King enjoined them not to do so. From this answer M. de La Fayette perceived that he was abandoned by the remainder of his party in the Paris guard.

On his arrival a plan was presented to the Queen, in which it was proposed by a junction between La Fayette's army and the King's party to rescue the royal family and convey them to Rouen. I did not learn the particulars of this plan; the Queen only said to me upon the subject that M. de La Fayette was offered to them as a resource; but that it would be better for them to perish than to owe their safety to the man who had done them the most mischief, or to place themselves under the necessity of treating with him.

I passed the whole month of July without going to bed; I was fearful of some attack by night. There was one plot against the Queen's life which has never been made known. I was alone by her bedside at one o'clock in the morning; we

heard somebody walking softly down the corridor, which passes along the whole line of her apartments, and which was then locked at each end. I went out to fetch the *valet de chambre*; he entered the corridor, and the Queen and myself soon heard the noise of two men fighting. The unfortunate Princess held me locked in her arms, and said to me, "What a situation! insults by day and assassins by night!" The *valet de chambre* cried out to her from the corridor, "Madame, it is a wretch that I know; I have him!" "Let him go," said the Queen; "open the door to him; he came to murder me; the Jacobins would carry him about in triumph to-morrow." The man was a servant of the King's toilette, who had taken the key of the corridor out of his Majesty's pocket after he was in bed, no doubt with the intention of committing the crime suspected. The *valet de chambre*, who was a very strong man, held him by the wrists, and thrust him out at the door. The wretch did not speak a word. The *valet de chambre* said, in answer to the Queen, who spoke to him gratefully of the danger to which he had exposed himself, that he feared nothing; and that he had always a pair of excellent pistols about him for no other purpose than to defend her Majesty.

Next day M. de Septeuil had all the locks of the King's inner apartments changed. I did the same by those of the Queen.

We were every moment told that the Faubourg Saint Antoine was preparing to march against the Palace. At four o'clock one morning towards the latter end of July a person came to give me information to that effect. I instantly sent off two men, on whom I could rely, with orders to proceed to the usual places for assembling, and to come back speedily and give me an account of the state of the city. We knew that at least an hour must elapse before the populace of the faubourgs assembled on the site of the Bastille could reach

the Tuileries. It seemed to me sufficient for the Queen's safety that all about her should be awakened. I went softly into her room; she was asleep; I did not awaken her. I found General de W—— in the great closet; he told me the meeting was, for this once, dispersing. The General had endeavoured to please the populace by the same means as M. de La Fayette had employed. He saluted the lowest *poissarde*, and lowered his hat down to his very stirrup. But the populace, who had been flattered for three years, required far different homage to its power, and the poor man was unnoticed. The King had been awakened, and so had Madame Elizabeth, who had gone to him. The Queen, yielding to the weight of her griefs, slept till nine o'clock on that day, which was very unusual with her. The King had already been to know whether she was awake: I told him what I had done, and the care I had taken not to disturb her. He thanked me and said, "I was awake, and so was the whole Palace; she ran no risk. I am very glad to see her take a little rest — Alas! her griefs double mine!" What was my chagrin when upon awaking and learning what had passed the Queen burst into tears from regret at not having been called, and to upbraid me, on whose friendship she ought to have been able to rely, for having served her so ill under such circumstances! In vain did I reiterate that it had been only a false alarm, and that she required to have her strength recruited. "It is not diminished," said she: "misfortune gives us additional strength. Elizabeth was with the King, and I was asleep — I who am determined to perish by his side! I am his wife; I will not suffer him to incur the smallest risk without my sharing it."

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

### CHAPTER VIII.

Madame Campan's communications with M. Bertrand de Moleville for the King's service—Hope of a speedy deliverance—The Queen's reflections upon the character of Louis XVI.—Insults—Inquiry set on foot by the Princesse de Lamballe respecting the persons of the Queen's household—The 10th of August—Curious particulars—Battle—Scenes of carnage—The royal family at the Feuillans.

DURING July the correspondence of M. Bertrand de Moleville with the King and Queen was most active. M. de Marsilly, formerly a lieutenant of the *Cent-Suisses* of the guard, was the bearer of the letters. He came to me the first time with a note from the Queen directed to M. Bertrand himself. In this note the Queen said: "Address yourself with full confidence to Madame Campan; the conduct of her brother in Russia has not at all influenced her sentiments; she is wholly devoted to us; and if, hereafter, you should have anything to say to us verbally, you may rely entirely upon her devotion and discretion."

The mobs which gathered almost nightly in the faubourgs alarmed the Queen's friends; they entreated her not to sleep in her room on the ground-floor of the Tuileries. She removed to the first floor, to a room which was between the King's apartments and those of the Dauphin. Being awake always from daybreak, she ordered that neither the shutters nor the window blinds should be closed, that her long sleepless nights might be the less weary. About the middle of one of these nights, when the moon was shining into her bed-chamber, she gazed at it, and told me that in a month she should not see that moon



unless freed from her chains, and beholding the King at liberty. She then imparted to me all that was concurring to deliver them; but said that the opinions of their intimate advisers were alarmingly at variance; that some vouched for complete success, while others pointed out insurmountable dangers. She added that she possessed the itinerary of the march of the Princes and the King of Prussia: that on such a day they would be at Verdun, on another day at such a place, that Lille was about to be besieged, but that M. de J——, whose prudence and intelligence the King, as well as herself, highly valued, alarmed them much respecting the success of that siege, and made them apprehensive that, even were the commandant devoted to them, the civil authority, which by the constitution gave great power to the mayors of towns, would overrule the military commandant. She was also very uneasy as to what would take place at Paris during the interval, and spoke to me of the King's want of energy, but always in terms expressive of her veneration for his virtues and her attachment to himself. "The King," said she, "is not a coward; he possesses abundance of passive courage, but he is overwhelmed by an awkward shyness, a mistrust of himself, which proceeds from his education as much as from his disposition. He is afraid to command, and, above all things, dreads speaking to assembled numbers. He lived like a child, and always ill at ease under the eyes of Louis XV., until the age of twenty-one. This constraint confirmed his timidity. Circumstanced as we are, a few well-delivered words addressed to the Parisians, who are devoted to him, would multiply the strength of our party a hundredfold: he will not utter them. What can we expect from those addresses to the people which he has been advised to post up? Nothing but fresh outrages. As for myself, I could do anything, and would appear on

horseback if necessary. But if I were really to begin to act, that would be furnishing arms to the King's enemies; the cry against the Austrian, and against the sway of a female, would become general in France; and, moreover, by showing myself, I should render the King a mere nothing. A Queen who is not regent ought, under these circumstances, to remain passive and prepare to die."

The garden of the Tuileries was full of maddened men, who insulted all who seemed to side with the court. *The Life of Marie Antoinette* was cried under the Queen's windows, infamous plates were annexed to the book, the hawkers showed them to the passers-by. On all sides were heard the jubilant outcries of a people in a state of delirium almost as frightful as the explosion of their rage. The Queen and her children were unable to breathe the open air any longer. It was determined that the garden of the Tuileries should be closed: as soon as this step was taken the Assembly decreed that the whole length of the Terrace des Feuillans belonged to it, and fixed the boundary between what was called the *national ground* and the *Coblentz ground* by a tri-coloured ribbon stretched from one end of the terrace to the other. All good citizens were ordered, by notices affixed to it, not to go down into the garden, under pain of being treated in the same manner as Foulon and Berthier.<sup>1</sup> The shutting up of the Tuileries did not enable the Queen and her children to walk in the garden. The people on the terrace sent forth dreadful howls, and she was twice compelled to return to her apartments.

<sup>1</sup> A young man who did not observe this written order went down into the garden; furious outcries, threats of *la lanterne*, and the crowd of people which collected upon the terrace warned him of his imprudence, and the danger which he ran. He immediately pulled off his shoes, took out his handkerchief, and wiped the dust from their soles. The people cried out, "*Bravo! the good citizen for ever!*" He was carried off in triumph.—*Madame Campan*.

In the early part of August many zealous persons offered the King money; he refused considerable sums, being unwilling to injure the fortunes of individuals. M. de la Ferté, intendant of the *menus plaisirs*, brought me a thousand louis, requesting me to lay them at the feet of the Queen. He thought she could not have too much money at so perilous a time, and that every good Frenchman should hasten to place all his ready money in her hands. She refused this sum, and others of much greater amount which were offered to her.<sup>2</sup> However, a few days afterwards, she told me she would accept M. de la Ferté's twenty-four thousand francs, because they would make up a sum which the King had to expend. She therefore directed me to go and receive those twenty-four thousand francs, to add them to the one hundred thousand francs she had placed in my hands, and to change the whole into assignats to increase their amount. Her orders were executed, and the assignats were delivered to the King. The Queen informed me that Madame Elizabeth had found a well-meaning man who had engaged to gain over Pétion by the bribe of a large sum of money, and that deputy would, by a preconcerted signal, inform the King of the success of the project. His Majesty soon had an opportunity of seeing Pétion, and on the Queen asking him before me if he was satisfied with him, the King replied, "Neither more nor less satisfied than usual; he did not make the concerted signal, and I believe I have been cheated." The Queen then condescended to explain the whole of the enigma to me. "Pétion," said she, "was, while talking to the King, to have kept his

<sup>2</sup> M. Auguié, my brother-in-law, receiver-general of the finances, offered her, through his wife, a portfolio containing one hundred thousand crowns in paper money. On this occasion the Queen said the most affecting things to my sister, expressive of her happiness at having contributed to the fortunes of such faithful subjects as herself and her husband, but declined her offer.—*Madame Campan*.

finger fixed upon his right eye for at least two seconds." "He did not even put his hand up to his chin," said the King; "after all, it is but so much money stolen: the thief will not boast of it, and the affair will remain a secret. Let us talk of something else." He turned to me and said, "Your father was an intimate friend of Mandat, who now commands the national guard; describe him to me; what ought I to expect from him?" I answered that he was one of his Majesty's most faithful subjects, but that with a great deal of loyalty he possessed very little sense, and that he was involved in the constitutional vortex. "I understand," said the King; "he is a man who would defend my palace and my person, because that is enjoined by the constitution which he has sworn to support, but who would fight against the party in favour of sovereign authority: it is well to know this with certainty."

On the next day the Princesse de Lamballe sent for me very early in the morning. I found her on a sofa facing a window that looked upon the Pont Royal. She then occupied that apartment of the Pavilion of Flora which was on a level with that of the Queen. She desired me to sit down by her. Her Highness had a writing-desk upon her knees. "You have had many enemies," said she; "attempts have been made to deprive you of the Queen's favour; they have been far from successful. Do you know that even I myself, not being so well acquainted with you as the Queen, was rendered suspicious of you; and that upon the arrival of the Court at the Tuileries I gave you a companion to be a spy upon you; and that I had another belonging to the police placed at your door! I was assured that you received five or six of the most virulent deputies of the *tiers-état*; but it was that wardrobe woman whose rooms were above you. In short," said the Princess, "persons of integrity have nothing to fear



from the evil-disposed when they belong to so upright a prince as the King. As to the Queen, she knows you, and has loved you ever since she came into France. You shall judge of the King's opinion of you: it was yesterday evening decided in the family circle that at a time when the Tuileries is likely to be attacked it was necessary to have the most faithful account of the opinions and conduct of all the individuals composing the Queen's service. The King takes the same precaution on his part respecting all who are about him. He said there was with him a person of great integrity, to whom he would commit this inquiry; and that, with regard to the Queen's household, you must be spoken to; that he had long studied your character, and that he esteemed your veracity."

The Princess had a list of the names of all who belonged to the Queen's chamber on her desk. She asked me for information respecting each individual. I was fortunate in having none but the most favourable information to give. I had to speak of my avowed enemy in the Queen's chamber; of her who most wished that I should be responsible for my brother's political opinions. The Princess, as the head of the chamber, could not be ignorant of this circumstance; but as the female in question, who idolised the King and Queen, would not have hesitated to sacrifice her life in order to save theirs, and as possibly her attachment to them, united to considerable narrowness of intellect and a limited education, contributed to her jealousy of me, I spoke of her in the highest terms.

The Princess wrote as I dictated, and occasionally looked at me with astonishment. When I had done I entreated her to write in the margin that the lady alluded to was my declared enemy. She embraced me, saying, "Ah! do not write it! we should not record an unhappy circumstance which ought to be forgotten." We came to a man of genius who

was much attached to the Queen, and I described him as a man born solely to contradict, showing himself an aristocrat with democrats, and a democrat among aristocrats; but still a man of probity, and well disposed to his sovereign. The Princess said she knew many persons of that disposition, and that she was delighted I had nothing to say against this man, because she herself had placed him about the Queen.

The whole of her Majesty's chamber, which consisted entirely of persons of fidelity, gave throughout all the dreadful convulsions of the Revolution proofs of the greatest prudence and self-devotion. The same cannot be said of the antechambers. With the exception of three or four, all the servants of that class were outrageous Jacobins; and I saw on those occasions the necessity of composing the private household of princes of persons completely separated from the class of the people.

The situation of the royal family was so unbearable during the months which immediately preceded the 10th of August that the Queen longed for the crisis whatever might be its issue. She frequently said that a long confinement in a tower by the seaside would seem to her less intolerable than those feuds in which the weakness of her party daily threatened an inevitable catastrophe.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> A few days before the 10th of August the squabbles between the royalists and the Jacobins, and between the Jacobins and the constitutionalists, increased in warmth; among the latter those men who defended the principles they professed with the greatest talent, courage, and constancy were at the same time the most exposed to danger. Montjoie says: "The question of dethronement was discussed with a degree of frenzy in the Assembly. Such of the deputies as voted against it were abused, ill-treated, and surrounded by assassins. They had a battle to fight at every step they took; and at length they did not dare to sleep in their own houses. Of this number were Regnault de Beaucaron, Froudiere, Girardin, and Vaublanc. Girardin complained of having been struck in one of the lobbies of the Assembly. A voice cried out to him, '*Say where you*

Not only were their Majesties prevented from breathing the open air, but they were also insulted at the very foot of the altar. The Sunday before the last day of the monarchy, while the royal family went through the gallery to the chapel, half the soldiers of the national guard exclaimed, "*Long live the King!*" and the other half, "*No; no King! down with the veto!*" and on that day at vespers the choristers preconcerted to use loud and threatening emphasis when chanting the words "*Deposuit potentes de sede,*" in the *Magnificat*. Incensed at such an irreverent proceeding, the royalists in their turn thrice exclaimed, "*Et reginam,*" after the "*Domine salvum fac regem.*" The tumult during the whole time of divine service was excessive.

At length the terrible night of the 10th of August 1792 arrived. On the preceding evening Pétion went to the Assembly and informed it that preparations were making for an insurrection on the following day; that the tocsin would sound at midnight; and that he feared he had not sufficient means for resisting the attack which was about to take place. Upon this information the Assembly passed to the order of the day. Pétion, however, gave an order for repelling force by force.<sup>4</sup> M. Mandat was armed with this order; and finding his fidelity to the King's person supported by what he considered the law of the State, he conducted himself in all his operations with the greatest energy. On the evening of the 9th I was present at the King's supper. While his Majesty was giving me various orders we heard a great noise at the door of the apartment. I went to see what was the

*were struck.*—'Where?' replied Girardin, '*what a question! Behind. Do assassins ever strike otherwise?*'" (*History of Marie Antoinette*).—Note by the Editor.

<sup>4</sup> Pétion was the Mayor of Paris, and Mandat on this day was commandant of the national guard. Mandat was assassinated that night.—*Thiers*, vol. i., p. 260.

cause of it, and found the two sentinels fighting. One said, speaking of the King, that he was hearty in the cause of the constitution, and would defend it at the peril of his life; the other maintained that he was an encumbrance to the only constitution suitable to a free people. They were almost ready to cut one another's throats. I returned with a countenance which betrayed my emotion. The King desired to know what was going forward at his door; I could not conceal it from him. The Queen said she was not at all surprised at it, and that more than half the Guard belonged to the Jacobin party.

The tocsins sounded at midnight. The Swiss were drawn up like walls; and in the midst of their soldier-like silence, which formed a striking contrast with the perpetual din of the town guard, the King informed M. de J——, an officer of the staff, of the plan of defence laid down by General Vio-ménil. M. de J—— said to me, after this private conference, "Put your jewels and money into your pockets; our dangers are unavoidable; the means of defence are null; safety might be obtained by some degree of energy in the King, but that is the only virtue in which he is deficient."

An hour after midnight the Queen and Madame Elizabeth said they would lie down on a sofa in a closet in the *entresols*, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the Tuileries.

The Queen told me the King had just refused to put on his quilted under-waistcoat; that he had consented to wear it on the 14th of July because he was merely going to a ceremony where the blade of an assassin was to be apprehended, but that on a day on which his party might fight against the revolutionists he thought there was something cowardly in preserving his life by such means.

During this time Madame Elizabeth disengaged herself from some of her clothing which encumbered her in order to



lie down on the sofa; she took a cornelian pin out of her cape, and before she laid it down on the table she showed it to me, and desired me to read a motto engraved upon it round a stalk of lilies. The words were, "*Oblivion of injuries — pardon for offences.*" "I much fear," added that virtuous Princess, "this maxim has but little influence among our enemies; but it ought not to be less dear to us on that account."<sup>5</sup>

The Queen desired me to sit down by her; the two Princesses could not sleep; they were conversing mournfully upon their situation when a musket was discharged in the courtyard. They both quitted the sofa, saying, "There is the first shot, unfortunately it will not be the last; let us go up to the King." The Queen desired me to follow her; several of her women went with me.

At four o'clock the Queen came out of the King's chamber and told us she had no longer any hope; that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to receive further orders, had just been assassinated, and that the people were at that time carrying his head about the streets. Day came. The King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame, and the Dauphin went down to pass through the ranks of the sections of the national guard; the cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" was heard from a few places. I was at a window on the garden side; I saw some of the gunners quit their posts, go up to the King, and thrust

<sup>5</sup> The exalted piety of Madame Elizabeth gave to all she said and did a noble character, descriptive of that of her soul. On the day on which this worthy descendant of Saint Louis was sacrificed the executioner, in tying her hands behind her, raised up one of the ends of her handkerchief. Madame Elizabeth, with calmness, and in a voice which seemed not to belong to earth, said to him, "In the name of modesty, cover my bosom." I learned this from Madame de Serilly, who was condemned the same day as the Princess, but who obtained a respite at the moment of the execution, Madame de Montmorin, her relation, declaring that her cousin was *enceinte*.—*Madame Campan.*

their fists in his face, insulting him by the most brutal language. Messieurs de Salvert and de Bridges drove them off in a spirited manner. The King was as pale as a corpse. The royal family came in again. The Queen told me that all was lost; that the King had shown no energy; and that this sort of review had done more harm than good.

I was in the billiard-room with my companions; we placed ourselves upon some high benches. I then saw M. d'Hervilly with a drawn sword in his hand, ordering the usher to open the door to the French *noblesse*. Two hundred persons entered the room nearest to that in which the family were; others drew up in two lines in the preceding room. I saw a few people belonging to the Court, many others whose features were unknown to me, and a few who figured groundlessly enough among what was called the *noblesse*, but whose self-devotion ennobled them at once. They were all so badly armed that even in that situation the indomitable French liveliness indulged in jests. M. de Saint Souplet, one of the King's equerries, and a page, carried on their shoulders instead of muskets the tongs belonging to the King's antechamber, which they had broken and divided between them. Another page, who had a pocket-pistol in his hand, stuck the end of it against the back of the person who stood before him, and who begged he would be good enough to rest it elsewhere. A sword and a pair of pistols were the only arms of those who had had the precaution to provide themselves with arms at all. Meanwhile, the numerous bands from the faubourgs, armed with pikes and cutlasses, filled the Carrousel and the streets adjacent to the Tuileries. The sanguinary Marseillais were at their head, with cannon pointed against the Château. In this emergency the King's council sent M. Dejoly, the Minister of Justice, to the Assembly to request they would send the King a deputation which might serve as a safeguard to the execu-

tive power. His ruin was resolved on; they passed to the order of the day. At eight o'clock the department repaired to the Château. The *procureur-syndic*, seeing that the guard within was ready to join the assailants, went into the King's closet and requested to speak to him in private. The King received him in his chamber; the Queen was with him. There M. Rœderer told him that the King, all his family, and the people about them would inevitably perish unless his Majesty immediately determined to go to the National Assembly. The Queen at first opposed this advice, but the *procureur-syndic* told her that she rendered herself responsible for the deaths of the King, her children, and all who were in the Palace. She no longer objected. The King then consented to go to the Assembly. As he set out he said to the minister and persons who surrounded him, "*Come, gentlemen, there is nothing more to be done here.*"<sup>6</sup> The Queen said to me as she left

<sup>6</sup> The informant, cited by Montjoie, thus relates the efforts made by M. Rœderer with the people and the national guard, and the conversation he afterwards had with the King in his closet: "M. Rœderer, it must be said to his praise, tried all means. At last, being unable to subdue the fury of the people, he calmed it for a few minutes; they granted him half an hour, and the depositaries of the law instantly returned into the court of the Château. Here they met with obstacles of another kind; the national guard seemed perfectly resolute and well disposed. M. Rœderer called their attention to the extent of the danger; he made them promise to remain firm at their posts; he exhorted them not to attack their fellow-citizens, their brethren, as long as they should remain inactive; but he foresaw the approaching moment when the Château would be attacked. He explained to them the principles of lawful defence, and made the requisition prescribed by the law of the month of May 1791 relative to the public safety. The national guard, however, remained silent, and the gunners unloaded their cannon. What could the authorities of the department then do? They joined the King's ministers, and all with one consent conjured him to save himself with his family, and take refuge in the bosom of the National Assembly. 'There, only, Sire,' said M. Rœderer, 'in the midst of the representatives of the people, can your Majesty, the



the King's chamber, "Wait in my apartments; I will come to you, or I will send for you to go I know not whither." She took with her only the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel. The Princesse de Tarente and Madame de La Roche-Aymon were inconsolable at being left at the Tuileries;

Queen, and the royal family be in safety. Come, let us fly; in another quarter of an hour, perhaps, we shall not be able to command a retreat.'

"The King hesitated, the Queen manifested the highest dissatisfaction. 'What!' said she, 'are we alone; is there nobody who can act?' 'Yes, Madame, alone; action is useless — resistance is impossible.' One of the members of the department, M. Gerdrot, insisted on the prompt execution of the proposed measure. 'Silence, sir,' said the Queen to him; 'silence; you are the only person who ought to be silent here; when the mischief is done, those who did it should not pretend to wish to remedy it.'" . . .

"Before my return to the Château I visited the hall of the department. The authorities of the department were to remain assembled the whole night. The *procureur-général* offered to pass it himself in the Château if the King thought it necessary. The King wished it should be so; I informed M. Ræderer, who instantly proceeded to the King; it was then near midnight. About one in the morning, the tocsin having only begun to sound after the mayor had quitted the King, his Majesty desired me to inform M. Pétion of it, and to communicate to him his wish that the gates of the terrace called Des Feuillans should be closed. . . . He went to the National Assembly, gave the explanations required of him, but said nothing about the Terrace des Feuillans. The terrace had been declared part of the area of the National Assembly; that body alone could dispose of it; therefore I pressed M. Pétion to demand what the King required of the National Assembly. The mayor could do this with the more propriety because the tocsin had sounded, and the *générale* had been beaten; it was certain the meeting was assembling, and that the National Assembly had recalled the mayor to their bar fully three quarters of an hour.

"M. Pétion heard the King's observations. He felt the force of them. Even before he went to the National Assembly he caused the gate which commands the riding-house yard to be shut; the Swiss received a verbal order for it in the presence of all the municipal officers, and of several grenadiers who were with the mayor. The moment afterwards M. Pétion returned to the garden, and proceeded to the terrace. I saw him walking there in the midst of the same group, accompanied by the same municipal officers, and by a still



they, and all who belonged to the chamber, went down into the Queen's apartments.

We saw the royal family pass between two lines formed by the Swiss grenadiers and those of the battalions of the Petits-Pères and the Filles Saint Thomas. They were so pressed upon by the crowd that during that short passage the Queen was robbed of her watch and purse. A man of great height

greater number of national guards. I am a witness that the *commandant de bataillon* accosted the mayor opposite the principal gate of the Château, and said to him that everything was quiet, and that there was nothing to fear; that the commissioners of the sections, who had met at the Faubourg Saint Antoine, had separated and adjourned to Friday morning early, at the Hôtel de Ville, with the intention of coming to a final resolution; but that until that time there was no ground for apprehension. This intelligence was too agreeable not to be readily believed. The mayor announced that he should soon retire. However, several persons pointed out to him that the account of the *commandant de bataillon* might be true, and still the danger might be pressing.

"It has been observed that the commandant came from the section of the Croix Rouge; that the commissioners spoken of had separated at eleven o'clock; that since, and notwithstanding their pretended resolution, the tocsin had been sounded, the alarm-gun had been fired, the assemblage had taken place, and everything seemed to announce that the people would put themselves in motion about five o'clock in the morning.

"The Queen resumed her watch; the King remained mute; nobody spoke. It was reserved for me to give the last piece of advice. I had the firmness to say, 'Let us go, and not deliberate; honour commands it, the good of the State requires it. Let us go to the National Assembly; this step ought to have been taken long ago.'—'Let us go,' said the King, raising his right hand; 'let us start; let us give this last mark of self-devotion, since it is necessary.' The Queen was persuaded. Her first anxiety was for the King, the second for her son; the King had none. 'M. Røederer—gentlemen,' said the Queen, 'you answer for the person of the King; you answer for that of my son.'—'Madame,' replied M. Røederer, 'we pledge ourselves to die at your side; that is all we can engage for.'"—"Historical narrative of the transactions at the Château of the Tuileries during the night of the 9th and 10th August 1792, and the morning of the 10th;" from Montjoie's *History of Marie Antoinette*.

and horrible appearance, one of such as were to be seen at the head of all the insurrections, drew near the Dauphin, whom the Queen was leading by the hand, and took him up in his arms. The Queen uttered a scream of terror, and was ready to faint. The man said to her, "Don't be frightened, I will do him no harm;" and he gave him back to her at the entrance of the chamber.

I leave to history all the details of that too memorable day, confining myself to retracing a few of the frightful scenes acted in the interior of the Tuileries after the King had quitted the Palace.

The assailants did not know that the King and his family had betaken themselves to the Assembly; and those who defended the Palace from the side of the courts were equally ignorant of it. It is supposed that if they had been aware of the fact that the siege would never have taken place.

The Marseillais began by driving from their posts several Swiss, who yielded without resistance; a few of the assailants fired upon them; some of the Swiss officers seeing their men fall, and perhaps thinking the King was still at the Tuileries, gave the word to a whole battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into disorder, and the Carrousel was cleared in a moment; but they soon returned, spurred on by rage and revenge. The Swiss were but eight hundred strong; they fell back into the interior of the Château; some of the doors were battered in by the guns, others broken through with hatchets; the populace rushed from all quarters into the interior of the Palace; almost all the Swiss was massacred; the nobles, flying through the gallery which leads to the Louvre, were either stabbed or shot, and the bodies thrown out of the windows. M. Pallas and M. de Marchais, ushers of the King's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber; many others of the King's servants fell victims to their fidel-

ity. I mention these two persons in particular because, with their hats pulled over their brows and their swords in their hands, they exclaimed, as they defended themselves with unavailing courage, "We will not survive — this is our post; our duty is to die at it." M. Diet behaved in the same manner at the door of the Queen's bed-chamber; he experienced the same fate. The Princesse de Tarente had fortunately opened the door of the apartments; otherwise, the dreadful band seeing several women collected in the Queen's *salon* would have fancied that she was among us, and would have immediately massacred us had we resisted them. We were, indeed, all about to perish, when a man with a long beard came up, exclaiming, in the name of Pétion, "*Spare the women; don't dishonour the nation!*" A particular circumstance placed me in greater danger than the others. In my confusion I imagined, a moment before the assailants entered the Queen's apartments, that my sister was not among the group of women collected there; and I went up into an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, fancying it safer that we should not be separated. I did not find her in the room in question; I saw there only our two *femmes de chambre* and one of the Queen's two *heyducs*, a man of great height, and military aspect. I saw that he was pale, and sitting on a bed. I cried out to him, "Fly! the footmen and our people are already safe." "I cannot," said the man to me; "I am dying of fear." As he spoke I heard a number of men rushing hastily up the staircase; they threw themselves upon him, and I saw him assassinated. I ran towards the staircase, followed by our women. The murderers left the *heyduc* to come to me. The women threw themselves at their feet, and held their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the assassins; but I had already felt a horrid hand thrust into my back to seize me by the

clothes, when some one called out from the bottom of the staircase, "*What are you 'doing above there? We don't kill women.*"

I was on my knees; my executioner quitted his hold of me, and said, "*Get up, you jade; the nation pardons you.*"

The brutality of these words did not prevent my suddenly experiencing an indescribable feeling which partook almost equally of the love of life and the idea that I was going to see my son, and all that was dear to me again. A moment before I had thought less of death than of the pain which the steel, suspended over my head, would occasion me. Death is seldom seen so close without striking his blow. I heard every syllable uttered by the assassins, just as if I had been calm.

Five or six men seized me and my women, and having made us get up on benches placed before the windows, ordered us to call out, "*The nation for ever!*"

I passed over several corpses; I recognised that of the old Vicomte de Broves, to whom the Queen had sent me at the beginning of the night to desire him and another old man in her name to go home. These brave men desired I would tell her Majesty that they had but too strictly obeyed the King's orders in all circumstances under which they ought to have exposed their own lives in order to preserve his; and that for this once they would not obey, though they would cherish the recollection of the Queen's goodness.

Near the *grille*, on the side next the bridge, the men who conducted me asked whither I wished to go. Upon my inquiring, in my turn, whether they were at liberty to take me wherever I might wish to go, one of them, a Marseillais, asked me, giving me at the same time a push with the butt end of his musket, whether I still doubted the power of the people? I answered "*No,*" and I mentioned the number of my brother-in-law's house. I saw my sister ascending the steps of the



parapet of the bridge, surrounded by members of the national guard. I called to her, and she turned round. "Would you have her go with you?" said my guardian to me. I told him I did wish it. They called the people who were leading my sister to prison; she joined me.

Madame de La Roche-Aymon and her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, Madame de Ginestoux, lady to the Princesse de Lamballe, the other women of the Queen, and the old Comte d'Affry, were led off together to the Abbaye.

Our progress from the Tuileries to my sister's house was most distressing. We saw several Swiss pursued and killed and musket-shots were crossing each other in all directions. We passed under the walls of the Louvre; they were firing from the parapet into the windows of the gallery, to hit the *knights of the dagger*; for thus did the populace designate those faithful subjects who had assembled at the Tuileries to defend the King.

The brigands broke some vessels of water in the Queen's first antechamber; the mixture of blood and water stained the skirts of our white gowns. The *poissardes* screamed after us in the streets that we were attached to the *Austrian*. Our protectors then showed some consideration for us, and made us go up a gateway to pull off our gowns; but our petticoats being too short, and making us look like persons in disguise, other *poissardes* began to bawl out that we were young Swiss dressed up like women. We then saw a tribe of female cannibals enter the street, carrying the head of poor Mandat. Our guards made us hastily enter a little public-house, called for wine, and desired us to drink with them. They assured the landlady that we were their sisters, and good patriots. Happily the Marseillais had quitted us to return to the Tuileries. One of the men who remained with us said to me in a low voice—"I am a gauze-worker in the faubourg. I was

forced to march; I am not for all this; I have not killed anybody, and have rescued you. You ran a great risk when we met the mad women who are carrying Mandat's head. These horrible women said yesterday at midnight, upon the site of the Bastille, that they must have their revenge for the 6th of October, at Versailles, and that they had sworn to kill the Queen and all the women attached to her; the danger of the action saved you all."

As I crossed the Carrousel, I saw my house in flames; but as soon as the first moment of affright was over, I thought no more of my personal misfortunes. My ideas turned solely upon the dreadful situation of the Queen.

On reaching my sister's we found all our family in despair, believing they should never see us again. I could not remain in her house; some of the mob, collected round the door, exclaimed that Marie Antoinette's confidante was in the house, and that they must have her head. I disguised myself, and was concealed in the house of M. Morel, secretary for the lotteries. On the morrow I was inquired for there, in the name of the Queen. A deputy, whose sentiments were known to her, took it upon himself to find me out.

I borrowed clothes, and went with my sister to the Feuillans.<sup>7</sup> We got there at the same time with M. Thierry de Ville d'Avray, the King's first *valet de chambre*. We were taken into an office, where we wrote down our names and places of abode, and we received tickets for admission into the rooms belonging to Camus, the keeper of the Archives, where the King was with his family.

As we entered the first room, a person who was there said to me, "Ah! you are a brave woman; but where is that Thierry,<sup>8</sup> that man loaded with his master's bounties?"

<sup>7</sup> A former monastery near the Tuileries, so called from the Bernardines, one of the Cistercian orders; later, a revolutionary club.

<sup>8</sup> M. Thierry, who never ceased to give his sovereign proofs of

"He is here," said I; "he is following me. I perceive that even scenes of death do not banish jealousy from among you."

Having belonged to the Court from my earliest youth, I was known to many persons whom I did not know. As I traversed a corridor above the cloisters which led to the cells inhabited by the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family, several of the grenadiers called me by name. One of them said to me, "Well, the poor King is lost! The Comte d'Artois would have managed it better." "Not at all," said another.

The royal family occupied a small suite of apartments consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillans. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, M. de Saint Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, MM. de Goguelat, de Chamilly, and de Huë. In the second we found the King; he was having his hair dressed; he took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without saying anything. In the third was the Queen, in bed, and in indescribable affliction. We found her accompanied only by a stout woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the keeper of the apartments. She waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women; come, and see one still more unhappy than yourselves, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she; "we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years, through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like

unalterable attachment, was one of the victims of the 2d of September.—*Madame Campan.*

mad people, and others through ambition, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and office, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France; every one had a share in our misfortunes."

The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them the Queen said to me, "Poor children! how heartrending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!" She afterwards conversed with me about the Tuileries and the persons who had fallen; she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. I looked upon that loss as a mischance which ought not to dwell upon her mind, and I told her so. She spoke of the Princesse de Tarente, whom she greatly loved and valued, of Madame de La Roche-Aymon and her daughter, of the other persons whom she had left at the Palace, and of the Duchesse de Luynes, who was to have passed the night at the Tuileries. Respecting her she said, "Hers was one of the first heads turned by the rage for that mischievous philosophy; but her heart brought her back, and I again found a friend in her."<sup>9</sup> I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign powers had done under existing circumstances? She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the personal interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son.

I informed her that, in the pillaging of my house, all my

<sup>9</sup> During the Reign of Terror I withdrew to the Château de Coubertin, near that of Dampierre. The Duchesse de Luynes frequently came to ask me to tell her what the Queen had said about her at the Feuillans. She would say as she went away, "*I have often need to request you to repeat those words of the Queen.*"—*Madame Campan.*



accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expenditure was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature, a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission to the committee of general safety, and to make this declaration there. I repaired thither instantly and found a deputy, with whose name I have never become acquainted. After hearing me he said that he would not receive my deposition; that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman; and that if any of those detached papers bearing her signature should be misapplied she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related. The Queen regretted having sent me, and feared that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her; then again she exclaimed, "My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin; all has been told." She gave us details of what had taken place subsequently to the King's arrival at the Assembly. They are all well known, and I have no occasion to record them; I will merely mention that she told us, though with much delicacy, that she was not a little hurt at the King's conduct since he had been at the Tuileries; that his habit of laying no restraint upon his great appetite had prompted him to eat as if he had been at his palace; that those who did not know him as she did, did not feel the piety and the magnanimity of his resignation, all of which produced so bad an effect that deputies who were devoted to him had warned him of it; but that no change could be effected.

I still see in imagination, and shall always see, that narrow

cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper, that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, increased her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom high birth, natural endowments, and, above all, goodness of heart, had seemed to destine to adorn any throne, and be the happiness of any people! It is impossible for those who lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette not to be fully convinced, while doing full justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been from the moment of her arrival in France the object of the care and affection of a Prince of decision and authority she would have only added to the glory of his reign.

What affecting things I have heard the Queen say in the affliction caused her by the belief of part of the Court and the whole of the people that she did not love France! How did that opinion shock those who knew her heart and her sentiments! Twice did I see her on the point of going from her apartments in the Tuileries into the gardens, to address the immense throng constantly assembled there to insult her. "Yes," exclaimed she, as she paced her chamber with hurried steps; "I will say to them — Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you that I do not love France! — I! the mother of a Dauphin who will reign over this noble country! — I! whom Providence has seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa am I not that one whom fortune has most highly favoured? And ought I not to feel all these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! what should I lose in France? Everything which can confer glory!"

I protest I only repeat her own words; the soundness of her judgment soon pointed out to her the dangers of such a proceeding. "I should descend from the throne," said she,

"merely, perhaps, to excite a momentary sympathy, which the factions would soon render more injurious than beneficial to me."

Yes, not only did Marie Antoinette love France, but few women took greater pride in the courage of Frenchmen. I could adduce a multitude of proofs of this; I will relate two traits, which demonstrate the noblest enthusiasm: The Queen was telling me that at the coronation of the Emperor Francis II., that Prince, bespeaking the admiration of a French general officer, who was then an emigrant, for the fine appearance of his troops, said to him, "*There are the men to beat your sans culottes!*"—"That remains to be seen, Sire," instantly replied the officer. The Queen added, "I don't know the name of that brave Frenchman, but I will learn it; the King ought to be in possession of it." As she was reading the public papers a few days before the 10th of August she observed that mention was made of the courage of a young man who died in defending the flag he carried, and shouting, "*Vive la Nation!*" "Ah! the fine lad!" said the Queen; "what a happiness it would have been for us if such men had never left off crying, '*Vive le Roi!*'" <sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> In reading this account of the 10th August 1792 the reader must remember that there was hardly any armed force to resist the mob. The regiments that had showed signs of being loyal to the King had been removed from Paris by the Assembly. The Swiss had been deprived of their own artillery, and the Court had sent one of their battalions into Normandy at a time when there was an idea of taking refuge there. The national guard were either disloyal or disheartened, and the gunners, especially, of that force at the Tuileries, sympathised with the mob. Thus the King had about 800 or 900 Swiss and little more than one battalion of the national guard. Mandat, one of the six heads of the legions of the national guard, to whose turn the command fell on that day, was true to his duty, but was sent for to the Hôtel de Ville and assassinated. Still the small force, even after the departure of the King, would have probably beaten off the mob had not the King given the fatal order to the Swiss to cease firing.—See Thiers' *Rév-*

In all that I have hitherto said of this most unfortunate of women and of Queens, those who did not live with her, those who knew her but partially, and especially the majority of foreigners, prejudiced by infamous libels, may imagine I have thought it my duty to sacrifice truth on the altar of gratitude. Fortunately I can invoke unexceptionable witnesses; they will declare whether what I assert that I have seen and heard appears to them either untrue or improbable.

*olution Française*, vol. i., chap. xi. Bonaparte's opinion of the mob may be judged by his remarks on the 20th June 1792, when, disgusted at seeing the King appear with the red cap on his head, he exclaimed, "Che coglione! Why have they let in all that rabble? why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon? the rest would then set off."—*Bourrienne*, vol. i., p. 13 (Bentley, London, 1836). Bonaparte carried out his own plan against a far stronger force of assailants on the Jour des Sections, 4th October 1795.



CHAPTER IX

Pétion refuses Madame Campan permission to be imprisoned in the Temple with the Queen — She excites the suspicions of Robespierre — Domiciliary visits — Madame Campan opens the portfolio she had received from the King — Papers in it, with the seals of State — Mirabeau's secret correspondence with the Court — Destroyed as well as the other papers — The only document preserved — It is delivered to M. de Malesherbes on the trial of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—End of the Memoirs.

THE Queen having lost her watch and purse as she was passing from the Tuileries to the Feuillans, requested my sister to lend her twenty-five louis.<sup>1</sup>

I spent part of the day at the Feuillans, and her Majesty told me she would ask Pétion to let me be with her in the place which the Assembly should decree for her prison. I then returned home to prepare everything that might be necessary for me to accompany her.

On the same day (11th August) at nine in the evening I returned to the Feuillans. I found there were orders at all the gates forbidding my being admitted. I claimed a right to enter by virtue of the first permission which had been given to me; I was again refused. I was told that the Queen had as many people as were requisite about her. My sister was with her as well as one of my companions, who came out of the prisons of the Abbaye on the 11th. I renewed my solicitations on the 12th; my tears and entreaties moved neither the

<sup>1</sup> On being interrogated the Queen declared that these five-and-twenty louis had been lent to her by my sister; this formed a pretence for arresting her and myself, and led to her death.—*Madame Campan.*

keepers of the gates, nor even a deputy, to whom I addressed myself.

I soon heard of the transfer of Louis XVI. and his family to the Temple. I went to Pétion accompanied by M. Valadon, for whom I had procured a place in the post-office, and who was devoted to me. He determined to go up to Pétion alone; he told him that those who requested to be confined could not be suspected of evil designs, and that no political opinion could afford a ground of objection to these solicitations. Seeing that the well-meaning man did not succeed I thought to do more in person; but Pétion persisted in his refusal, and threatened to send me to La Force. Thinking to give me a kind of consolation, he added I might be certain that all those who were then with Louis XVI. and his family would not stay with them long. And in fact two or three days afterwards the Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, her daughter, the Queen's first woman, the first woman of the Dauphin and of Madame, M. de Chamilly and M. de Huë were carried off during the night and transferred to La Force. After the departure of the King and Queen for the Temple my sister was detained a prisoner in the apartments their Majesties had quitted for twenty-four hours.

From this time I was reduced to the misery of having no further intelligence of my august and unfortunate mistress but through the medium of the newspapers or the national guard, who did duty at the Temple.

The King and Queen said nothing to me at the Feuillans about the portfolio which had been deposited with me; no doubt they expected to see me again. The minister Roland and the deputies composing the provisional government were very intent on a search for papers belonging to their Majesties. They had the whole of the Tuileries ransacked. The infamous Robespierre bethought himself of M. Campan, the

Queen's private secretary, and said that his death was feigned, that he was living unknown in some obscure part of France, and was doubtless the depositary of all the important papers. In a great portfolio belonging to the King there had been found a solitary letter from the Comte d'Artois, which, by its date, and the subject of which it treated, indicated the existence of a continued correspondence. (This letter appears among the documents used on the trial of Louis XVI.) A former preceptor of my son's had studied with Robespierre; the latter meeting him in the street, and knowing the connection which had subsisted between him and the family of M. Campan, required him to say, upon his honour, whether he was certain of the death of the latter. The man replied that M. Campan had died at La Briche in 1791, and that he had seen him interred in the cemetery of Epinay. "Well, then!" resumed Robespierre, "bring me the certificate of his burial at twelve to-morrow; it is a document for which I have pressing occasion." Upon hearing the deputy's demand I instantly sent for a certificate of M. Campan's burial, and Robespierre received it at nine o'clock the next morning. But I considered that, in thinking of my father-in-law, they were coming very near me, the real depositary of these important papers. I passed days and nights in considering what I could do for the best under such circumstances.

I was thus situated when the order to inform against those who had been denounced as suspected on the 10th of August led to domiciliary visits. My servants were told that the people of the quarter in which I lived were talking much of the search that would be made in my house, and came to surprise me of it. I heard that fifty armed men would make themselves masters of M. Auguié's house, where I then was. I had just received this intelligence when M. de Goguelat, the King's *maître d'hôtel* and receiver-general of the taxes, a man

much attached to his sovereign, came into my room wrapped in a riding-cloak, under which, with great difficulty, he carried the King's portfolio, which I had entrusted to him. He threw it down at my feet, and said to me, "There is your deposit; I did not receive it from our unfortunate King's own hands; in delivering it to you I have executed my trust." After saying this he was about to withdraw. I stopped him, praying him to consult with me what I ought to do in such a trying emergency. He would not listen to my entreaties, or even hear me describe the course I intended to pursue. I told him my abode was about to be surrounded; I imparted to him what the Queen had said to me about the contents of the portfolio. To all this he answered, "There it is; decide for yourself; I will have no hand in it." Upon that I remained a few seconds thinking, and my conduct was founded upon the following reasons. I spoke aloud, although to myself; I walked about the room with agitated steps; M. Gougenot was thunderstruck. "Yes," said I, "when we can no longer communicate with our King and receive his orders, however attached we may be to him, we can only serve him according to the best of our own judgment. The Queen said to me, 'This portfolio contains scarcely anything but documents of a most dangerous description in the event of a trial taking place, if it should fall into the hands of revolutionary persons.' She mentioned, too, a single document which would, under the same circumstances, be useful. It is my duty to interpret her words, and consider them as orders. She meant to say, 'You will save such a paper, you will destroy the rest if they are likely to be taken from you.' If it were not so, was there any occasion for her to enter into any detail as to what the portfolio contained? The order to keep it was sufficient. Probably it contains, moreover, the letters of that part of the family which has emigrated; there is nothing which may have been



foreseen or decided upon that can be useful now; and there can be no political thread which has not been cut by the events of the 10th of August and the imprisonment of the King. My house is about to be surrounded, I cannot conceal anything of such bulk; I might then, through want of foresight, give up that which would cause the condemnation of the King. Let us open the portfolio, save the document alluded to, and destroy the rest." I took a knife and cut open one side of the portfolio. I saw a great number of envelopes endorsed by the King's own hand. M. Goguenot found there the former seals of the King,<sup>2</sup> such as they were before the Assembly had changed the inscription. At this moment we heard a great noise; he agreed to tie up the portfolio, take it again under his cloak, and go to a safe place to execute what I had taken upon me to determine. He made me swear, by all I held most sacred, that I would affirm, under every possible emergency, that the course I was pursuing had not been dictated to me by anybody; and that whatever might be the result, I would take all the credit or all the blame upon myself. I lifted up my hand and took the oath he required; he went out. Half an hour afterwards a great number of armed men came to my house; they placed sentinels at all the outlets; they broke open *secrétaires* and closets, of which they had not the keys; they

<sup>2</sup>No doubt it was in order to have the ancient seals ready at a moment's notice, in case of a counter-revolution, that the Queen desired me not to quit the Tuileries. M. Gougénot threw the seals into the river, one from above the Pont Neuf, and the other from near the Pont Royal.—*Madame Campan*.

[Madame Campan's narrative suddenly ceases with the end of her personal attendance on Marie Antoinette, probably in pursuance of the rule she laid down for herself in writing her *Memoirs*, not to relate anything concerning the royal family which she had not either witnessed, or been informed of by eye-witnesses. Madame Campan's share in the horrors of the Revolution through the violent death of her sister, Madame Augié, and her own life after parting from the Queen, are detailed in the Prefatory Memoir.]

searched the flower-pots and boxes; they examined the cellars; and the commandant repeatedly said, "Look particularly for papers." In the afternoon M. Goguenot returned. He had still the seals of France about him, and he brought me a statement of all he had burnt.

The portfolio contained twenty letters from Monsieur, eighteen or nineteen from the Comte d'Artois, seventeen from Madame Adelaide, eighteen from Madame Victoire, a great many letters from Comte Alexandre de Lameth, and many from M. de Malesherbes, with documents annexed to them. There were also some from M. de Montmorin and other ex-ministers or ambassadors. Each correspondence had its title written in the King's own hand upon the blank paper which contained it. The most voluminous was that from Mirabeau. It was tied up with a scheme for an escape, which he thought necessary. M. Goguenot, who had skimmed over these letters with more attention than the rest, told me they were of so interesting a nature that the King had no doubt kept them as documents exceedingly valuable for a history of his reign, and that the correspondence with the Princes, which was entirely relative to what was going forward abroad, in concert with the King, would have been fatal to him if it had been seized. After he had finished he placed in my hands the *procès-verbal*, signed by all the ministers, to which the King attached so much importance, because he had given his opinion against the declaration of war; a copy of the letter written by the King to the Princes, his brothers, inviting them to return to France; an account of the diamonds which the Queen had sent to Brussels (these two documents were in my handwriting); and a receipt for four hundred thousand francs, under the hand of a celebrated banker. This sum was part of the eight hundred thousand francs which the Queen had gradually saved during her reign out of her pension of three

hundred thousand francs per annum, and out of the one hundred thousand francs given by way of present on the birth of the Dauphin. This receipt, written on a very small piece of paper, was in the cover of an almanac. I agreed with M. Gougenot, who was obliged by his office to reside in Paris, that he should retain the *procès-verbal* of the council and the receipt for the four hundred thousand francs, and that we should wait either for orders or for the means of transmitting these documents to the King or Queen; and I set out for Versailles.

The strictness of the precautions taken to guard the illustrious prisoners was daily increased. The idea that I could not inform the King of the course I had adopted of burning his papers, and the fear that I should not be able to transmit to him that which he had pointed out as necessary, tormented me to such a degree that it is wonderful my health endured the strain.

The dreadful trial drew near. Official advocates were granted to the King; the heroic virtue of M. de Malesherbes induced him to brave the most imminent dangers, either to save his master or to perish with him. I hoped also to be able to find some means of informing his Majesty of what I had thought it right to do. I sent a man, on whom I could rely, to Paris, to request M. Gougenot to come to me at Versailles; he came immediately. We agreed that he should see M. de Malesherbes without availing himself of any intermediate person for that purpose.

M. Gougenot awaited his return from the Temple at the door of his hôtel, and made a sign that he wished to speak to him. A moment afterwards a servant came to introduce him into the magistrates' room. He imparted to M. de Malesherbes what I had thought it right to do with respect to the King's papers, and placed in his hands the *procès-verbal* of the

council, which his Majesty had preserved in order to serve, if occasion required it, for a ground of his defence. However, that paper is not mentioned in either of the speeches of his advocate; probably it was determined not to make use of it.

I stop at that terrible period which is marked by the assassination of a King whose virtues are well known; but I cannot refrain from relating what he deigned to say in my favour to M. de Malesherbes: "Let Madame Campan know that she did what I should myself have ordered her to do; I thank her for it; she is one of those whom I regret I have it not in my power to recompense for their fidelity to my person, and for their good services." I did not hear of this until the morning after he had suffered, and I think I should have sunk under my despair if this honourable testimony had not given me some consolation.

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## MARIE ANTOINETTE.

### ANNEX TO CHAPTER IX

MADAME CAMPAN'S narrative breaking off abruptly at the time of the painful end met with by her sister, we have supplemented it by abridged accounts of the chief incidents in the tragedy which overwhelmed the royal house she so faithfully served, taken from contemporary records and the best historical authorities.

#### THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TEMPLE.

The Assembly having, at the instance of the Commune of Paris, decreed that the royal family should be immured in the Temple, they were removed thither from the Feuillans on the 13th of August 1792, in the charge of Pétion, mayor of Paris, and Santerre, the commandant-general. Twelve commissioners of the general council were to keep constant watch at the Temple, which had been fortified by earthworks and garrisoned by detachments of the national guard, no person being allowed to enter without permission from the municipality.<sup>1</sup>

The Temple, formerly the headquarters of the Knight Templars in Paris, consisted of two buildings—the Palace, facing the Rue de Temple, usually occupied by one of the Princes of the blood;<sup>2</sup> and the Tower, standing behind the Palace.<sup>3</sup> The Tower was a square building, with a round

<sup>1</sup> See *Thiers' Revolution*, translated by Frederick Shoberl. Edit. 1854, vol. ii., p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> The Comte d'Artois had been the last royal resident.

<sup>3</sup> Clery gives a more minute description of this singular building: "The small tower of the Temple in which the King was then confined stood with its back against the great tower, without any in-

tower at each corner and a small turret on one side, usually called the Tourelle. In the narrative of the Duchesse d'Angoulême she says that the soldiers who escorted the royal prisoners wished to take the King alone to the Tower, and his family to the Palace of the Temple, but that on the way Manuel<sup>4</sup> received an order to imprison them all in the Tower, where so little provision had been made for their reception that Madame Elizabeth slept in the kitchen. The royal family were accompanied by the Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, Mesdames de Navarre, de Saint Brice, Thibaut, and Bazire, MM. de Huë and de Chamilly, and three men-servants.<sup>5</sup> An order from the Commune soon removed these devoted attendants, and M. de Huë alone was permitted to return. In spite of the frightful ordeal so recently passed through at the Tuileries and in the Assem-

terior communication, and formed a long square, flanked by two turrets. In one of these turrets there was a narrow staircase that led from the first floor to a gallery on the platform; in the other were small rooms, answering to each story of the tower. The body of the building was four stories high. The first consisted of an ante-chamber, a dining-room, and a small room in the turret, where there was a library containing from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes. The second story was divided nearly in the same manner. The largest room was the Queen's bed-chamber, in which the Dauphin also slept; the second, which was separated from the Queen's by a small ante-chamber almost without light, was occupied by Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. The King's apartments were on the third story. He slept in the great room, and made a study of the turret closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. de Chamilly and M. de Huë. The fourth story was shut up; and on the ground floor there were kitchens of which no use was made."—*Journal*, p. 96.

<sup>4</sup> *Procureur* of the Commune. He moved that the King should be sent to the Temple, and volunteered to be his gaoler; but his intercourse with the royal family modified his feelings towards them; he voted against the King's death, paid a high tribute to the Queen at her trial, and was himself executed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal in November '793.—See *Thiers*, vol. i., edit. 1854.

<sup>5</sup> *Royal Memoirs of the French Revolution*: Murray, 1823, p. 159.

bly, and the distracting uncertainty as to the fate awaiting them, the royal family at once adopted a quiet and studious routine. "We all passed the day together," says Madame Royale. "My father taught my brother geography; my mother history, and to learn verses by heart; and my aunt gave him little lessons in arithmetic. My father had fortunately found a library which amused him, and my mother worked tapestry. . . . We went every day to walk in the garden, for the sake of my brother's health, though the King was always insulted by the guard. On the Feast of Saint Louis *Ça Ira* was sung under the walls of the Temple. Manuel that evening brought my aunt a letter from her aunts at Rome.<sup>6</sup> It was the last the family received from without. My father was no longer called King. He was treated with no kind of respect; the officers always sat in his presence and never took off their hats. They deprived him of his sword and searched his pockets. . . . Pétion sent as turnkey and gaoler the horrible man<sup>7</sup> who had broken open my father's door on the 20th June 1792, and who had been near assassinating him. This man never left the Tower, and was indefatigable in endeavouring to torment him. One time he would sing the *Carmagnole*, and a thousand other horrors, before us; again, knowing that my mother disliked the smoke of tobacco, he would puff it in her face, as well as in that of my father, as they happened to pass him. He took care always to be in bed before we went to supper, because he knew that we must pass through his room. Sometimes, even, he would be in bed as we went to dinner; in short, there was no species of torment or insult that he did not practise. My father suffered it all with gentleness, forgiving the man from the bottom of his heart. My mother bore it with a dignity that frequently repressed his

<sup>6</sup> Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire.

<sup>7</sup> Rocher, a saddler by trade.

insolence.”<sup>8</sup> The only occasion, Madame Royale says, on which the Queen showed any impatience at the conduct of the officials, was when a municipal officer woke the Dauphin suddenly in the night to make certain that he was safe, as though the sight of the peacefully sleeping child would not have been in itself the best assurance.

Clery, the *valet de chambre* of the Dauphin,<sup>9</sup> having with difficulty obtained permission to resume his duties, entered the Temple on 24th August, and for eight days shared with M. de Huë the personal attendance; but on the 2d of September De Huë was arrested, seals were placed on the little room he had occupied, and Clery passed the night in that of the King. On the following morning Manuel arrived, charged by the Commune to inform the King that De Huë would not be permitted to return, and to offer to send another person. “I thank you,” answered the King. “I will manage with the *valet de chambre* of my son; and if the council refuse I will serve myself. I am determined to do it.”<sup>10</sup> On the 3d September Manuel visited the Temple and assured the King that Madame de Lamballe and all the other prisoners who had been removed to La Force were well, and safely guarded. “But at three o’clock,” says Madame Royale, “just after dinner, and as the King was sitting down to tric-trac with my mother (which he played for the purpose of having an opportunity of saying a few words to her unheard by the keepers, the most horrid shouts were heard. The officer who happened to be on guard in the room behaved well. He shut the door and the window,

<sup>8</sup> *Royal Memoirs*, pp. 166–170.

<sup>9</sup> Clery we have seen and known, and the form and manners of that model of pristine faith and loyalty can never be forgotten. Gentleman-like and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features announced that the sad scenes in which he had acted a part so honourable were never for a moment out of his memory.—Scott’s *Life of Napoleon*, edit. 1827, vol. ii., p. 148.

<sup>10</sup> Clery’s *Journal*.



and even drew the curtains to prevent their seeing anything; but outside the workmen and the gaoler Rocher joined the assassins and increased the tumult. Several officers of the guard and the municipality now arrived, and on my father's asking what was the matter, a young officer replied, 'Well, since you will know, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to show you.' At these words my mother was overcome with horror; it was the only occasion on which her firmness abandoned her. The municipal officers were very angry with the young man; but the King, with his usual goodness, excused him, saying that it was his own fault since he had questioned the officer. The noise lasted till five o'clock. We learned that the people had wished to force the door, and that the municipal officers had been enabled to prevent it only by putting a tri-coloured scarf <sup>11</sup> across it, and allowing six of the murderers to march round our prison with the head of the Princess, leaving at the door her body, which they would have dragged in also."

Clery was not so fortunate as to escape the frightful spectacle. He had gone down to dine with Tison and his wife, employed as servants in the Temple, and says: "We were hardly seated when a head, on the end of a pike, was presented at the window. Tison's wife gave a great cry; the assassins fancied they recognised the Queen's voice, and responded by savage laughter. Under the idea that his Majesty was still at table, they placed their dreadful trophy where it must be seen. It was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe; although bleeding, it was not disfigured, and her light hair, still in curls, hung about the pike."

The republicans were at this time infuriated by reports of the rapid approach of the Prussians. Rocher drew his sabre

<sup>11</sup> Madame Royale says later in her narrative: "The municipal officer who had given his scarf to tie across the door took care to make my father pay him its value." Clery says that he himself "paid the forty-five sous."

and threatened the King with it, crying, "If they come, I shall kill you!" For some hours it seemed impossible that the prisoners of the Temple should escape the fate of those slaughtered at La Force, the Conciergerie, and the others prisons, for the commissioners of the Commune addressed a letter to the Assembly beginning with these ominous words: "The sanctuary of Louis XVI. is threatened. *Resistance would be impolitic and dangerous, perhaps unjust.* Harmony between the representatives of the people and the Commissioners of the Commune might prevent excess."<sup>12</sup> At length, however, the immense mob that surrounded the Temple gradually withdrew, "to follow the head of the Princesse de Lamballe to the Palais Royal."<sup>13</sup> Meanwhile the royal family could scarcely believe that for the time their lives were saved. "My aunt and I heard the drums beating to arms all night," says Madame Royale; "my unhappy mother did not even attempt to sleep. We heard her sobs."

In the comparative tranquillity which followed the September massacres, the royal family resumed the regular habits they had adopted on entering the Temple. "The King usually rose at six in the morning," says Clery. "He shaved himself, and I dressed his hair; he then went to his reading-room, which being very small, the municipal officer on duty remained in the bed-chamber with the door open, that he might always keep the King in sight. His Majesty continued praying on his knees for some time, and then read till nine. During that interval, after putting his chamber to rights and preparing

<sup>12</sup> De Moleville's *Annals of the French Revolution*, vol. vii., p. 377.

<sup>13</sup> The pike that bore the head was fixed before the Duc d'Orléans' window as he was going to dinner. It is said that he looked at this horrid sight without horror, went into the dining-room, sat down to table, and helped his guests without saying a word. His silence and coolness left it doubtful whether the assassins, in presenting him this bloody trophy, intended to offer him an insult or to pay him homage.—*Ibid.*, p. 388.

the breakfast, I went down to the Queen, who never opened her door till I arrived, in order to prevent the municipal officer from going into her apartment. At nine o'clock the Queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth went up to the King's chamber to breakfast. At ten the King and his family went down to the Queen's chamber, and there passed the day. He employed himself in educating his son, made him recite passages from Corneille and Racine, gave him lessons in geography, and exercised him in colouring the maps. The Queen on her part, was employed in the education of her daughter, and these different lessons lasted till eleven o'clock. The remaining time till noon was passed in needlework, knitting, or making tapestry. At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family were conducted to the garden by four municipal officers and the commander of a legion of the national guard. As there were a number of workmen in the Temple employed in pulling down houses and building new walls, they only allowed a part of the chestnut-tree walk for the promenade, in which I was allowed to share, and where I also played with the young Prince at ball, quoits, or races. At two we returned to the Tower, where I served the dinner, at which time Santerre regularly came to the Temple, attended by two aides-de-camp. The King sometimes spoke to him — the Queen never.

“After the meal the royal family came down into the Queen's room, and their Majesties generally played a game of picquet or tric-trac. At four o'clock the King took a little repose, the Princesses round him, each with a book. . . . When the King woke the conversation was resumed, and I gave writing lessons to his son, taking the copies, according to his instructions, from the works of Montesquieu and other celebrated authors. After the lesson I took the young Prince into Madame Elizabeth's room, where we played at ball, and

battledore and shuttlecock. In the evening the family sat round a table, while the Queen read to them from books of history, or other works proper to instruct and amuse the children. Madame Elizabeth took the book in her turn, and in this manner they read till eight o'clock. After that I served the supper of the young Prince, in which the royal family shared, and the King amused the children with charades out of a collection of French papers which he found in the library. After the Dauphin had supped, I undressed him, and the Queen heard him say his prayers. At nine the King went to supper, and afterwards went for a moment to the Queen's chamber, shook hands with her and his sister for the night, kissed his children, and then retired to the turret-room, where he sat reading till midnight. The Queen and the Princesses locked themselves in, and one of the municipal officers remained in the little room which parted their chamber, where he passed the night; the other followed his Majesty. In this manner was the time passed as long as the King remained in the small tower."

But even these harmless pursuits were too often made the means of further insulting and thwarting the unfortunate family. Commissary Le Clerc interrupted the Prince's writing lessons, proposing to substitute Republican works for those from which the King selected his copies. A smith who was present when the Queen was reading the history of France to her children denounced her to the Commune for choosing the period when the Connétable de Bourbon took arms against France, and said she wished to inspire her son with unpatriotic feelings; a municipal officer asserted that the multiplication table the Prince was studying would afford a means of "speaking in cipher," so arithmetic had to be abandoned.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> "When I took my lessons," says Madame Royale, "and my mother made extracts from books for me, a municipal officer con-





Mme Vierge La Bruze

*The Princesse de Lamballe*



Much the same occurred even with the needlework; the Queen and Princess finished some chairbacks, which they wished to send to the Duchesse de Serente; but the officials considered that the patterns were hieroglyphics, intended for carrying on a correspondence, and ordered that none of the Princesses' work should leave the Temple. The short daily walk in the garden was also embittered by the rude and cruel buffoonery of the military and municipal gaolers; sometimes, it afforded an opportunity for marks of sympathy to be shown. People would station themselves at the windows of houses overlooking the Temple gardens, and evince by gestures their loyal affection, and some of the sentinels showed, even by tears, that their duty was painful to them.

On the 21st September the National Convention was constituted, Pétion being made president and Collot d'Herbois moving the "abolition of royalty" amidst transports of applause. That afternoon a municipal officer, attended by *gendarms à cheval* and followed by a crowd of people, arrived at the Temple, and, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed the establishment of the French Republic. The man, says Clery, "had the voice of a stentor." The royal family could distinctly hear the announcement of the King's deposition. "Hebert, so well known under the title of Père Duchêne, and Destournelles were on guard. They were sitting near the door, and turned to the King with meaning smiles. He had a book in his hand, and went on reading without changing countenance. The Queen showed the same firmness. The proclamation finished, the trumpets sounded afresh. I went to the window; the people took me for Louis XVI., and I was overwhelmed with insults."

After the new decree the prisoners were treated with continually looked over my shoulder, thinking we were engaged in conspiracies."

creased harshness. Pens, paper, ink, and pencils were taken from them. The King and Madame Elizabeth gave up all, but the Queen and her daughter each concealed a pencil. "In the beginning of October," says Madame Royale, "after my father had supped, he was told to stop, that he was not to return to his former apartments, and that he was to be separated from his family. At this dreadful sentence the Queen lost her usual courage. We parted from him with abundance of tears, though we expected to see him again in the morning."<sup>15</sup> They brought in our breakfast separately from his, however. My mother would take nothing. The officers, alarmed at her silent and concentrated sorrow, allowed us to see the King, but at meal-times only, and on condition that we should not speak low, nor in any foreign language, but loud and in 'good French.'<sup>16</sup> We went down, therefore, with the greatest joy to dine with my father. In the evening, when my brother was in bed, my mother and my aunt alternately sat with him or went with me to sup with my father. In the morning, after breakfast, we remained in the King's apartments while Clery dressed our hair, as he was no longer allowed to come to my mother's room, and this arrangement gave us the pleasure of spending a few moments more with my father."<sup>17</sup>

<sup>15</sup> At nine o'clock, says Clery, the King asked to be taken to his family, but the municipal officers replied that they had "no orders for that." Shortly afterwards a boy brought the King some bread and a decanter of lemonade for his breakfast. The King gave half the bread to Clery, saying, "It seems they have forgotten your breakfast; take this, the rest is enough for me." Clery refused, but the King insisted. "I could not contain my tears," he adds; "the King perceived them, and his own fell also."

<sup>16</sup> Madame Elizabeth was violently rebuked by one of the officers for addressing her brother in a low tone.

<sup>17</sup> When the first deputation from the Council of the Commune visited the Temple, and formally inquired whether the King had any complaint to make, he replied, "No; while he was permitted to remain with his family he was happy."



The royal prisoners had no comfort except their affection for each other. At that time even common necessities were denied them. Their small stock of linen had been lent them by persons of the Court during the time they spent at the Feuillans.<sup>18</sup> The Princesses mended their clothes every day, and after the King had gone to bed Madame Elizabeth mended his. "With much trouble," says Clery, "I procured some fresh linen for them. But the workwomen having marked it with crowned letters, the Princesses were ordered to pick them out." The room in the great tower to which the King had been removed contained only one bed, and no other article of furniture. A chair was brought on which Clery spent the first night; painters were still at work on the room, and the smell of the paint was almost unbearable. The room was afterwards furnished by collecting from various parts of the Temple a chest of drawers, a small bureau, a few odd chairs, a chimney-glass, and a bed hung with green damask, which had been used by the captain of the guard to the Comte d'Artois. A room for the Queen was being prepared over that of the King, and she implored the workmen to finish it quickly, but it was not ready for her occupation for some time, and when she was allowed to remove to it the Dauphin was taken from her and placed with his father. When their Majesties met again in the great Tower, says Clery, there was little change in the hours fixed for meals, reading, walking, and the education of their children. They were not allowed to have mass said in the Temple, and therefore commissioned Clery to get them the breviary in use in the diocese of Paris. Among the books read by the King while in the Tower were Hume's *History of England* (in the original), Tasso, and the

<sup>18</sup> Madame Campan says the Queen told her while at the Feuillans that the wife of the English Ambassador (the Countess of Sutherland) had provided linen for the use of the Dauphin.

*De Imitatione Christi.* The jealous suspicions of the municipal officers led to the most absurd investigations; a draught-board was taken to pieces lest the squares should hide treasonable papers; macaroons were broken in half to see that they did not contain letters; peaches were cut open and the stones cracked; and Clery was compelled to drink the essence of soap prepared for shaving the King, under the pretence that it might contain poison.

In November the King and all the family had feverish colds, and Clery had an attack of rheumatic fever. On the first day of his illness he got up and tried to dress his master, but the King, seeing how ill he was, ordered him to lie down, and himself dressed the Dauphin. The little Prince waited on Clery all day, and in the evening the King contrived to approach his bed, and said in a low voice, "I should like to take care of you myself, but you know how we are watched. Take courage; to-morrow you shall see my doctor."<sup>19</sup> Madame Elizabeth brought the valet cooling draughts, of which she deprived herself; and after Clery was able to get up, the young Prince one night with great difficulty kept awake till eleven o'clock in order to give him a box of lozenges when he went to make the King's bed.

On 7th December a deputation from the Commune brought an order that the royal family should be deprived of "knives, razors, scissors, penknives, and all other cutting instruments." The King gave up a knife, and took from a morocco case a pair of scissors and a penknife; and the officials then searched the room, taking away the little toilette implements of gold and silver, and afterwards removing the Princesses' working materials. Returning to the King's room, they insisted on seeing what remained in his pocket-case. "Are these toys

<sup>19</sup> M. Le Monnier, who had been allowed to attend the royal family during their slight illnesses.

which I have in my hand also cutting instruments?" asked the King, showing them a cork-screw, a turn-screw, and a steel for lighting. These also were taken from him. Shortly afterwards Madame Elizabeth was mending the King's coat, and, having no scissors, was compelled to break the thread with her teeth. "What a contrast!" he exclaimed, looking at her tenderly. "You wanted nothing in your pretty house at Montreuil." — "Ah, brother," she answered, "how can I have any regret when I partake your misfortunes?"<sup>20</sup>

The Queen had frequently to take on herself some of the humble duties of a servant. This was especially painful to Louis XVI. when the anniversary of some State festival brought the contrast between past and present with unusual keenness before him. "Ah, Madame," he once exclaimed, "what an employment for a Queen of France! Could they see that at Vienna! Who would have foreseen that, in uniting your lot to mine, you would have descended so low?" — "And do you esteem as nothing," she replied, "the glory of being the wife of one of the best and most persecuted of men? Are not such misfortunes the noblest honours?"<sup>21</sup>

Meanwhile the Assembly had decided that the King should be brought to trial. Nearly all parties, except the Girondists, no matter how bitterly opposed to each other, could agree in making him the scapegoat; and the first rumour of the approaching ordeal was conveyed to the Temple by Clery's wife,<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Clery's *Journal*.

<sup>21</sup> Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 299.

<sup>22</sup> The Convention was fatigued by long discussions. Members not interested in them, and the two parties not in the first rank, felt the need of concord, and wished to see men occupy themselves with the Republic. There was an apparent truce, and the attention of the Assembly was directed for a moment to the new constitution, which the Mountain caused it to abandon in order to decide on the fate of the fallen Prince. The leaders of the Extreme Left did not want the Girondists and the moderate members of the Plain to organise

who, with a friend, had permission occasionally to visit him. "I did not know how to announce this horrid news to the King," he says; "but time was pressing, and he had forbidden my concealing anything from him. In the evening, while undressing him, I gave him an account of all I had learnt, and added that there were only four days to concert some plan of corresponding with the Queen. The arrival of the municipal officer would not allow me to say more. Next morning, when the King rose, I could not get a moment for speaking with him. He went up with his son to breakfast with the Princesses, and I followed. After breakfast he talked long with the Queen, who, by a look full of trouble, made me understand that they were discussing what I had told the King. During the day I found an opportunity of describing to Madame Elizabeth how much it had cost me to augment the King's distress by informing him of his approaching trial. She reassured me, saying that the King felt this as a mark of attachment on my part, and added, 'That which most troubles him is the fear of being separated from us.' In the evening the King told me how satisfied he was at having had warning that he was to appear before the Convention. 'Continue,' he said, 'to endeavour to find out something as to what they want to do with me. Never fear distressing me. I have agreed with my family not to seem pre-informed, in order not to compromise you.'"

the Republic. They would have established the system of the Bourgeoisie, a little more democratic than that of 1791. . . . but they could only accomplish their end by power, and they could only obtain power by protracting the revolutionary state in France. The condemnation of Louis XVI. would arouse all passions, rally round them the violent parties, and, by exposing the desire of the Girondists to save Louis XVI., ruin them in the estimation of the multitude. A dethroned king was dangerous to a young democracy; but the party of the Mountain would have been more clement had it not hoped to ruin the Gironde at the same time.—Mignet's *History of the French Revolution*: Bell and Daldy, 1868, p. 178.



Soon after this conversation Clery had to appear before a committee sent to the Temple to audit the expenses of the royal prisoners, and he then learnt from a municipal officer that it had not yet been decided to separate the King from his family; but a newspaper was given him containing the decree which ordered that the King should appear before the Convention.

On the 1th December, at five o'clock in the morning, the prisoners heard the *générale* beaten throughout Paris, and cavalry and cannon entered the Temple gardens. At nine the King and the Dauphin went as usual to breakfast with the Queen. They were allowed to remain together for an hour, but constantly under the eyes of their republican guardians. "Not being able to pour out their hearts freely, or express the many fears agitating them, was," says Clery, "perpetual torture to the royal family." At last they were obliged to part, doubtful whether they would ever see each other again. The little Prince, who remained with his father, and was ignorant of the new cause for anxiety, begged hard that the King would play at ninepins with him as usual. Twice the Dauphin could not get beyond a certain number. "Each time that I get up to *sixteen*," he said, with some vexation, "I lose the game." The King did not reply, but Clery fancied the words made some impression on him.<sup>23</sup>

At eleven, while the King was giving the Dauphin a reading lesson, two municipal officers entered and said they had come "to take young Louis to his mother." The King inquired why, but was only told that such were the orders of the council. At one o'clock the Mayor of Paris, Chambon, accompanied by Chaumette, *Procureur de la Commune*, Santerre, commandant

<sup>23</sup> In such crises the royal family naturally saw evil omens in things too trivial for notice at other times. See Madame Campan's story of the Queen's alarm about the candles on her toilette-table.—

of the national guard, and others, arrived at the Temple and read a decree to the King, which ordered that "Louis Capet" should be brought before the Convention. "Capet is not my name," he replied, "but that of one of my ancestors. I could have wished," he added, "that you had left my son with me during the last two hours. But this treatment is consistent with all I have experienced here. I follow you, not because I recognise the authority of the Convention, but because I can be compelled to obey it." He then followed the Mayor to a carriage which waited, with a numerous escort, at the gate of the Temple. The family left behind were overwhelmed with grief and apprehension. "It is impossible to describe the anxiety we suffered," says Madame Royale. "My mother used every endeavour with the officer who guarded her to discover what was passing; it was the first time she had condescended to question any of these men. He would tell her nothing."

Madame Elizabeth beckoned to Clery to follow her to her room, while the Queen talked with the municipal officer. "We are prepared for the worst," she said; "we encourage no false hopes about the King's fate. He will die the victim of his goodness and his love for the people, for whose happiness he has laboured ever since he came to the throne. How cruelly are they deceived! The King's religion will support him even in this terrible adversity." For an hour the Princess talked to the faithful servant, asking after a time, with obvious agitation, "Have you heard them speak of the Queen? Alas! what can they reproach *her* with?" — "No, Madame; but what can they reproach the King with?" — "Oh, with nothing, with nothing! But perhaps they look on the King as a victim necessary for their safety. The Queen and her children could not be an obstacle to their ambition."

This long and sad interview was their last. At six o'clock

Clery received the Commune's orders to have no further communication with the Dauphin and the three Princesses, as he was set apart to wait on the King only. By a refinement of cruelty, when the prisoners felt most intense anxiety for tidings of each other, they were to be most strictly guarded from receiving them; and the hours already numbered were no longer to be passed together.

TRIAL OF THE KING — HIS WILL — DEBATE ON THE SENTENCE — PARTING OF THE ROYAL FAMILY — EXECUTION.

The crowd was immense as, on the morning of 11th December 1792, Louis XVI. was driven slowly from the Temple to the Convention, escorted by cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Paris looked like an armed camp: all the posts were doubled; the muster-roll of the national guard was called over every hour; a piquet of two hundred men watched in the court of each of the right sections; a reserve with cannon was stationed at the Tuileries, and strong detachments patrolled the streets and cleared the road of all loiterers. The trees that lined the boulevards, the doors and windows of the houses, were alive with gazers, and all eyes were fixed on the King. He was much changed since his people last beheld him. The beard he had been compelled to grow after his razors were taken from him covered cheeks, lips, and chin with light-coloured hair, which concealed the melancholy expression of his mouth; he had become thin, and his garments hung loosely on him; but his manner was perfectly collected and calm, and he recognised and named to the Mayor the various quarters through which he passed. On arriving at the Feuillans he was taken to a room to await the orders of the Assembly. During this brief interval the members debated on how their illustrious prisoner should be received. Barère, the President, said, "Citizens of the tribunes, Louis is at the bar. You are about to give a

great lesson to kings, a great and useful example to nations. Bethink you of the silence that accompanied Louis from Varennes — a silence that was the precursor of the judgment of kings by the people.” “Let the silence of the grave affright the guilty,”<sup>24</sup> exclaimed Légendie. “As the Convention is not condemned to attend to-day to nothing but a King,” said Manuel, “I think it would be proper to employ ourselves on some important business, even though we should make Louis wait when he arrives.”<sup>25</sup> His motion was adopted, and a discussion began on a law concerning the emigrants.

It was about half-past two when the King appeared at the bar. The Mayor and Generals Santerre and Wittengoff were at his side. Profound silence pervaded the Assembly. All were touched by the King’s dignity and the composure of his looks under so great a reverse of fortune. By nature he had been formed rather to endure calamity with patience than to contend against it with energy. The approach of death could not disturb his serenity.

“Louis, you may be seated,” said Barère. “Answer the questions that shall be put to you.” The King seated himself and listened to the reading of the *acte énonciatif*, article by article.<sup>26</sup> All the faults of the Court were there enumerated and imputed to Louis XVI. personally. He was charged with the interruption of the sittings of the 20th of June 1789, with the Bed of Justice held on the 23d of the same month, the aristocratic conspiracy thwarted by the insurrection of the

<sup>24</sup> See Lamartine’s *History of the Girondists*, English edit. 1870, vol. ii., pp. 309, 310.

<sup>25</sup> Bertrand de Moleville’s *Annals*, English edit. 1802, vol. viii., p. 243.

<sup>26</sup> The King sat down with an intrepid air; no signs of emotion appeared on his countenance. The dignity and calmness of his presence were such that the Girondists were melted to tears, and the fanaticism of Saint Just, Robespierre, and Marat for a moment yielded to the feelings of humanity.—*Alison*.



14th of July, the entertainment of the life-guards, the insults offered to the national cockade, the refusal to sanction the declaration of rights, as well as several constitutional articles; lastly, all the facts which indicated a new conspiracy in October, and which were followed by the scenes of the 5th and 6th; the speeches of reconciliation which had succeeded all these scenes, and which promised a change that was not sincere; the false oath taken at the Federation of the 14th of July; the secret practices of Talon and Mirabeau to effect a counter-revolution; the money spent in bribing a great number of deputies; the assemblage of the "knights of the dagger" on the 28th of February 1791; the flight to Varennes; the fusillade of the Champ de Mars; the silence observed respecting the treaty of Pilnitz; the delay in the promulgation of the decree which incorporated Avignon with France; the commotions at Nîmes, Montauban, Mende, and Jalès; the continuance of their pay to the emigrant life-guards and to the disbanded constitutional guard; the insufficiency of the armies assembled on the frontiers; the refusal to sanction the decree for the camp of twenty thousand men; the disarming of the fortresses; the organisation of secret societies in the interior of Paris; the review of the Swiss and the garrison of the Palace on the 10th August; the summoning the Mayor to the Tuileries; and lastly, the effusion of blood which had resulted from these military dispositions. After each article the President paused, and said, "What have you to answer?" The King, in a firm voice, denied some of the facts, imputed others to his ministers, and always appealed to the constitution, from which he declared he had never deviated.<sup>27</sup> His an-

<sup>27</sup> The King listened unmoved to the act of accusation, only at one or two passages, where it passed the bounds of even injustice and falsehood, and where he was reproached with shedding the blood of the people, which he had so religiously spared during his reign, he could not prevent himself from betraying his indignation by a bitter

swers were very temperate, but on the charge — “You spilt the blood of the people on the 10th of August,” he exclaimed with emphasis, “No, sir, no; it was not I.”<sup>28</sup>

All the papers on which the act of accusation was founded were then shown to the King, and he disavowed some of them and disputed the existence of the iron chest; this produced a bad impression, and was worse than useless, as the fact had been proved.<sup>29</sup> Throughout the examination the King showed great presence of mind. He was careful in his answers never to implicate any members of the constituent and legislative Assemblies; many who then sat as his judges trembled lest he should betray them. The Jacobins beheld with dismay the profound impression made on the Convention by the firm but mild demeanour of the sovereign. The most violent of the party proposed that he should be hung that very night; a laugh as of demons followed the proposal from the benches of the Mountain, but the majority, composed of the Girondists and the neutrals, decided that he should be formally tried.<sup>30</sup>

smile and a shrug of his shoulders. It was evident that he expected everything but to be called a sanguinary Prince. He lifted his eyes to heaven as though invoking God to witness his innocence.—Lamar-tine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1870, vol. ii., p. 311.

<sup>28</sup> Thiers' *French Revolution*, edit. 1854, vol. ii., pp. 198–200.

<sup>29</sup> A secret closet which the King had directed to be constructed in a wall in the Tuileries. The door was of iron, whence it was afterwards known by the name of the *iron chest*. The workman employed to construct it gave information to Roland, who, being anxious to ascertain the truth of the statement, had the imprudence to hasten to the spot unaccompanied by witnesses selected from the Assembly, which gave his enemies occasion to assert that he had abstracted some of the papers. One important document the Jacobins turned into an implement against the Girondists. It was an overture from that party to Louis XVI., shortly before the 10th of August, engaging to oppose the motion for his forfeiture, provided he would recall to his councils the three discarded ministers of the Girondist party.—See *Thiers* and *Scott*.

<sup>30</sup> Alison's *History of Europe*, 10th edit., vol. ii., p. 301.

After the examination Santerre took the King by the arm and led him back to the waiting-room of the Convention, accompanied by Chambon and Chaumette. Mental agitation and the length of the proceedings had exhausted him, and he staggered from weakness. Chaumette inquired if he wished for refreshment, but the King refused it. A moment after, seeing a grenadier of the escort offer the Procureur de la Commune half a small loaf, Louis XVI. approached and asked him, in a whisper, for a piece. "Ask aloud for what you want," said Chaumette, retreating as though he feared being suspected of pity. "I ask for a piece of your bread," replied the King. "Divide it with me," said Chaumette. "It is a Spartan breakfast. If I had a root I would give you half."<sup>31</sup>

Soon after six in the evening the King returned to the Temple. "He seemed tired," says Clery simply, "and his first wish was to be led to his family. The officers refused, on the plea that they had no orders. He insisted that at least they should be informed of his return, and this was promised him. The King ordered me to ask for his supper at half-past eight. The intervening hours he employed in his usual reading, surrounded by four municipals. When I announced that supper was served, the King asked the commissaries if his family could not come down. They made no reply. 'But at least,' the King said, 'my son will pass the night in my room, his bed being here?' The same silence. After supper the King again urged his wish to see his family. They answered that they must await the decision of the Convention. While I was undressing him the King said, 'I was far from expecting all the questions they put to me.' He lay down with perfect calmness. The order for my removal during the night was not executed." On the King's return to the Temple being known, "my mother asked to see him instantly," writes

<sup>31</sup> Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1870, vol. ii., p. 313.

Madame Royale. "She made the same request even to Cham-bon, but received no answer. My brother passed the night with her; and as he had no bed, she gave him hers, and sat up all the night in such deep affliction that we were afraid to leave her; but she compelled my aunt and me to go to bed. Next day she again asked to see my father, and to read the newspapers, that she might learn the course of the trial. She entreated that if she was to be denied this indulgence, his children, at least, might see him. Her requests were referred to the Commune. The newspapers were refused; but my brother and I were to be allowed to see my father on condition of being *entirely separated from my mother*. My father replied that, great as his happiness was in seeing his children, the important business which then occupied him would not allow of his attending altogether to his son, and that his daughter could not leave her mother."<sup>32</sup>

The Assembly having, after a violent debate, resolved that Louis XVI. should have the aid of counsel, a deputation was sent to the Temple to ask whom he would choose. The King named MM. Target and Tronchet: the former refused his

<sup>32</sup> The substance of the decree as to the King's intercourse with his family was as follows:—"That the Queen and Madame Elizabeth should not communicate with the King at all during the course of the trial; that his children should come to him if he wished, on condition that they should not see their mother nor their aunt again until after the last examination. 'You see,' said the King, 'the cruel alternative in which they have just placed me. I cannot make up my mind to have my children with me. As to my daughter, it is impossible; and as to my son, I know by myself the pain the Queen would feel. I must therefore submit to this fresh sacrifice.' His Majesty ordered me to take away the young Prince's bed; but I kept his linen and clothes, and every other day sent what was necessary, as I had agreed with Madame Elizabeth."—Clery's *Journal*. During their last interview Madame Elizabeth had given Clery one of her handkerchiefs, saying, "You shall keep it so long as my brother continues well; if he becomes ill, send it to me among my nephew's things."



services on the ground that he had discontinued practice since 1785; the latter complied at once with the King's request; and while the Assembly was considering who to nominate in Target's place, the President received a letter from the venerable Malesherbes,<sup>33</sup> then seventy years old, and "the most respected magistrate in France," in the course of which he said, "I have been twice called to be counsel for him who was my master, in times when that duty was coveted by every one. I owe him the same service now that it is a duty which many people deem dangerous. If I knew any possible means of acquainting him with my desires, I should not take the liberty of addressing myself to you." Other citizens made similar proposals, but the King, being made acquainted with them by a deputation from the Commune, while expressing his gratitude for all the offers, only accepted that of Malesherbes.<sup>34</sup>

On the 14th December M. Tronchet was allowed to confer with the King, and later in the same day M. de Malesherbes was admitted to the Tower. "The King ran up to this worthy old man, whom he clasped in his arms," says Clery, "and the former minister melted into tears at the sight of his mas-

<sup>33</sup> Christian Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, an eminent French statesman, son of the Chancellor of France, was born at Paris in 1721. In 1750 he succeeded his father as President of the Court of Aids, and was also made superintendent of the press. On the banishment of the Parliaments and the suppression of the Court of Aids, Malesherbes was exiled to his country-seat. In 1775 he was appointed Minister of State. On the decree of the Convention for the King's trial, he emerged from his retreat to become the voluntary advocate of his sovereign. Malesherbes was guillotined in 1794, and almost his whole family was extirpated by their merciless persecutors.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

<sup>34</sup> The Citoyenne Olympia Degouges, calling herself a *free and loyal Republican without spot or blame*, and declaring that the cold and selfish cruelty of Target had inflamed her heroism and roused her sensibility, asked permission to assist M. de Malesherbes in defending the King. The Assembly passed to the order of the day on this request.—Bertrand de Moleville's *Annals*, edit. 1802, vol. viii., p. 254.

ter.”<sup>35</sup> Another deputation brought the King the Act of Accusation and the documents relating to it, numbering more than a hundred, and taking from four o’clock till midnight to read. During this long process the King had refreshments served to the deputies, taking nothing himself till they had left, but considerably reproving Clery for not having supped. From the 14th to the 26th December the King saw his counsel and their colleague M. de Sèze every day. At this time a means of communication between the royal family and the King was devised; a man named Turgi, who had been in the royal kitchen, and who contrived to obtain employment in the Temple, when conveying the meals of the royal family to their apartments, or articles he had purchased for them, managed to give Madame Elizabeth news of the King. Next day the Princess, when Turgi was removing the dinner, slipped into his hand a bit of paper on which she had pricked with a pin a request for a word from her brother’s own hand. Turgi gave this paper to Clery, who conveyed it to the King the same evening; and he, being allowed writing materials while preparing his defence, wrote Madame Elizabeth a short note. An answer was conveyed in a ball of cotton, which Turgi threw under Clery’s bed while passing the door of his room. Letters were also passed between the Princess’ room and that of Clery, who lodged beneath her, by means of a string let down and drawn up at night. This communication with his family was a great comfort to the King, who nevertheless constantly cautioned his faithful servant. “Take care,” he would say kindly, “you expose yourself too much.”<sup>36</sup>

<sup>35</sup> According to M. de Huë, “The first time M. de Malesherbes entered the Temple the King clasped him in his arms and said, ‘Ah, is it you, my friend? You fear not to endanger your own life to save mine; but all will be useless. They will bring me to the scaffold. No matter; I shall gain my cause if I leave an unspotted memory behind me.’”

<sup>36</sup> The King’s natural benevolence was constantly shown while in the

During his separation from his family the King refused to go into the garden. When it was proposed to him he said, "I cannot make up my mind to go out alone; the walk was agreeable to me only when I shared it with my family." But he did not allow himself to dwell on painful reflections. He talked freely to the municipals on guard, and surprised them by his varied and practical knowledge of their trades, and his interest in their domestic affairs. On the 19th December the King's breakfast was served as usual; but, being a fast-day, he refused to take anything. At dinner-time the King said to Clery, "Fourteen years ago you were up earlier than you were to-day; it is the day my daughter was born—to-day, her birthday," he repeated with tears, "and to be prevented from seeing her!" Madame Royale had wished for a calendar; the King ordered Clery to buy her the *Almanac of the Republic*, which had replaced the *Court Almanac*, and ran through it, marking with a pencil many names.

"On Christmas Day," says Clery, "the King wrote his will.<sup>37</sup> I read and copied it at the time, when it was given to the council." It was as follows:—

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF HIS MOST CHRISTIAN  
MAJESTY.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Temple. His own dreadful position never prevented him from sympathy with the smaller troubles of others. A servant in the Temple named Marchand, the father of a family, was robbed of two hundred francs—his wages for two months. The King observed his distress, asked its cause, and gave Clery the amount to be handed to Marchand, with a caution not to speak of it to any one, and, above all, not to thank the King, lest it should injure him with his employers.

<sup>37</sup> Madame Royale says: "On the 26th December, St. Stephen's Day, my father made his will, because he expected to be assassinated that day on his way to the bar of the Convention. He went thither, nevertheless, with his usual calmness."—*Royal Memoirs*, p. 195.



Holy Ghost: This day, December 25, 1792, I, Louis XVI., King of France, having been for more than four months shut up with my family in the Tower of the Temple at Paris by those who were my subjects, and deprived of every kind of communication with my family since the 11th of this month; and being moreover involved in a trial, of which, from the passions of mankind, it is impossible to foresee the event, and for which neither pretext nor precedent can be found in any existing law; having no witness of my thoughts but God, and no one but Him to whom I can address myself, I here declare in His presence, my last Will and sentiments.

“I leave my soul to God, my Creator: I implore Him to receive it in His mercy, and not to judge it according to its merits but according to those of our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered Himself as a sacrifice to God, His Father, for us men, unworthy as we were, and especially myself. I die in the communion of our Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Mother Church, which holds its powers by an uninterrupted succession from St. Peter, to whom Jesus Christ had entrusted them. I firmly believe, and I confess, all that is contained in the commandments of God and the Church — in the sacraments and mysteries which the Church teaches and has always taught. I have never presumed to make myself a judge as to the different manners of explaining the doctrines which divide the Church of Jesus Christ; but I have always referred myself, and shall always refer myself, if God shall grant me life, to the decisions which the superior ecclesiastics give, and shall give conformably to the discipline of the Church followed since Jesus Christ. I lament with my whole heart for our brethren who may be in error, but I do not presume to judge them; and I do not the less love them in Jesus Christ agreeably to what Christian charity teaches us.

“I implore God to pardon me all my sins. I have endeav-



oured scrupulously to know them, to detest them, and to humble myself in His presence.

“Not having it in my power to avail myself of the ministry of a Catholic Priest, I implore God to receive the confession I have made to Him; and, above all, my profound repentance for having put my name (although it was contrary to my will) to those acts which may be contrary to the discipline and the belief of the Catholic Church, to which I have always remained sincerely united in my heart. I implore God to receive the firm resolution I entertain, should He grant me life, to avail myself, as soon as it shall be in my power, of the ministry of a Catholic Priest, to accuse myself of all my sins, and to receive the sacrament of penitence.

“I beseech all those whom by inadvertence I may have offended (for I do not recollect ever knowingly to have committed an offence against any one), or those to whom I may have given a bad example, or occasion for scandal, to pardon me the evil which they think I may have done them.

“I beseech all those who have charity to unite their prayers to my own, to obtain from God the pardon of my sins.

“I pardon with my whole heart those who have made themselves my enemies, without my having given them any cause; and I pray to God that he will pardon them, as well as those who, by a false zeal, or by a zeal ill understood, have done me much evil.

“I recommend to God my wife, my children, my sister, my aunts, my brother, and all those who are attached to me by the ties of blood, or in any other manner whatsoever.

“I especially implore God to cast the eyes of His mercy upon my wife, my children, and my sister, who have for so long a time suffered with me, to support them by His grace, should they happen to lose me, so long as they shall remain in this perishable world.



“I recommend my children to my wife; I have never doubted of her maternal tenderness for them. I recommend her to make them good Christians and honest; to induce them to consider the grandeurs of this world (should they be condemned to make trial of them) as no other than dangerous and perishable possessions; and to turn their view to the only solid and durable glory of eternity.

“I beseech my sister to be pleased to continue her tenderness to my children, and to supply to them the place of a mother, should they have the misfortune to lose their own.

“I beseech my wife to forgive me all those evils which she suffers for me, and the uneasiness which I may have given her in the course of our union; as she may be assured that I retain nothing in my mind respecting her, should she imagine that she has any reason to reproach herself with respect to me.

“I earnestly recommend to my children, after what they owe to God, which they ought to consider as prior to everything else, to remain always united among themselves, submissive and obedient to their mother, and grateful to her for all the pains she takes for them, and in memory of me.

“I beseech them to consider my sister as a second mother. I recommend to my son, should he have the misfortune to become a King, to reflect that he owes himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow-citizens, that he ought to forget all hatred and resentment, and especially all which has a reference to the misfortunes and miseries which I experience; that he cannot effect the happiness of his people but by reigning according to the laws; that, at the same time, a king cannot make those respected or do the good which is in his heart unless he possess the necessary authority; and that otherwise being confined in his operations, and commanding no respect, he is more hurtful than useful.

“I recommend to my son to take care of all those persons

who have been attached to me, as far as the circumstances in which he may find himself shall give him an opportunity; to reflect that this is a sacred debt which I have contracted towards the children, or the relations of those who have perished for my sake, and towards those who have become miserable on my account.

“I know there are several persons in the number of those who were attached to me who have not behaved towards me as they ought to have done, and who have even shown ingratitude towards me; but I forgive them (for in the moments of trouble and effervescence one is not always master of one’s self); and I beseech my son, should he find an opportunity, to reflect only on their misfortunes. I wish I could here testify my thankfulness to those who have manifested towards me a true and disinterested attachment. On the one hand, if I have been sensibly affected by the ingratitude and disloyalty of those to whom I have never acted but with kindness, as well to themselves as to their relations and friends; on the other, I have had the consolation to see the voluntary attachment and interest which many persons have shown me. I beseech them to receive all my thanks for this. In the situation in which things yet are I should fear to commit them were I to speak more explicitly; but I especially recommend to my son to seek opportunity of being able to acknowledge them.

“I should, however, conceive that I calumniated the sentiments of the nation were I not openly to recommend to my son MM. de Chamilly and de Huë, whose sincere attachment to me has induced them to shut themselves up with me in this sorrowful abode, and who have been in danger of becoming the unhappy victims of that attachment. I also recommend to him Clery, with whose attention I have every reason to be satisfied since he has been with me to the end. I beseech MM. de la Commune to deliver to him my effects, my books, my



watch, and the other little articles of my property which have been deposited with the Conseil de Commune.

"I moreover fully pardon those who have imprisoned me, the ill-treatment and harshness which they have thought it their duty to use towards me. I have found some feeling and compassionate souls. May these enjoy in their hearts that tranquillity to which their mode of thinking should entitle them!

"I beseech MM. de Malesherbes, Tronchet, and de Sèze to receive here my utmost thanks, and the expression of my sensibility for all the pains and trouble they have been at on my account. I conclude, by declaring before God, and being ready to appear before Him, that I do not reproach myself with any of those crimes which have been charged against me.

"This instrument made in duplicate at the Tower of the Temple, the 25th of December 1792.

(Signed) LOUIS.

(Inscribed) BAUDRAIS,  
*Municipal Officer."*

On the 26th December 1792 the King appeared a second time before the Convention. M. de Sèze, labouring night and day, had completed his defence. The King insisted on excluding from it all that was too rhetorical, and confining it to the mere discussion of essential points.<sup>38</sup> At half-past nine in the morning the whole armed force was in motion to conduct him from the Temple to the Feuillans, with the same precautions and in the same order as had been observed on the former

<sup>38</sup> When the pathetic peroration of M. de Sèze was read to the King, the evening before it was delivered to the Assembly, "I have to request of you," he said, "to make a painful sacrifice; strike out of your pleading the peroration. It is enough for me to appear before such judges, and show my entire innocence; I will not move their feelings."

— *Lacretelle.*



occasion. Riding in the carriage of the Mayor, he conversed, on the way, with the same composure as usual, and talked of Seneca, of Livy, of the hospitals. Arrived at the Feuillans, he showed great anxiety for his defenders; he seated himself beside them in the Assembly, surveyed with great composure the benches where his accusers and his judges sat, seemed to examine their faces with the view of discovering the impression produced by the pleading of M. de Sèze, and more than once conversed smilingly with Tronchet and Malesherbes. The Assembly received his defence in sullen silence, but without any tokens of disapprobation. The advocate concluded with this brief and just tribute to the virtues of the King:—

“Louis ascended the throne at the age of twenty, and at the age of twenty he gave, upon the throne, an example of morality. He carried to it no culpable weakness, no corrupting passion. In that station he was economical, just, and severe, and proved himself the constant friend of the people. The people wished for the abolition of a disastrous impost which oppressed them;—he abolished it. The people demanded the abolition of servitude;—he began by abolishing it himself in his domains. The people solicited reforms in the criminal legislation to alleviate the condition of accused persons;—he made those reforms. The people desired that thousands of Frenchmen, whom the rigour of our customs had till then deprived of the rights belonging to citizens, might either acquire or be restored to those rights;—he extended that benefit to them by his laws. The people wanted liberty; and he conferred it. He even anticipated their wishes by his sacrifices; and yet it is in the name of this very people that men are now demanding——Citizens, I shall not finish——I pause before history. Consider that it will judge your judgment, and that its judgment will be that of ages!”

As soon as his advocate had finished Louis XVI. delivered a



few observations which he had written. "My means of defence," said he, "are now before you. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth.

"I was never afraid that my conduct should be publicly examined; but it wounds me to the heart to find in the act of accusation the imputation that I caused the blood of the people to be spilt, and above all, that the calamitous events of the 10th of August are attributed to me.

"I confess that the multiplied proofs which I have given at all times of my love for the people, and the manner in which I have always conducted myself, ought in my opinion to demonstrate that I was not afraid to expose myself in order to prevent bloodshed, and to clear me for ever from such an imputation."

The President then asked Louis XVI. if he had anything more to say in his defence. Louis having declared that he had not, the President informed him that he might retire.

Being conducted to an adjoining room with his counsel, the King showed great anxiety about M. de Sèze, who seemed fatigued by the long defence. While riding back to the Temple he conversed with his companions with the same serenity as he had shown on leaving it.

No sooner had the King left the hall of the Convention than a violent tumult arose there. Some were for opening the discussion. Others, complaining of the delays which postponed the decision of this process, demanded the vote immediately, remarking that in every court, after the accused had been heard, the judges proceed to give their opinion. Lanjuinais had from the commencement of the proceedings felt an indignation, which his impetuous disposition no longer suffered him to repress. He darted to the tribune, and, amidst the cries

excited by his presence, demanded the annulling of the proceedings altogether. He exclaimed that the days of ferocious men were gone by, that the Assembly ought not to be so dishonoured as to be made to sit in judgment on Louis XVI., that no authority in France had that right, and the Assembly in particular had no claim to it; that if it resolved to act as a political body, it could do no more than take measures of safety against the *ci-devant* King; but that if it was acting as a court of justice it was overstepping all principles, for it was subjecting the vanquished to be tried by the conquerors; since most of the present members had declared themselves the conspirators of the 10th of August. At the word *conspirators*, a tremendous uproar on arose on all sides. Cries of "*Order!*" "*To the Abbaye!*" "*Down with the Tribune!*" were heard. Lanjuinais strove in vain to justify the word *conspirators*, saying that he meant it to be taken in a favourable sense, and that the 10th of August was a glorious conspiracy. He concluded by declaring that he would rather die a thousand deaths than condemn, contrary to all laws, even the most execrable of tyrants.

A great number of speakers followed, and the confusion kept continually increasing. The members, determined not to hear any more, mingled together, formed groups, abused and threatened one another. After a tempest of an hour's duration tranquillity was at last restored, and the Assembly, adopting the opinion of those who demanded the discussion on the trial of Louis XVI., declared that it was opened, and that it should be continued, to the exclusion of all other business, till sentence should be passed.

The discussion was accordingly resumed on the 27th, and there was a constant succession of speakers from the 28th to the 31st. Vergniaud at length ascended the tribune for the first time, and an extraordinary eagerness was manifested to

hear the Girondists express their sentiments by the lips of their greatest orator, and break that silence of which Robespierre was not the only one to accuse them. Vergniaud asked if, to form a majority suitable to the wishes of certain persons, it was right to employ banishment and death, to change France into a desert, and thus deliver her up to the schemes of a handful of villains? Having avenged the majority and France, he avenged himself and his friends, whom he represented as resisting constantly, and with equal courage, all sorts of despotisms, the despotism of the Court, as well as that of the brigands of September. He represented them during the commotion of the 10th of August, sitting amidst the pealing of the cannon of the Palace, pronouncing the forfeiture of the crown before the victory of the people, while those Brutuses now so eager to take the lives of prostrate tyrants, were hiding their terrors in the bowels of the earth, and thus awaiting the issue of the uncertain battle which liberty was fighting with despotism. He strenuously urged that there was no danger of the appeal to the people, which he claimed as a right, leading to civil war. "Civil war!" he cried, "for having invoked the sovereignty of the people! . . . In July 1791 ye were more modest. Ye had no desire to paralyse it, and to reign in its stead. Ye circulated a petition for consulting the people on the judgment to be passed upon Louis on his return from Varennes! Ye then wished for the sovereignty of the people, and did not think that invoking it was capable of exciting civil war. Was it that then it favoured your secret views, and that now it is hostile to them?"<sup>39</sup>

<sup>39</sup> The Girondists, said Napoleon, condemned the King to death, and yet the majority of them had voted for the appeal to the people, which was intended to save him. This forms the inexplicable part of their conduct. Had they wished to preserve his life, they had the power to do so; nothing more would have been necessary than to adjourn the sentence, or condemn him to exile or transportation. But



“Who,” he concluded, “will guarantee to me that these seditious outcries of anarchical turbulence will not have the effect of rallying the aristocracy eager for revenge, poverty eager for change, and even pity itself, which inveterate prejudices will have excited for the fate of Louis? Who will guarantee to me that, amid this tempest, in which we shall see the murderers of the 2d of September issuing from their lairs, there will not be presented to you, dripping with blood, and by the title of liberator, that *defender*, that chief who is said to be so indispensable? A chief! The instant he appeared he would be pierced by a thousand wounds! But to what horrors would not Paris be consigned — Paris, whose heroic courage against kings posterity will admire, while it will be utterly incapable of conceiving her ignominious subjection to a handful of brigands, the scum of mankind, who render her bosom by the convulsive movements of their ambition and their fury! Who could dwell in a city where terror and death would hold sway? And ye, industrious citizens, whose labour is all your wealth, and for whom the means of labour would be destroyed; ye, who have made such great sacrifices at the Revolution, and who would be deprived of the absolute necessities of life; ye, whose virtues, whose ardent patriotism, and whose sincerity have rendered your seduction so easy, what would become of you?

to condemn him to death, and at the same time endeavour to make his fate depend on a popular vote, was the height of imprudence and absurdity; it was, after having destroyed the monarchy, to endeavour to tear France in pieces by a civil war. It was this false combination which ruined them. Vergniaud, their main pillar, was the very man who proclaimed, as president, the death of Louis; and he did this at the moment when the force of their party was such in the Assembly that it required several months' labour, and more than one popular insurrection, to overturn it. That party might have ruled the Convention, destroyed the Mountain and governed France, if they had at once pursued a manly, straightforward conduct. It was the refinement of metaphysicians which occasioned their fall.— *Las Cases*.

What would be your resources? What hand would dry your tears and carry relief to your perishing families?

"Would you apply to those false friends, those treacherous flatterers, who would have plunged you into the abyss? Ah! shun them rather! Dread their answer! I will tell you what it would be. You would ask them for bread; they would say to you, 'Go to the quarries, and dispute with the earth the possession of the mangled flesh of the victims whom ye have slaughtered!' Or, 'Do you want blood? here it is, take it — blood and carcases. We have no other food to offer you!' . . . Ye shudder, citizens! O my country, I call upon thee in my turn to attest the efforts that I make to save thee from this deplorable crisis!"<sup>40</sup>

This extempore speech of Vergniaud produced a deep impression on all his hearers. Robespierre was thunderstruck by his earnest and persuasive eloquence. Vergniaud, however, had but shaken, not convinced, the Assembly, which wavered between the two parties. Several members were successively heard, for and against the appeal to the people. Brissot, Gensonné, Pétion, supported it in their turn. One speaker at length had a decisive influence on the question. This was Barère. By his suppleness, and his cold and evasive eloquence, he was the model and oracle of the centre. He spoke at great length on the trial, reviewed it in all its bearings — of facts, of laws, and of policy — and furnished all those weak minds who only wanted specious reasons for yielding, with motives for the condemnation of the King. From that moment the

<sup>40</sup> It is known that throughout the King's trial the deputy Vergniaud seemed in despair, and passed the whole night after the monarch's condemnation in tears; and it is probable that the same night was as dreadful to all his colleagues, if we except a small number who, in their absurd ferocity, declared in the National Assembly that Louis XVI. deserved death for the single crime of being a king, and condemned him merely because they wished to destroy royalty.—*Bertrand de Moleville*.

unfortunate King was condemned. The discussion lasted till the 7th, and nobody would listen any longer to the continual repetition of the same facts and arguments. It was therefore declared to be closed without opposition, but the proposal of a fresh adjournment excited a commotion among the most violent, and ended in a decree which fixed the 14th of January for putting the questions to the vote.

Meantime the King did not allow the torturing suspense to disturb his outward composure, or lessen his kindness to those around him. On the morning after his second appearance at the bar of the Convention, the commissary Vincent, who had undertaken secretly to convey to the Queen a copy of the King's printed defence, asked for something which had belonged to him, to treasure as a relic; the King took off his neck handkerchief and gave it to him; his gloves he bestowed on another municipal, who had made the same request. "On January 1st," says Clery, "I approached the King's bed and asked permission to offer him my warmest prayers for the end of his misfortunes. 'I accept your good wishes with affection,' he replied, extending his hand to me. As soon as he had risen, he requested a municipal to go and inquire for his family, and present them his good wishes for the new year. The officers were moved by the tone in which these words, so heartrending, considering the position of the King, were pronounced. . . . The correspondence between their Majesties went on constantly. The King being informed that Madame Royale was ill, was very uneasy for some days. The Queen, after begging earnestly, obtained permission for M. Brunnier, the medical attendant of the royal children, to come to the Temple. This seemed to quiet him."<sup>41</sup>

<sup>41</sup> "I had something the matter with my foot," writes Madame Royale, "and my father, having heard of it, was, with his usual tenderness, very uneasy, and made constant inquiries."

The nearer the moment which was to decide the King's fate approached, says Thiers, the greater became the agitation in Paris. At the theatres voices favourable to Louis XVI. had been raised on the performance of *L'Ami des Lois*. "The Commune had ordered all the playhouses to be shut up; but the executive council had revoked that measure as a violation of the liberty of the press, in which was comprehended the liberty of the theatre. Deep consternation pervaded the prisons. A report was circulated that the atrocities of September were to be repeated there, and the prisoners and their relatives beset the deputies with supplications that they would snatch them from destruction. The Jacobins, on their part, alleged that conspiracies were hatching in all quarters to save Louis XVI. from punishment, and to restore royalty. Their anger, excited by delays and obstacles, assumed a more threatening aspect; and the two parties thus alarmed one another by supposing that each harboured sinister designs."

The debates of the 14th, 15th, and 16th January 1793 were so important to the royal family and the nation, that it will be of interest to reproduce the actual words of some of the speakers, as reported at the time.

On the 14th January the Convention called for the order of the day, being

#### THE FINAL JUDGMENT OF LOUIS XVI.

*M. Lebaridi*. There is a great variety of opinions in this Assembly relative to the conduct of Louis XVI., but there is one fact which we all ought to recognise, and that is that his judgment ought to be sanctioned by the people.

*M. Denou* presented a series of questions to be decided upon by the Convention.

*M. Louvet* wished to know, previous to his passing sentence



on Louis XVI., whether there was to be an appeal to the Primary Assemblies?

*Cambacérés*, *Gaudet*, and *Quenette* argued on the mode of decision.

The President then summed up what had been said by the various members, and put the question twice without effect. The *Appel Nominal* was then called for, and after much noise, riot, and confusion, it was decided that the following order should be observed relative to the questions about to be discussed:—

(1.) Is Louis guilty?

(2.) Shall the judgment be committed to the sanction of the people?

(3.) What punishment shall be inflicted upon him?

On 15th January, during profound silence, M. Manuel read the first question with an audible voice:

“Is Louis guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the Nation and the safety of the State?”

The subject of deliberation being thus enounced, *Salles*, another of the secretaries, commenced the *Appel Nominal*.

Each member in his turn ascended the tribune and expressed his opinion by saying “Yes” or “No.” At the same time his declaration was registered exactly opposite his name, in order that printed lists might be made out and transmitted to the 84 departments.

The *Appel Nominal* being finished, the President examined the register and made the following report:—

“Of 745 members that form the Convention, 693 have voted for the affirmative, 26 are absent upon public business, 26 have made different declarations, but not a single person has voted for the negative.”

The third series of votes was postponed till the following

day, which drew together a still greater concourse. It was the decisive sitting; the tribunes were early occupied by the Jacobins, whose eyes were fixed on the bureau at which every member was to deliver his vote. Great part of the day was taken up by measures of public order, and it was decided that the sitting should be permanent till the voting was over. It began at half-past seven in the evening, and lasted all night.<sup>42</sup>

As each deputy ascended the steps of the bureau silence was observed in order that he might be heard; but after he had given his vote, tokens of approbation or disapprobation burst forth, and accompanied his return to his seat. The tribunes received with murmurs all votes that were not for death; and they frequently addressed threatening gestures to the Assembly itself. The deputies replied to them from the interior of the

<sup>42</sup> The sitting of the Convention which concluded the trial lasted seventy-two hours. It might naturally be supposed that silence, restraint, a sort of religious awe, would have pervaded the scene. On the contrary, everything bore the marks of gaiety, dissipation, and the most grotesque confusion. The farther end of the hall was converted into boxes, where ladies, in a studied *déshabillé*, swallowed ices, oranges, liqueurs, and received the salutations of the members who went and came, as on ordinary occasions. Here the door-keepers on the Mountain side opened and shut the boxes reserved for the mistresses of the Duc d'Orléans; and there, though every sound of approbation or disapprobation was strictly forbidden, you heard the long and indignant "Ha, ha's!" of the mother duchess, the patroness of the bands of female Jacobins, whenever her ears were not loudly greeted with the welcome sounds of death. The upper gallery, reserved for the people, was during the whole trial constantly full of strangers of every description drinking wine as in a tavern. Bets were made as to the issue of the trial in all the neighbouring coffee-houses. Ennui, impatience, disgust sat on almost every countenance. The figures, passing and repassing, rendered more ghastly by the pallid lights, and who in a slow, sepulchral voice only pronounced the word — *Death*; others calculating if they should have time to go to dinner before they gave their verdict; women pricking cards with pins in order to count the votes; some of the deputies fallen asleep, and only waking up to give their sentence; all this had the appearance rather of a hideous dream than of a reality.— Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*.

hall, and hence resulted in tumultuous exchange of menaces and abusive epithets. This fearfully ominous scene shook all minds, and changed many resolutions.<sup>43</sup> Lecointe, of Versailles, whose courage was undoubted, and who had not ceased to respond to the gesticulation of the tribunes, advanced to the bureau, hesitated, and at length dropped from his lips the unexpected and terrible word *Death*. Vergniaud, who had appeared deeply affected by the fate of Louis XVI., and who had declared to his friends that he never could condemn that unfortunate Prince,—Vergniaud, on beholding this tumultuous scene, imagined that he saw civil war kindled in France, and pronounced sentence of death, with the addition, however, of Mailhe's amendment, that they should inquire whether it was not expedient to stay the execution. On being questioned respecting his change of opinion, Vergniaud replied that he thought he beheld civil war on the point of breaking out, and that he durst not balance the life of an individual against the welfare of France.

We shall here repeat the observations of some of those who did not decide directly on the question.

*M. Rouzet.* I cannot divide my opinion: I think that Louis and his family ought to be confined during the present war, unless some extraordinary circumstance occurs.

*M. Wandelaincourt (a bishop).* My holy functions do not permit me to pronounce in criminal matters.

*M. Lalande (a bishop).* I am exactly in the same predicament.

*M. Offelin.* I declare Louis guilty, and I beg leave to observe

<sup>43</sup> Many great and good men mournfully inclined to the severer side, from an opinion of its absolute necessity to annihilate a dangerous enemy, and establish an unsettled republic. Among these must be reckoned Carnot, who, when called on for his opinion, gave it in these words: "Death; and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart!" — *Alison*.

that although he asserted, through the medium of his defender, that the Body Guard was only paid up to January 1792, yet they actually received their appointments until the middle of July in that year.

*M. Conté.* I vote in the affirmative as a legislator, but as a judge I have not anything to say.

*M. Noël.* I cannot vote at all, because I have lost a son during a war that Louis has raised up against my country.

*MM. Fauchet, Dubois, Dubain, Larivière, and Doucée* said they were convinced of the guilt of Louis Capet; but they could not vote, on account of the manner in which the questions had been put.

*M. Chambon.* Louis is guilty; but this vote is conditional — that is, if you appeal to the people.

*MM. Girouett and Baraillon* begged leave to be excused from giving their opinion.

*M. Egalité.* *Louis Capet is guilty.*<sup>44</sup>

The President at the close of the *Appel Nominal* arose, and taking off his hat spoke as follows:—

“I hereby declare that the National Convention has found Louis Capet guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the Nation and the safety of the State.”

<sup>44</sup> “I cannot express the horror which was painted on the countenance of every individual in the National Convention when the Duke gave his votes for the death of his King and relation.”—*From the narrative of an eye-witness.*

The Duc d'Orléans, when called on to give his vote, walked with a faltering step, and a face paler than death itself, to the appointed place, and there read these words: “Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted the sovereignty of the people deserve death, my vote is for death!” Important as the accession of the first Prince of the blood was to the terrorist faction, his conduct in this instance was too obviously selfish and atrocious not to excite a general feeling of indignation; the agitation of the Assembly became extreme; it seemed as if by this single vote the fate of the monarch was irrevocably sealed.—*History of the Convention.*



A secretary now read the second question, "Shall the decree relative to the fate of Louis Capet be submitted to the judgment of the people?"

During the second *Appel Nominal* all the members in succession ascended the tribune. Those who voted for the appeal to the people declared themselves swayed by the dread of tumults in the Primary Assemblies.

*M. Robespierre.* I vote that the sentence of Louis Capet be decided by the Convention.

*M. Manuel.* I see legislators, not judges in this Assembly. I appeal to the people. I was shocked to observe Philippe Egalité, a relative of the late King, deciding upon his guilt!

*Philippe Egalité.* I thought of my duty, and of nothing else, when I declared Louis Capet guilty. I now vote that his judgment be not submitted to the people.<sup>44a</sup>

*M. Camille Desmoulins.* The King of Prussia was formerly bribed by Russia, and I am afraid that some persons here are bought over by England and Holland. I vote for a final decision.

<sup>44a</sup> The Duc d'Orléans lived in Paris, striving in vain to hide himself in the bosom of the Convention. This place most assuredly was not suited to him amidst furious demagogues. But whither was he to fly? In Europe the emigrants were ready for him, and insult, nay, perhaps even death, threatened this kinsman of royalty, who had repudiated his birthright and his rank. In France he strove to disguise that rank under the humblest titles, and he called himself *Egalité*. But still there remained the ineffaceable remembrance of his former existence, and the ever-present testimony of his immense wealth. Unless he were to put on rags, and render himself contemptible by cynicism, how was he to escape suspicion? In the ranks of the Girondists he would have been undone the very first day, and all the charges of royalism preferred against them would have been justified. In those of the Jacobins he would have the violence of Paris for a support, but he could not have escaped the accusations of the Girondists; and this it was that actually befell him. The latter, never forgiving him for having joined the ranks of their enemies, supposed that, to make himself endurable, he lavished his wealth on anarchists, and lent them the aid of his mighty fortune.—*Thiers*.

This member was instantly called to order, and censured by the President.

*M. Dufrault.* An appeal to the people. (This member having being insulted by a stranger on going out, the latter was instantly arrested.)

*M. Pons.* I have altered my opinion. I now vote against the appeal.

*M. Barbaroux.* I also wish the appeal to the people, and that because it has been negatived by Philippe d'Orléans. I vote for this also, because I dread lest an usurper should succeed a tyrant.

*M. Chambon.* I too appeal to the people, because I behold a powerful faction, in the midst of whom is Philippe d'Orléans.

The President having examined the register, the result of the scrutiny was proclaimed as follows:—

For an appeal to the people . . . .	283
Against an appeal to the people . . . .	480
	<hr/>
Majority for final judgment . . . .	197

The President, taking off his hat, then said: "I do hereby declare, in the name of the Convention, that the decree concerning the punishment of Louis Capet shall not be referred to the sanction of the people."

On the morning of the 16th, Clery says that *M. de Malesherbes* remained some time with the King, and on going out promised to give him the result of the voting as soon as it was known. At six o'clock in the evening four municipals entered the King's room with an order from the Commune to the effect that they should keep him constantly in sight, and that two of them should pass the night at the side of his bed. The King asked if his sentence was pronounced; one of the municipals seated himself in an armchair by which the King was

standing, and then replied that he did not concern himself about what passed at the Convention, but he had heard that they were still voting.

On the following day (January 17) the *Appel Nominal* for declaring the punishment to be inflicted upon Louis XVI. was continued.

*M. Ysabeau.* It is repugnant to my nature to pronounce sentence of death against a fellow-creature. It is now my consolation that I pronounce it upon a tyrant!

*F. B. Lacoste.* A living tyrant is a beacon of our enemies. His death will terminate all our troubles and divisions, give peace to the Republic, and destroy the growth of prejudice. I vote for death.

*Manuel.* We talk of the Romans: let us imitate them. I vote that Louis be imprisoned during the war, and expelled on the return of peace.

*Robert.* I vote for death! Ah! could we but as easily dispose of all tyrants!

*Heron.* If the majority ordain banishment, I shall move that the statue of Junius Brutus be erected. My sentence is, Death.

*Sillery.* I vote for the detention and not the death of Louis, as I am convinced that in that case it will be impossible to re-establish royalty.

*Lasource.* Let Louis die; but recollect that you will merit the opprobrium of posterity if you do not smite the first ambitious man who pretends to succeed him.

*Isnard.* I said in the Legislative Assembly that if I commanded the thunder, I should overwhelm the first man who dared to attempt the liberty of my country. I now vote for the death of Louis; but as his brothers are not less guilty than himself, I demand that they may be tried within twenty-four hours after his demise, and executed in effigy.

*Goupilleaux.* I vote for instant death.

*Lakanal.* A Republican speaks but little (*placing his hand upon his breast*)—Death!

*Barbaroux.* I now vote for the death of the tyrant, and shall soon move the expulsion of all his family.

*M. Ducos.* The forms of the proceeding have been extraordinary, and so has been the occasion; were they employed against an ordinary individual I should denounce them to mankind. I consent to the death of Louis.

*Russet.* It were to have been wished that the punishment to be inflicted upon Louis had been pronounced by the people; this would have afforded the surest means of acquiring the approbation of neighbouring nations, and also of defeating the projects of the tyrants of Europe, who desire the punishment of the *ci-devant* King in order to excite the hatred and indignation of mankind against the National Convention, but as the Assembly has thought proper to reject the appeal to the people, I now am of opinion that the sole mode of avoiding the dangers which at present menace us is to pronounce the sentence of death against Louis, and to defer the execution of it until that moment when the people shall have sanctioned the constitution which we are about to submit to their acceptance.

*Thomas Paine* did not vote, but sent his opinion to the President, to the effect that Louis Capet should be banished, but not until the end of the war, during the continuance of which he should be kept in prison.

The President having announced that he was about to declare the result of the scrutiny, a profound silence ensued, and he then gave in the following declaration, that out of 719 votes 366 were for DEATH, 319 were for imprisonment during the war, 2 for perpetual imprisonment, 8 for a suspension of the execution of the sentence of death until after the expulsion of the family of the Bourbons, 23 were for not putting him to



death until the French territory was invaded by any foreign power, and I was for a sentence of death, but with power of commutation of the punishment.<sup>45</sup>

After this enumeration the President took off his hat, and lowering his voice said, "In consequence of this expression of opinion I declare that the punishment pronounced by the National Convention against Louis Capet is DEATH!"

Previous to the passing of the sentence the President announced on the part of the Foreign Minister the receipt of a letter from the Spanish Minister relative to that sentence. The Convention, however, refused to hear it. [It will be remembered that a similar remonstrance was forwarded by the English Government.]

M. de Malesherbes, according to his promise to the King, went to the Temple at nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th.<sup>46</sup> "All is lost," he said to Clery. "The King is con-

<sup>45</sup> The analysis of votes given by Thiers slightly differs from this, and is as follows:—

The Assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members: fifteen were absent on commissions, eight from illness, five had refused to vote, which reduced the number of deputies present to seven hundred and twenty-one, and the absolute majority to three hundred and sixty-one votes. Two hundred and eighty-six had voted for detention or banishment with different conditions. Two had voted for imprisonment; forty-six for death with reprieve either till peace, or till the ratification of the constitution. Twenty-six had voted for death, but, with Mailhe, they had desired that the Assembly should consider whether it might not be expedient to stay the execution. Their vote was nevertheless independent of the latter clause. Three hundred and sixty-one had voted for death unconditionally.—*French Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 231.

<sup>46</sup> Louis was fully prepared for his fate. During the calling of the votes he asked M. de Malesherbes, "Have you not met near the Temple the White Lady?"—"What do you mean?" replied he. "Do you not know," resumed the King with a smile, "that when a prince of our house is about to die, a female dressed in white is seen wandering about the palace? My friends," added he to his defenders, "I am about to depart before you for the land of the just, but there, at least,

demned." The King, who saw him arrive, rose to receive him.<sup>47</sup> M. de Malesherbes threw himself at his feet choked by sobs. The King raised him up and affectionately embraced him. When he could control his voice, De Malesherbes informed the King of the decree sentencing him to death; he made no movement of surprise or emotion, but seemed only affected by the distress of his advocate, whom he tried to comfort.<sup>48</sup>

When M. de Malesherbes returned to the Convention the three advocates of the King were admitted to the bar. M. de Sèze then said, "Citizens, Representatives, the Law and Decrees have entrusted to us the sacred function of the defence of Louis. We come with regret to present to you the last act of our function. Louis has given to us his express charge to read to you a letter signed with his own hand, of which the following is a copy:—

#### LETTER FROM LOUIS.

*"I owe to my own honour, I owe to my family, not to sub-*

*we shall be reunited." In fact, his Majesty's only apprehension seemed to be for his family.—Alison.*

<sup>47</sup> When M. de Malesherbes went to the Temple to announce the result of the vote, he found Louis with his forehead resting on his hands, and absorbed in a deep reverie. Without inquiring concerning his fate, he said, "For two hours I have been considering whether, during my whole reign, I have voluntarily given any cause of complaint to my subjects; and with perfect sincerity I declare that I deserve no reproach at their hands, and that I have never formed a wish but for their happiness."—*Lacretelle.*

<sup>48</sup> Madame Royale says that M. de Malesherbes added, after telling her father the nature of his sentence, "Every honest man will endeavour to save your Majesty, or die at your feet;" but the King replied, "Such proceedings would excite a civil war in Paris—I *had rather die*. You will, therefore, I entreat you, command them from me to make no effort to save me."—*Royal Memoirs*, p. 197.

*scribe to a sentence which declares me guilty of a crime of which I cannot accuse myself.*

*"In consequence I appeal to the Nation from the sentence of its Representatives; and I commit by these presents to the fidelity of my defenders to make known to the National Convention this appeal by all the means in their power, and to demand that mention of it be made in the minutes of their sittings.*

(Signed) "LOUIS."

M. de Sèze then prayed the National Convention in the name of his colleagues to consider by what a small majority the punishment of death was pronounced against Louis. "Do not afflict France," added the worthy citizen, "by a judgment that will appear to her to be terrible when five (?) voices only were thought sufficient to carry it." He invoked Eternal Justice and Sacred Humanity to determine the Convention to refer their judgment to the tribunal of the people.

"We declare," said M. Tronchet, "that it is inconceivable that the greatest number of voters have invoked the Penal Code to justify their judgment, and that they have forgotten the indulgence of the law in favour of the accused. They have forgotten that the law requires *two-thirds* of the voices for the decision."

M. de Malesherbes demanded of the Assembly to give him until the following day to make such reflections as crowded upon his imagination.

After the defenders of Louis had finished their observations they were invited to the honours of the sitting.

M. Robespierre opposed the inserting in the *procès-verbal* of the appeal to the people demanded by Louis. He claimed that such appeal should be declared contrary to the principles of

public justice and an invasion of the authority of the National Convention, and that those ought to be considered as conspirators who thought otherwise.

*M. Gaudet* was also against the appeal to the people; but he demanded an adjournment until after *M. de Malesherbes* had been heard upon the question, whether it is for the interest of the French people that the execution of the judgment pronounced against Louis ought to be delayed or accelerated.

The decision upon the question rejected the appeal to the people and the observations to be made by *M. de Malesherbes*, and it was decreed that the National Convention "should examine whether the national interest did or did not require an arrest of judgment in the execution of the sentence pronounced against Louis."

Thus after thirty-six hours the sitting was concluded — a sitting that the latest posterity will never forget!

The executive council was charged with the melancholy commission of carrying the sentence into execution. Garat, as Minister of Justice, had the most painful of all tasks imposed upon him, that of acquainting Louis XVI. with the decrees of the Convention.<sup>49</sup> He repaired to the Temple, accompanied by Santerre, by a deputation of the Commune and of the criminal tribunal, and by the secretary of the executive council. On the 20th of January, at two in the afternoon, Louis XVI. was awaiting his advocates, when he heard the approach of a numerous party. He stopped with dignity at the door of his apartment, apparently unmoved. Garat then told him sorrowfully that he was commissioned to communicate to him the decrees

<sup>49</sup> The sentence of death was announced by Garat. No alteration took place in the King's countenance; I observed only at the word "conspiracy," a smile of indignation appear on his lips; but at the words "shall suffer the punishment of death," the expression of his face, when he looked on those around him, showed that death had no terrors for him.— *Clery*.



of the Convention. Grouvelle, secretary of the executive council, read them to him. The first declared Louis XVI. guilty of treason against the general safety of the State; the second condemned him to death; the third rejected any appeal to the people; and the fourth and last ordered his execution in twenty-four hours. Louis, looking calmly round, took the paper from Grouvelle, and read Garat a letter, in which he demanded from the Convention three days to prepare for death, a confessor to assist him in his last moments, liberty to see his family, and permission for them to leave France. Garat took the letter, promising to submit it immediately to the Convention.

Louis XVI. then went back into his room with great composure, ordered his dinner, and ate as usual. There were no knives on the table, and his attendants refused to let him have any. "Do they think me so cowardly," he exclaimed, "as to lay violent hands on myself? I am innocent, and I am not afraid to die."

The Convention refused the delay, but granted the other demands which he had made. Garat sent for Edgeworth de Firmont, the ecclesiastic whom Louis XVI. had chosen, and took him in his own carriage to the Temple.<sup>50</sup> M. Edgeworth, on being ushered into the presence of the King, would have

<sup>50</sup> Henry Essex Edgeworth de Firmont, father-confessor of Louis XVI., was born in Ireland in 1745, in the village of Edgeworthstown. His father, an Episcopalian clergyman, adopted the Catholic faith with his family, and went to France. His piety and good conduct obtained him the confidence of Madame Elizabeth, who chose him for her confessor, and made him known to Louis. M. Edgeworth arrived in England in 1796. Pitt offered him a pension, which he declined. He soon after followed Louis XVIII. to Blankenburg in Brunswick, and thence to Mittau. M. Edgeworth died in 1807, of a fever caught in attending to some French emigrants. The Duchesse d'Angoulême waited on him in his last moments, the royal family followed him to the tomb, and Louis XVIII. wrote his epitaph.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

thrown himself at his feet, but Louis instantly raised him, and both shed tears of emotion. He, then, with eager curiosity, asked various questions, concerning the clergy of France, several bishops, and particularly the Archbishop of Paris, requesting him to assure the latter that he died faithfully attached to his communion. The clock having struck eight, he rose, begged M. Edgeworth to wait, and retired with emotion, saying that he was going to see his family. The municipal officers, unwilling to lose sight of the King, even while with his family, had decided that he should see them in the dining-room, which had a glass door, through which they could watch all his motions without hearing what he said. At half-past eight the door opened. The Queen, holding the Dauphin by the hand, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, rushed sobbing into the arms of Louis XVI. The door was closed, and the municipal officers, Clery, and M. Edgeworth placed themselves behind it. During the first moments, it was but a scene of confusion and despair. Cries and lamentations prevented those who were on the watch from distinguishing anything. At length the conversation became more calm, and the Princesses, still holding the King clasped in their arms, spoke with him in a low tone. "He related his trial to my mother," says Madame Royale, "apologising for the wretches who had condemned him. He told her that he would not consent to any attempt to save him, which might excite disturbance in the country. He then gave my brother some religious advice, and desired him, above all, to forgive those who caused his death; and he gave us his blessing. My mother was very desirous that the whole family should pass the night with my father, but he opposed this, observing to her that he much needed some hours of repose and quiet." After a long conversation, interrupted by silence and grief, the King put an end to the painful meeting, agreeing to see his family again at eight the next morning. "Do you

promise that you will?" earnestly inquired the Princesses. "Yes, yes," sorrowfully replied the King.<sup>51</sup> At this moment the Queen held him by one arm, Madame Elizabeth by the other, while Madame Royale clasped him round the waist, and the Dauphin stood before him, with one hand in that of his mother. At the moment of retiring Madame Royale fainted; she was carried away, and the King returned to M. Edgeworth deeply depressed by this painful interview. The King retired to rest about midnight; M. Edgeworth threw himself upon a bed, and Clery took his place near the pillow of his master.

Next morning, the 21st of January, at five, the King awoke, called Clery, and dressed with great calmness. He congratulated himself on having recovered his strength by sleep. Clery kindled a fire, and moved a chest of drawers, out of which he formed an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his pontifical robes, and began to celebrate mass. Clery waited on him, and the King listened, kneeling with the greatest devotion. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and after mass rose with new vigour, and awaited with composure the moment for going to the scaffold. He asked for scissors that Clery might cut his hair; but the Commune refused to trust him with a pair.

At this moment the drums were beating in the capital. All who belonged to the armed sections repaired to their company with complete submission. It was reported that four or five hundred devoted men were to make a dash upon the carriage, and rescue the King. The Convention, the Commune, the executive council, and the Jacobins were sitting. At eight in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation from the Commune, the department, and the criminal tribunal, repaired to the

<sup>51</sup> "But when we were gone," says his daughter, "he requested that we might not be permitted to return, as our presence afflicted him too much."

Temple. Louis XVI., on hearing them arrive, rose and prepared to depart. He desired Clery to transmit his last farewell to his wife, his sister, and his children; he gave him a sealed packet, hair, and various trinkets, with directions to deliver these articles to them.<sup>52</sup> He then clasped his hand and thanked him for his services. After this he addressed himself to one of the municipal officers, requesting him to transmit his last will to the Commune. This officer, who had formerly been a priest, and was named Jacques Roux, brutally replied that his business was to conduct him to execution, and not to perform his commissions. Another person took charge of it, and Louis, turning towards the party, gave with firmness the signal for starting.

Officers of gendarmerie were placed on the front seat of the carriage. The King and M. Edgeworth occupied the back. During the ride, which was rather long, the King read in M. Edgeworth's breviary the prayers for persons at the point of death; the two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. The vehicle advanced slowly, and amidst universal silence. At the Place de la Révolution an extensive space had been left vacant about the scaffold. Around this space were planted cannon; the most violent of the Federalists were stationed about the scaffold; and the vile rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when a signal is given it to do so, crowded behind the ranks of the Federal-

<sup>52</sup> In the course of the morning the King said to me, "You will give this seal to my son and this ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it. This little packet contains the hair of all my family; you will give her that too. Tell the Queen, my dear sister, and my children that, although I promised to see them again this morning, I have resolved to spare them the pang of so cruel a separation. Tell them how much it costs me to go away without receiving their embraces once more!" He wiped away some tears, and then added in the most mournful accents, "I charge you to bear them my last farewell."—*Clery*.



ists, and alone manifested some outward tokens of satisfaction.

At ten minutes past ten the carriage stopped. Louis XVI., rising briskly, stepped out into the Place. Three executioners came up; he refused their assistance, and took off his clothes himself. But, perceiving that they were going to bind his hands, he made a movement of indignation, and seemed ready to resist. M. Edgeworth gave him a last look, and said, "Suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward." At these words the King suffered himself to be bound and conducted to the scaffold. All at once Louis hurriedly advanced to address the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a firm voice, "I die innocent of the crimes which are imputed to me; I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not fall upon France."<sup>53</sup> He would have continued, but the drums were instantly ordered to beat; their rolling drowned his voice; the executioners laid hold of him, and M. Edgeworth took his leave in these memorable words: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!"<sup>54</sup> As soon as the blood flowed, furious wretches dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in it, then dispersed throughout Paris, shouting "*Vive la République! Vive la Nation!*" and even went to the gates of the Temple to display brutal and factious joy.<sup>55</sup>

<sup>53</sup> Theirs' *French Revolution*.

<sup>54</sup> Thus perished, at the age of thirty-nine, after a reign of sixteen years and a half, spent in endeavouring to do good, the best but weakest of monarchs. His ancestors bequeathed him a revolution. He was better calculated than any of them to prevent or terminate it; for he was capable of becoming a reformer-king before it broke out, or of becoming a constitutional king afterwards. He is, perhaps, the only prince who, having no other passion, had not that of power, and who united the two qualities which make good kings — fear of God, and love of the people. He perished, the victim of passions which he did not share; of those of the persons about him to which he was a stranger, and of those of the multitude which he had not excited.—Mignet's *French Revolution*, p. 189.

<sup>55</sup> The body of Louis was, immediately after the execution, removed

THE ROYAL PRISONERS — SEPARATION OF THE DAUPHIN  
FROM HIS FAMILY — REMOVAL OF THE QUEEN.

On the morning of the King's execution, according to the narrative of Madame Royale, his family rose at six: "The night before, my mother had scarcely strength enough to put my brother to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, on her own bed, where we heard her *shivering with cold and grief all night long*. At a quarter past six the door opened; we believed that we were sent for to the King, but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for him. We did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till shouts of joy from the infuriated populace told us that all was over. In the afternoon my mother asked to see Clery, who probably had some message for her; we hoped that seeing him would occasion a burst of grief which might relieve the state of silent and choking agony in which we saw her." The request was refused, and the officers who brought the refusal said Clery was in "a frightful state of despair" at not being allowed to see the royal family; shortly afterwards he was dismissed from the Temple.

to the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine. Large quantities of quicklime were thrown into the grave, which occasioned so rapid a decomposition that, when his remains were sought for in 1815, it was with difficulty any part could be recovered. Over the spot where he was interred Napoleon commenced the splendid Temple of Glory, after the battle of Jena; and the superb edifice was completed by the Bourbons, and now forms the church of the Madeleine, the most beautiful structure in Paris. Louis was executed on the same ground where the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and so many other noble victims of the Revolution perished; where Robespierre and Danton afterwards suffered; and where the Emperor Alexander and the allied sovereigns took their station, when their victorious troops entered Paris in 1814! The history of modern Europe has not a scene fraught with equally interesting recollections to exhibit. It is now marked by the colossal obelisk of blood-red granite which was brought from Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 1833, by the French Government.—*Alison.*

“We had now a little more freedom,” continues the Princess; “our guards even believed that we were about to be sent out of France; but nothing could calm my mother’s agony; no hope could touch her heart; and life or death became indifferent to her. Fortunately my own affliction increased my illness so seriously that it distracted her thoughts. . . . My mother would go no more to the garden, because she must have passed the door of what had been my father’s room, and that she could not bear. But fearing lest want of air should prove injurious to my brother and me, about the end of February she asked permission to walk on the leads of the Tower, and it was granted.” The council of the Commune becoming aware of the interest which these sad promenades excited, and the sympathy with which they were observed from the neighbouring houses, ordered that the spaces between the battlements should be filled up with shutters, which intercepted the view. But while the rules for the Queen’s captivity were again made more strict, some of the municipal commissioners tried slightly to alleviate it, and by means of M. de Huë, who was at liberty in Paris, and the faithful Turgi, who remained in the Tower, some communications passed between the royal family and their friends. The wife of Tison, who waited on the Queen, suspected and finally denounced those more lenient guardians,<sup>56</sup> who were executed, the royal prisoners being subjected to a close examination.

“On the 20th of April,” says Madame Royale, “my mother and I had just gone to bed when Hebert arrived with several municipals. We got up hastily, and these men read us a decree of the Commune directing that we should be searched. My poor brother was asleep; they tore him from his bed under the pretext of examining it. My mother took him up, shivering with cold. All they took were a shopkeeper’s card which my

<sup>56</sup> Toulan, Lepitre, Vincent, Bruno, and others.

mother had happened to keep, a stick of sealing-wax from my aunt, and from me *une sacré cœur de Jésus* and a prayer for the welfare of France. The search lasted from half-past ten at night till four o'clock in the morning." The next visit of the officials was to Madame Elizabeth alone; they found in her room a hat which the King had worn during his imprisonment, and which she had begged him to give her as a souvenir. They took it from her in spite of her entreaties: "It was suspicious," said the cruel and contemptible tyrants.

The Dauphin became ill with fever, and it was long before his mother, who watched by him night and day, could obtain medicine or advice for him. When Thierry was at last allowed to see him his treatment relieved the most violent symptoms, but, says Madame Rcyale, "his health was never re-established. Want of air and exercise did him great mischief, as well as the kind of life which this poor child led, who at eight years old passed his days amidst the tears of his friends, and in constant anxiety and agony."

While the Dauphin's health was causing his family such alarm they were deprived of the services of Tison's wife, who became ill, and finally insane, and was removed to the Hôtel Dieu, where her ravings were reported to the Assembly and made the ground of accusations against the royal prisoners.<sup>57</sup>

<sup>57</sup> This woman, troubled by remorse, lost her reason, threw herself at the feet of the Queen, implored her pardon, and disturbed the Temple for many days with the sight and the noise of her madness. The Princesses, forgetting the denunciations of this unfortunate being, in consideration of her repentance and insanity, watched over her by turns, and deprived themselves of their own food to relieve her.—Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*, vol. iii., p. 140. The first time Tison's wife showed signs of madness, "she began to talk to herself," says Madame Royale simply; "alas! that made me laugh; and my poor mother and aunt looked at me as though they saw with pleasure that short moment of gaiety."



No woman took her place, and the Princesses themselves made their beds, swept their rooms, and waited upon the Queen.

Far worse punishments than menial work were prepared for them. On 3d July a decree of the Convention ordered that the Dauphin should be separated from his family and "placed in the most secure apartment of the Tower." As soon as he heard this decree pronounced, says his sister, "he threw himself into my mother's arms, and with violent cries entreated not to be parted from her. My mother would not let her son go, and she actually defended against the efforts of the officers the bed in which she had placed him. The men threatened to call up the guard and use violence. My mother exclaimed that they had better kill her than tear her child from her. At last they threatened our lives, and my mother's maternal tenderness forced her to the sacrifice. My aunt and I dressed the child, for my poor mother had no longer strength for anything. Nevertheless, when he was dressed, she took him up in her arms and delivered him herself to the officers, bathing him with her tears, foreseeing that she was never to behold him again. The poor little fellow embraced us all tenderly, and was carried away in a flood of tears. My mother's horror was extreme when she heard that Simon, a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen as a municipal officer in the Temple, was the person to whom the child was confided. . . . The officers now no longer remained in my mother's apartment; they only came three times a day to bring our meals and examine the bolts and bars of our windows; we were locked up together night and day. We often went up to the tower, because my brother went, too, from the other side. The only pleasure my mother enjoyed was seeing him through a crevice as he passed at a distance. She would watch for hours together to see him as he passed. It was her only hope, her only thought."

The Queen was soon deprived even of this melancholy consolation. On 1st August 1793 it was resolved that she should be tried. Robespierre opposed the measure, but Barère roused into action that deep-rooted hatred of the Queen which not even the sacrifice of her life availed to eradicate. "Why do the enemies of the Republic still hope for success?" he asked. "Is it because we have too long forgotten *the crimes of the Austrian?* The children of Louis the Conspirator are hostages for the Republic . . . but behind them lurks a woman who has been the cause of all the disasters of France."<sup>58</sup> At two o'clock on the morning of the following day the municipal officers "awoke us," says Madame Royale, "to read to my mother the decree of the Convention, which ordered her removal to the Conciergerie,<sup>59</sup> preparatory to her trial. She heard it without visible emotion, and without speaking a single word. My aunt and I immediately asked to be allowed to accompany my mother, but this favour was refused us. All the time my mother was making up a bundle of clothes to take with her these officers never left her. She was even obliged to dress herself before them, and they asked for her pockets, taking away the trifles they contained. She embraced me, charging me to keep up my spirits and my courage, to take tender care of my aunt, and obey her as a second mother. She then threw herself into my aunt's arms, and recommended her children to her care; my aunt replied to her in a whisper, and she was then hurried away. In leaving the Temple she struck her head against the wicket, not having stooped low enough."<sup>60</sup> The

<sup>58</sup> Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 162.

<sup>59</sup> The Conciergerie was originally, as its name implies, the porter's lodge of the ancient Palace of Justice, and became in time a prison, from the custom of confining there persons who had committed trifling offences about the Court.

<sup>60</sup> Mathieu, the gaoler, used to say, "I make Madame Veto and her sister and daughter, proud though they are, salute me; for the door is so low they cannot pass without bowing."

officers asked whether she had hurt herself. 'No,' she replied, '*nothing can hurt me now.*'"

#### THE LAST MOMENTS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

We have already seen what changes had been made in the Temple. Marie Antoinette had been separated from her sister, her daughter, and her son,<sup>61</sup> by virtue of a decree which ordered the trial and exile of the last members of the family of the Bourbons. She had been removed to the Conciergerie, and there alone in a narrow prison she was reduced to what was strictly necessary, like the other prisoners. The imprudence of a devoted friend had rendered her situation still more irksome. Michonnis, a member of the municipality, in whom she had excited a warm interest, was desirous of introducing to her a person who, he said, wished to see her out of curiosity. This man, a courageous emigrant, threw to her a carnation, in which was enclosed a slip of very fine paper with these words: "*Your friends are ready*"—false hope, and equally dangerous for her who received and for him who gave it! Michonnis and the emigrant were detected, and forthwith apprehended; and the vigilance exercised in regard to the unfortunate prisoner became from that day more rigorous than ever.<sup>62</sup> Gendarmes

<sup>61</sup> The Queen's separation from her son, for whose sake alone she had consented to endure the burden of existence, was so touching, so heartrending, that the very gaolers who witnessed the scene confessed when giving an account of it to the authorities that they could not refrain from tears.—Weber's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*.

<sup>62</sup> The Queen was lodged in a room called the council chamber, which was considered as the most unwholesome apartment in the Conciergerie on account of its dampness and the bad smells by which it was continually affected. Under pretence of giving her a person to wait upon her they placed near her a spy—a man of horrible countenance and hollow sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the chosen attendant on the Queen of France! A few days before her trial this wretch was removed and a gendarme placed in her cham-

were to mount guard incessantly at the door of her prison, and they were expressly forbidden to answer anything that she might say to them.

That wretch Hebert, the deputy of Chaumette, and editor of the disgusting paper of *Père Duchêne*, a writer of the party of which Vincent, Ronsin, Varlet, and Leclerc were the leaders — Hebert had made it his particular business to torment the unfortunate remnant of the dethroned family. He asserted that the family of the tyrant ought not to be better treated than any *sans-culotte* family; and he had caused a resolution to be passed by which the sort of luxury in which the prisoners in the Temple were maintained was to be suppressed. They were no longer to be allowed either poultry or pastry; they were reduced to one sort of aliment for breakfast, and to soup or broth and a single dish for dinner, to two dishes for supper and half a bottle of wine apiece. Tallow candles were to be furnished instead of wax, pewter instead of silver plate, and delft ware instead of porcelain. The wood and water carriers alone were permitted to enter their room, and that only accompanied by two commissioners. Their food was to be introduced to them by means of a turning box. The numerous establishment was reduced to a cook and an assistant, two man-servants, and a woman-servant to attend to the linen.

As soon as this resolution was passed Hebert had repaired to the Temple and inhumanely taken away from the unfortunate prisoners even the most trifling articles to which they attached a high value. Eighty louis which Madame Elizabeth had in reserve, and which she had received from Madame de Lamballe, were also taken away. No one is more dangerous, more cruel, ber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when in bed, but by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend every day; and she was entirely destitute of shoes.— *Du Broca*.



than the man without requirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority. If, above all, he possess a base nature, if, like Hebert, who was check-taker at the door of a theatre, and embezzled money out of the receipts, he be destitute of natural morality, and if he leap all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious. Such was Hebert in his conduct at the Temple. He did not confine himself to the annoyances which we have mentioned. He and some others conceived the idea of separating the young Prince from his aunt and sister. A shoemaker named Simon and his wife were the instructors to whom it was deemed right to consign him for the purpose of giving him a *sans-culotte* education. Simon and his wife were shut up in the Temple, and, becoming prisoners with the unfortunate child, were directed to bring him up in their own way.<sup>63</sup> Their food was better than that of the Princesses, and they shared the table of the municipal commissioners who were on duty. Simon was permitted to go down, accompanied by two commissioners to the court of the Temple for the purpose of giving him a little exercise.

<sup>63</sup> Simon, who was entrusted with the bringing up of the Dauphin, had had the cruelty to leave the poor child absolutely alone. Unexampled barbarity to leave an unhappy and sickly infant eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him! He preferred wanting everything to the sight of his persecutors. His bed had not been touched for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate in his room. His window was never opened, and the infectious smell of this horrid apartment was so dreadful that no one could bear it. He passed his days wholly without occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body; and he fell into a frightful atrophy.—*Duchesse d'Angoulême.*

Hebert conceived the infamous idea of wringing from this boy revelations to criminate his unhappy mother. Whether this wretch imputed to the child false revelations or abused his tender age and his condition to extort from him what admissions soever he pleased, he obtained a revolting deposition; and as the youth of the Prince did not admit of his being brought before the tribunal Hebert appeared and detailed the infamous particulars which he himself either dictated or invented.

It was on the 14th of October that Marie Antoinette appeared before her judges. Dragged before the sanguinary tribunal by inexorable revolutionary vengeance, she appeared there without any chance of acquittal, for it was not to obtain her acquittal that the Jacobins had brought her before it. It was necessary, however, to make some charges. Fouquier therefore collected the rumors current among the populace ever since the arrival of the Princess in France, and, in the act of accusation, he charged her with having plundered the exchequer, first for her pleasures, and afterwards in order to transmit money to her brother the Emperor. He insisted on the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, and on the dinners of the life-guards, alleging that she had at that period framed a plot, which obliged the people to go to Versailles to frustrate it. He afterwards accused her of having governed her husband, interfered in the choice of ministers, conducted the intrigues with the deputies gained by the Court, prepared the journey to Varennes, provoked the war, and transmitted to the enemy's generals all our plans of campaign. He further accused her of having prepared a new conspiracy on the 10th of August, of having on that day caused the people to be fired upon, of having induced her husband to defend himself by taxing him with cowardice; lastly, of having never ceased to plot and correspond with foreigners since her captivity in the Temple, and of having there treated her young son as King. We here observe

how, on the terrible day of long-deferred vengeance, when subjects at length break forth and strike such of their princes as have not deserved the blow, everything is distorted and converted into crime. We see how the profusion and fondness for pleasure, so natural to a young Princess, how her attachment to her native country, her influence over her husband, her regrets, always more indiscreet in a woman than a man, nay, even her bolder courage, appeared to their inflamed or malignant imaginations.

It was necessary to produce witnesses. Lecointre, deputy of Versailles, who had seen what had passed on the 5th and 6th of October, Hebert, who had frequently visited the Temple, various clerks in the ministerial offices, and several domestic servants of the old Court, were summoned. Admiral d'Estaing, formerly commandant of the guard of Versailles; Manuel, the ex-procureur of the Commune; Latour-du-Pin, minister at war in 1789; the venerable Bailly, who, it was said, had been, with La Fayette, an accomplice in the journey to Varennes; lastly, Valazé, one of the Girondists destined to the scaffold; were taken from their prisons and compelled to give evidence.

No precise fact was elicited. Some had seen the Queen in high spirits when the life-guards testified their attachment; others had seen her vexed and dejected while being conducted to Paris, or brought back from Varennes; these had been present at splendid festivities which must have cost enormous sums; those had heard it said in the ministerial offices that the Queen was averse to the sanction of the decrees. An ancient waiting-woman of the Queen had heard the Duc de Coigny say, in 1788, that the Emperor had already received two hundred millions from France to make war upon the Turks.

The cynical Hebert, being brought before the unfortunate Queen, dared at length to prefer the charges wrung from the young Prince. He said that Charles Capet had given Simon



an account of the journey to Varennes, and mentioned La Fayette and Bailly as having co-operated in it. He then added that this boy was addicted to odious and very premature vices for his age; that he had been surprised by Simon, who, on questioning him, learned that he derived from his mother the vices in which he indulged. Hebert said that it was no doubt the intention of Marie Antoinette, by weakening thus early the physical constitution of her son, to secure to herself the means of ruling him in case he should ever ascend the throne.

The rumours which had been whispered for twenty years by a malicious Court had given the people a most unfavourable opinion of the morals of the Queen. That audience, however, though wholly Jacobin, was disgusted at the accusations of Hebert.<sup>64</sup> He nevertheless persisted in supporting them.<sup>65</sup> The unhappy mother made no reply. Urged anew to explain herself, she said with extraordinary emotion, "I thought that human nature would excuse me from answering such an imputation, but I appeal from it to the heart of every mother here present." This noble and simple reply affected all who heard it. In the depositions of the witnesses, however, all was not so bitter for Marie Antoinette. The brave d'Estaing, whose enemy she had been, would not say anything to inculcate her, and spoke only of the courage which she had shown on the 5th

<sup>64</sup> Can there be a more infernal invention than that made against the Queen by Hebert — namely, that she had had an improper intimacy with her own son? He made use of this sublime idea of which he boasted in order to prejudice the women against the Queen, and to prevent her execution from exciting pity. It had, however, no other effect than that of disgusting all parties.—*Prudhomme*.

<sup>65</sup> Hébert did not long survive her in whose sufferings he had taken such an infamous part. He was executed on 26th March 1794. "Hébert," says the *Rapport d'un Détenue dans les Prisons*, "montra jusqu'au bout une extrême faiblesse. Pendant le trajet de la Conciergerie à l'échafaud, le spectacle de son agonie empêcha que l'on prêt être attentif à la contenance de ses compagnons. La dernière nuit dans la prison il a eu des accès de désespoir."



and 6th of October, and of the noble resolution which she had expressed, to die beside her husband rather than fly. Manuel, in spite of his enmity to the Court during the time of the Legislative Assembly, declared that he could not say anything against the accused. When the venerable Bailly was brought forward, who formerly had so often predicted to the Court the calamities which its imprudence must produce, he appeared painfully affected; and when he was asked if he knew the wife of Capet, "Yes," said he, bowing respectfully, "I have known *Madame*." He declared that he knew nothing, and maintained that the declarations extorted from the young Prince relative to the journey to Varennes were false. In recompense for his deposition he was assailed with outrageous reproaches, from which he might judge what fate would soon be awarded to himself.

In the whole of the evidence there appeared but two serious facts, attested by Latour-du-Pin and Valazé, who deposed to them because they could not help it. Latour-du-Pin declared that Marie Antoinette had applied to him for an accurate statement of the armies while he was minister at war. Valazé, always cold, but respectful towards misfortune, would not say anything to criminate the accused; yet he could not help declaring that, as a member of the commission of twenty-four, being charged with his colleagues to examine the papers found at the house of Septeuil, treasurer of the civil list, he had seen bonds for various sums signed Antoinette, which was very natural; but he added that he had also seen a letter in which the minister had requested the King to transmit to the Queen the copy of the plan of campaign which he had in his hands. The most unfavourable construction was immediately put upon these two facts, the application for a statement of the armies, and the communication of the plan of campaign; and it was concluded that they could not be wanted for any other purpose

than to be sent to the enemy; for it was not supposed that a young Princess should turn her attention, merely for her own satisfaction, to matters of administration and military plans. After these depositions, several others were received respecting the expenses of the Court, the influence of the Queen in public affairs, the scene of the 10th of August, and what had passed in the Temple; and the most vague rumors and most trivial circumstances, were eagerly caught at as proofs.<sup>66</sup>

Marie Antoinette frequently repeated with presence of mind and firmness that there was no precise fact against her; <sup>67</sup> that, besides, though the wife of Louis XVI., she was not answerable for any of the acts of his reign. Fouquier nevertheless declared her to be sufficiently convicted; Chaveau-Lagarde made unavailing efforts to defend her; and the unfortunate Queen was condemned to suffer the same fate as her husband.

Conveyed back to the Conciergerie, she there passed in tolerable composure the night preceding her execution, and, on the morning of the following day, the 16th of October,<sup>68</sup> she was

<sup>66</sup> Yet even Robespierre, so inveterate against the King, would have saved the Queen. "Revolutions are very cruel," he said. "They regard neither sex nor age. Ideas are pitiless, but the people should also know how to forgive. If my head were not necessary to the Revolution, there are moments when I would offer that head to the people in exchange for one of those which they demand of us."—Lamartine's *Girondists*, vol. iii., p. 137.

<sup>67</sup> At first the Queen, consulting only her own sense of dignity, had resolved on her trial to make no other reply to the questions of her judges than—"Assassinate me as you have already assassinated my husband!" Afterwards, however, she determined to follow the example of the King, exert herself in her defence, and leave her judges without any excuse or pretext for putting her to death.—Weber's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*.

<sup>68</sup> The Queen, after having written and prayed, slept soundly for some hours. On her waking, Bault's daughter dressed her and adjusted her hair with more neatness than on other days. Marie Antoinette wore a white gown, a white handkerchief covered her shoulders, a white cap her hair; a black ribbon bound this cap round her tem-

conducted, amidst a great concourse of the populace, to the fatal spot where, ten months before, Louis XVI. had perished. She listened with calmness to the exhortations of the ecclesiastic who accompanied her, and cast an indifferent look at the people who had so often applauded her beauty and her grace, and who now as warmly applauded her execution. On reaching the foot of the scaffold she perceived the Tuileries, and appeared to be moved; but she hastened to ascend the fatal ladder, and gave herself up with courage to the executioner.<sup>69</sup> The infamous wretch exhibited her head to the people, as he was accustomed to do when he had sacrificed an illustrious victim.—Thiers, *French Revolution*, vol. iii., page 225 *et seq.*

#### THE LAST LETTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

On the morning of the Queen's execution she wrote the following letter to Madame Elizabeth, having obtained paper, pen, and ink from her gaoler:—

"This 15th October, at half-past four in the morning.

"I write to you, my sister, for the last time. I have been

ples. . . . The cries, the looks, the laughter, the jests of the people overwhelmed her with humiliation; her colour, changing continually from purple to paleness, betrayed her agitation. . . . On reaching the scaffold she inadvertently trod on the executioner's foot. "Pardon me," she said courteously. She knelt for an instant and uttered a half-audible prayer; then rising and glancing towards the towers of the Temple—"Adieu, once again, my children," she said, "I go to rejoin your father."—*Lamartine*.

<sup>69</sup> Sorrow had blanched the Queen's once beautiful hair; but her features and air still commanded the admiration of all who beheld her; her cheeks, pale and emaciated, were occasionally tinged with a vivid colour at the mention of those she had lost. When led out to execution, she was dressed in white; she had cut off her hair with her own hands. Placed in a tumbrel, with her arms tied behind her, she was taken by a circuitous route to the Place de la Révolution, and she ascended the scaffold with a firm and dignified step, as if she had been about to take her place on a throne by the side of her husband.—*Lacretelle*.

condemned, not to an ignominious death — that only awaits criminals — but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent as he, I hope to show the same firmness as he did in his last moments.<sup>70</sup> I grieve bitterly at leaving my poor children; you know that I existed but for them and you — you who have by your friendship sacrificed all to be with us. In what a position do I leave you! I have learned, by the pleadings on my trial, that my daughter is separated from you. Alas! poor child — I dare not write to her; she would not receive my letter; I know not even if this may reach you. Receive my blessing for both. I hope one day, when they are older, they may rejoin you, and rejoice in liberty at your tender care. May they both think on what I have never ceased to inspire them with! May their friendship and mutual confidence form their happiness! May my daughter feel that at her age she ought always to aid her brother with that advice with which the greater experience she possesses, and her friendship, should inspire her! May my son, on his part, render to his sister every care and service which affection can dictate! May they, in short, both feel, in whatever position they may find themselves, that they can never be truly happy but by their union! Let them take example by us. How much consolation has our friendship given us in our misfortunes! and in happiness to share it with a friend is doubly sweet. Where can one find any more tender or dearer than in one's own family? Let my son never forget the last words of his father. I repeat them to him expressly:

<sup>70</sup> Since the King's captivity all the defects of his youth had gradually disappeared; the somewhat rough *bonhomme* of his character was changed into grace and sensibility towards those who were about him. His *brusquerie* was no longer perceptible, and all the trifling blemishes in his character were effaced by the grandeur of his resignation. His children adored, his sister admired him, while the Queen was astonished at his tenderness and courage. His very gaolers could not recognise the vulgar and sensual man public prejudice had described to them.— *Lamartine*.



*'Let him never attempt to avenge our death.'* I must now speak to you of a matter most painful to my heart. I know how much trouble this child must have given you. Pardon him, my dear sister; think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say what one wishes, and what he even does not comprehend. A day will arrive, I hope, when he will the better feel all the value of your kindness and affection for them both. It still remains to me to confide to you my last thoughts. I had desired to write them from the commencement of the trial; but, exclusively of their not permitting me to write, the proceedings have been so rapid that I should really not have had the time. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; in that of my fathers; in that in which I have been bred, and which I have always professed, having no spiritual consolation to expect, not knowing if priests of this religion still exist here — and even the place in which I am would expose them too much, were they once to enter it. I sincerely ask pardon of God for all the errors I may have committed during my life. I hope that in His kindness He will accept my last vows, as well as those I have long since made, that He may vouchsafe to receive my soul in His mercy and goodness. I ask pardon of all those with whom I am acquainted, and of you, my sister, in particular, for all the trouble which, without desiring it, I may have caused you. I forgive all my enemies the evil they have done me. I say here adieu to my aunts and to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends, and the idea of being separated for ever from them and their sorrows causes me the greatest regret I experience in dying. Let them, at least, know that in my last moments I have thought of them. Adieu, my good and kind sister! May this letter reach you! Think of me always! I embrace you with all my heart, as well as those poor dear children. My God, how heartrending it is to quit them for ever! Adieu! . . . Adieu! . . .

I ought no longer to occupy myself but with my spiritual duties. As I am not mistress of my actions, they may bring me perhaps a priest. But here I protest that I will not tell him one word, and that I will treat him absolutely as a stranger."

When the letter was finished the Queen kissed each page repeatedly, then folded without sealing it, and gave it to the *conciierge* Bault. Her presentiment that it would never reach those to whom it would have afforded a melancholy consolation was fulfilled. Bault remitted it to Fouquier-Tinville, and it was ultimately found among the papers of Couthon, to whom Fouquier-Tinville had transmitted many relics of royalty.—See Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1864, vol. iii., pp. 153-4.

#### THE LAST SEPARATION—EXECUTION OF MADAME ELIZABETH—DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

The two Princesses left in the Temple were now almost inconsolable; they spent days and nights in tears, whose only alleviation was that they were shed together. "The company of my aunt whom I loved so tenderly," says Madame Royale, "was a great comfort to me. But alas! all that I loved was perishing around me, and I was soon to lose her also. . . . In the beginning of September I had an illness caused solely by my anxiety about my mother; I never heard a drum beat that I did not expect another 2d of September."<sup>71</sup> In the course of the month the rigour of their captivity was much increased. The Commune ordered that they should only have one room; that Tison (who had done the heaviest of the household work for them, and since the kindness they showed to his insane wife had occasionally given them tidings of the Dau-

<sup>71</sup> It seems probable that Madame Royale must have been thinking of 3d September 1792, when the head of the Princess de Lamballe was carried to the Temple.

phin) should be imprisoned in the turret; that they should only be supplied with the barest necessities; and that no one should enter their room save to carry water and firewood. Their quantity of firing was reduced, and they were not allowed candles. They were also forbidden to go on the leads, and their large sheets were taken away, "lest"—notwithstanding the gratings!—"they should escape from the windows." Madame Royale heard that attempts were made to save the life of the Queen, and she observes that they did not surprise her, for "all honest men took an interest in her fate, and, with the exception of vile and ferocious wretches, who were, alas! too numerous, every one who was permitted to speak to her, to approach her or to see her, was touched with pity and respect, so well did her affability temper the dignity of her manners."

On 8th October 1793 Madame Royale was ordered to go downstairs that she might be interrogated by some municipal officers. "My aunt, who was greatly affected, would have followed, but they stopped her. She asked whether I should be permitted to come up again; Chaumette assured her that I should. 'You may trust,' said he, 'the word of an honest republican. She shall return.' I soon found myself in my brother's room, whom I embraced tenderly; but we were torn asunder, and I was obliged to go into another room.<sup>72</sup> . . . Chaumette then questioned me about a thousand shocking things of which they accused my mother and aunt; I was so indignant at hearing such horrors that, terrified as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods. But in spite of my tears they still pressed their questions. There were some things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. . . . They then asked me about Varennes, and other things. I answered as well as I could without im-

<sup>72</sup> This was the last time the brother and sister met.

plicating anybody. I had always heard my parents say that it were better to die than to implicate anybody." When the examination was over the Princess begged to be allowed to join her mother, but Chaumette said he could not obtain permission for her to do so. She was then cautioned to say nothing about her examination to her aunt, who was next to appear before them. Madame Elizabeth, her niece declares, "replied with still more contempt to their shocking questions."

The only intimation of the Queen's fate which her daughter and her sister-in-law were allowed to receive was through hearing her sentence cried by the newsman. But, "we could not persuade ourselves that she was dead," writes Madame Royale. "A hope, so natural to the unfortunate, persuaded us that she must have been saved. For eighteen months I remained in this cruel suspense. We learnt also by the cries of the newsman the death of the Duc d'Orléans.<sup>73</sup> It was the only piece of news that reached us during the whole winter." The severity with which the prisoners were treated was carried into

<sup>73</sup> The Duc d'Orléans, the early and interested propagator of the Revolution, was its next victim. Billaud Varennes said in the Convention, "The time has come when all the conspirators should be known and struck. I demand that we no longer pass over in silence a man whom we seem to have forgotten, despite the numerous facts against him. I demand that D'Orléans be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal." The Convention, once his hireling adulators, unanimously supported the proposal. In vain he alleged his having been accessory to the disorders of 5th October, his support of the revolt on 10th August 1792, his vote against the King on 17th January 1793. His condemnation was pronounced. He then asked only for a delay of twenty-four hours, and had a repast carefully prepared, on which he feasted with avidity. When led out for execution he gazed with a smile on the Palais Royal, the scene of his former orgies. He was detained for a quarter of an hour before that palace by the order of Robespierre, who had asked his daughter's hand, and promised in return to excite a tumult in which the Duke's life should be saved. Depraved though he was, he would not consent to such a sacrifice, and he met his fate with stoical fortitude.—*Alison*, vol. iii., p. 172.



every detail of their life. The officers who guarded them took away their chessmen and cards because some of them were named kings and queens, and all the books with coats of arms on them; they refused to get ointment for a gathering on Madame Elizabeth's arm; they would not allow her to make an herb-tea which she thought would strengthen her niece; they declined to supply fish or eggs on fast days or during Lent, bringing only coarse fat meat, and brutally replying to all remonstrances, "None but fools believe in that stuff now-a-days." Madame Elizabeth never made the officials another request, but reserved some of the bread and *café-au-lait* from her breakfast for her second meal.<sup>74</sup> The time during which she could be thus tormented was growing short.

On 9th May 1794, as the Princesses were going to bed, the outside bolts of the door were unfastened and a loud knocking was heard. "When my aunt was dressed," says Madame Royale, "she opened the door, and they said to her, '*Citoyenne*, come down.'—'And my niece?'—'We shall take care of her afterwards.' She embraced me, and to calm my agitation promised to return. 'No, *citoyenne*,' said the men, 'bring your bonnet, you shall not return.' They overwhelmed her with abuse, but she bore it patiently, embracing me, and exhorting me to trust in Heaven, and never to forget the last commands of my father and mother."

Madame Elizabeth was then taken to the Conciergerie, where she was interrogated by the vice-president at midnight,<sup>75</sup> and then allowed to take some hours' rest on the bed on which Marie Antoinette had slept for the last time. In the morning she was brought before the tribunal, with twenty-four other prisoners, of varying ages and both sexes, some of whom had

<sup>74</sup> Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 254.

<sup>75</sup> "It has been said," Lamartine observes, "that the day did not contain sufficient hours for the impatience of the tribunal."

once been frequently seen at Court. "Of what has Elizabeth to complain?" Fouquier-Tinville satirically asked; "at the foot of the guillotine, surrounded by faithful nobility, she may imagine herself again at Versailles." "You call my brother a tyrant," the Princess replied to her accuser, "if he had been what you say, you would not be where you are, nor I before you!" She was sentenced to death, and showed neither surprise nor grief. "I am ready to die," she said, "happy at the prospect of rejoining in a better world those whom I loved on earth."<sup>76</sup> On being taken to the room where those condemned to suffer at the same time as herself were assembled, she spoke to them with so much piety and resignation that they were encouraged by her example to show calmness and resignation like her own. The women, on leaving the cart, begged to embrace her, and she said some words of comfort to each in turn as they mounted the scaffold, which she was not allowed to ascend till all her companions had been executed before her eyes.<sup>77</sup>

<sup>76</sup> Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 261.

<sup>77</sup> Madame Elizabeth was one of those rare personages only seen at distant intervals during the course of ages; she set an example of steadfast piety in the palace of kings, she lived amid her family the favourite of all and the admiration of the world. . . . When I went to Versailles Madame Elizabeth was twenty-two years of age. Her plump figure and pretty pink colour must have attracted notice, and her air of calmness and contentment even more than her beauty. She was fond of billiards, and her elegance and courage in riding were remarkable. But she never allowed these amusements to interfere with her religious observances. At that time her wish to take the veil at Saint Cyr was much talked of, but the King was too fond of his sister to endure the separation. There were also rumours of a marriage between Madame Elizabeth and the Emperor Joseph. The Queen was sincerely attached to her brother, and loved her sister-in-law most tenderly; she ardently desired this marriage as a means of raising the Princess to one of the first thrones in Europe, and as a possible means of turning the Emperor from his innovations. She had been very carefully educated, had talent in music and painting, spoke

"It is impossible to imagine my distress at finding myself separated from my aunt," says Madame Royale. "Since I had been able to appreciate her merits, I saw in her nothing but religion, gentleness, meekness, modesty, and a devoted attachment to her family; she sacrificed her life for them, since nothing could persuade her to leave the King and Queen. I never can be sufficiently grateful to her for her goodness to me, which ended only with her life. She looked on me as her child, and I honoured and loved her as a second mother. I was thought to be very like her in countenance, and I feel conscious that I have something of her character."<sup>78</sup> Would to God I might imitate her virtues, and hope that I may hereafter deserve to meet her, as well as my dear parents, in the bosom of our Creator, where I cannot doubt that they enjoy the reward of their virtuous lives and meritorious deaths." Madame Royale vainly begged to be allowed to rejoin her mother or her aunt, or at least to know their fate. The municipal officers would tell her nothing, and rudely refused her request to have a woman placed with her. "I asked nothing but what seemed indispensable, though it was often harshly refused," she says. "But I at least could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light, but in the long days I did not feel this privation much. . . . I had some religious works and travels, which I had

Italian and a little Latin, and understood mathematics. . . . Her last moments were worthy of her courage and virtue.—D'Hézeques' *Recollections*, pp. 72-75.

<sup>78</sup> Pensive as her father, proud as her mother, pious as her aunt, Madame Royale's mind bore the impress of the three minds amidst which it had been nurtured. Hers was a shadowy, pale, ideal beauty. Never quitting the side of her mother or her aunt, she seemed to shrink from life. Her light hair, still hanging over her shoulders, almost concealed her features; her expression was timid and reserved.—*La-martine*.



read over and over. I had also some knitting, *qui m'ennuyait beaucoup*." Once, she believes, Robespierre visited her prison:<sup>79</sup> "The officers showed great respect; the people in the Tower did not know him, or at least would not tell me who he was. He stared insolently at me, glanced at my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired."<sup>80</sup>

When Laurent was appointed by the Convention to the charge of the young prisoners, Madame Royale was treated with more consideration. "He was always courteous," she says; he restored her tinder-box, gave her fresh books, and allowed her candles and as much firewood as she wanted, "which pleased me greatly." This simple expression of relief gives a clearer idea of what the delicate girl must have suffered than a volume of complaints.

But however hard Madame Royale's lot might be, that of the Dauphin was infinitely harder. Though only eight years old when he entered the Temple, he was by nature and education extremely precocious, "his memory retained everything, and his sensitiveness comprehended everything." His features "recalled the somewhat effeminate look of Louis XV., and the

<sup>79</sup> It has been said that Robespierre vainly tried to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle d'Orléans. It was also rumoured that Madame Royale herself owed her life to his matrimonial ambition. "Dans ces tems cette jeune infortunée n'avait du son salut qu'à l'ambition de Robespierre. Et si sous le règne de la Terreur elle n'avait point suivie sa famille à l'échafaud, c'est que ce monstre avait des vues sur elle, et se promettait de l'épouser pour affermir sa puissance."—*Deux Amis*, xiv., 173.

<sup>80</sup> On another occasion "three men in scarves," who entered the Princess' room, told her that they did not see why she should wish to be released, as she seemed very comfortable! "'It is dreadful,' I replied, 'to be separated for more than a year from one's mother, without even hearing what has become of her or of my aunt.'—'You are not ill?'—'No, sir, but the cruellest illness is that of the heart.'—'We can do nothing for you. Be patient, and submit to the justice and goodness of the French people.' I had nothing more to say."—Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 273.



Austrian hauteur of Maria Theresa; his blue eyes, aquiline nose, elevated nostrils, well-defined mouth, pouting lips, chestnut hair parted in the middle and falling in thick curls on his shoulders, resembled his mother before her years of tears and torture. All the beauty of his race, by both descents, seemed to reappear in him.”<sup>81</sup> For some time the care of his parents preserved his health and cheerfulness even in the Temple; but his constitution was weakened by the fever recorded by his sister, and his gaolers were determined that he should never regain strength. “What does the Convention intend to do with him?” asked Simon when the innocent victim was placed in his clutches. “Transport him?”—“No.”—“Kill him?”—“No.”—“Poison him?”—“No.”—“What then?”—“Why, *get rid of him.*” For such a purpose they could not have chosen their instruments better. “Simon and his wife cut off all those fair locks that had been his youthful glory and his mother’s pride. This worthy pair stripped him of the mourning he wore for his father; and as they did so they called it ‘playing at the game of the spoiled king.’ They alternately induced him to commit excesses, and then half starved him. They beat him mercilessly; nor was the treatment by night less brutal than that by day. As soon as the weary boy had sunk into his first profound sleep, they would loudly call him by name, ‘Capet, Capet.’ Startled, nervous, bathed in perspiration, or sometimes trembling with cold, he would spring up, rush through the dark, and present himself at Simon’s bedside, murmuring tremblingly, ‘I am here, citizen.’ ‘Come nearer; let me feel you.’ He would approach the bed as he was ordered, although he knew the treatment that awaited him. Simon would buffet him on the head, or kick him away, adding the remark, ‘Get to bed again, wolf’s cub; I only wanted to know that you were safe.’ On one of these occasions,

<sup>81</sup> Thiers.

when the child had fallen half stunned upon his own miserable couch, and lay there groaning and faint with pain, Simon roared out with a laugh, 'Suppose you were king, Capet, what would you do to me?' The child thought of his father's dying words, and said, 'I would forgive you.'<sup>82</sup> The change in the young Prince's mode of life and the cruelties and caprices to which he was subjected soon made him fall ill, says his sister. "Simon forced him to eat to excess, and to drink large quantities of wine, which he detested. . . . He grew extremely fat without increasing in height or strength." His aunt and sister, deprived of the pleasure of tending him, had the pain of hearing his childish voice raised in the abominable songs his gaolers taught him. The brutality of Simon "depraved at once the body and soul of his pupil. He called him the young wolf of the Temple. He treated him as the young of wild animals are treated when taken from the mother and reduced to captivity — at once intimidated by blows and enervated by taming. He punished for sensibility; he rewarded meanness; he encouraged vice; he made the child wait on him at table, sometimes striking him on the face with a knotted towel, sometimes raising the poker and threatening to strike him with it."<sup>82</sup>

Yet when Simon was removed<sup>83</sup> the poor young Prince's condition became even worse. His horrible loneliness induced an apathetic stupor to which any suffering would have been preferable. "He passed his days without any kind of occupation; they did not allow him light in the evening. His keepers never approached him but to give him food;" and on the rare occasions when they took him to the platform of the Tower he was unable or unwilling to move about. When, in November 1794,

<sup>82</sup> Lamartine.

<sup>83</sup> Simon left the Temple to become a municipal officer. He was involved in the overthrow of Robespierre, and guillotined the day after him, 29th July 1794.

a commissary named Gomin arrived at the Temple, disposed to treat the little prisoner with kindness, it was too late. "He took extreme care of my brother," says Madame Royale. "For a long time the unhappy child had been shut up in darkness, and he was dying of fright. He was very grateful for the attentions of Gomin, and became much attached to him." But his physical condition was alarming, and owing to Gomin's representations a commission were instituted to examine him. "The commissioners appointed were Harmond, Mathieu, and Reverchon, who visited 'Louis Charles,' as he was now called, in the month of February 1795. They found the young Prince seated at a square deal table, at which he was playing with some dirty cards, making card houses and the like,—the materials having been furnished him, probably, that they might figure in the reports as evidences of indulgence. He did not look up from the table as the commissioners entered. He was in a slate-coloured dress, bare headed; the room was reported as clean, the bed in good condition, the linen fresh; his clothes were also reported as new; but, in spite of all these assertions, it is well known that his bed had not been made for months, that he had not left his room, nor was permitted to leave it for any purpose whatever, that it was consequently uninhabitable, and that he was covered with vermin and with sores. The swellings at his knees alone were sufficient to disable him from walking. One of the commissioners approached the young Prince respectfully. The latter did not raise his head. Harmond in a kind voice begged him to speak to them. The eyes of the boy remained fixed on the table before him. They told him of the kindly intentions of the Government, of their hopes that he would yet be happy, and their desire that he would speak unreservedly to the medical man that was to visit him. He seemed to listen with profound attention, but not a single word passed his lips. It was an heroic principle

that impelled that poor young heart to maintain the silence of a mute in presence of these men. He remembered too well the days when three other commissaries waited on him, regaled him with pastry and wine, and obtained from him that hellish accusation against the mother that he loved. He had learnt by some means the import of the act, so far as it was an injury to his mother. He now dreaded seeing again three commissaries, hearing again kind words, and being treated again with fine promises. Dumb as death itself he sat before them, and remained motionless as stone, and as mute.”<sup>84</sup>

His disease now made rapid progress, and Gomin and Lasne, superintendents of the Temple, thinking it necessary to inform the Government of the melancholy condition of their prisoner, wrote on the register: “Little Capet is unwell.” No notice was taken of this account, which was renewed next day in more urgent terms: “Little Capet is dangerously ill.” Still there was no word from beyond the walls. “We must knock harder,” said the keepers to each other, and they added, “It is feared he will not live,” to the words “dangerously ill.” At length on Wednesday, 6th May 1795, three days after the first report, the authorities appointed M. Desault to give the invalid the assistance of his art. After having written down his name on the register he was admitted to see the Prince. He made a long and very attentive examination of the unfortunate child, asked him many questions without being able to obtain an answer, and contented himself with prescribing a decoction of hops, to be taken by spoonfuls every half hour, from six o’clock in the morning till eight in the evening. On the first day the Prince steadily refused to take it. In vain Gomin several times drank off a glass of the potion in his presence; his example proved as ineffectual as his words. Next day Lasne renewed his solicitations. “Monsieur knows



very well that I desire nothing but the good of his health, and he distresses me deeply by thus refusing to take what might contribute to it. I entreat him as a favour not to give me this cause of grief." And as Lasne, while speaking, began to taste the potion in a glass, the child took what he offered him out of his hands. "You have, then, taken an oath that I should drink it," said he firmly; "well, give it to me, I *will* drink it." From that moment he conformed with docility to whatever was required of him, but the policy of the Commune had attained its object; help had been withheld till it was almost a mockery to supply it. The Prince's weakness was excessive, his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lasne with both hands upon his breast. At last he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the little tower, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air scarcely compensated for the pain which his fatigue gave him. On the battlement of the platform nearest the left turret the rain had, by perseverance through ages, hollowed out a kind of basin. The water that fell remained there for several days; and as, during the spring of 1795, storms were of frequent occurrence, this little sheet of water was kept constantly supplied. Whenever the child was brought out upon the platform he saw a little troop of sparrows, which used to come to drink and bathe in this reservoir. At first they flew away at his approach, but from being accustomed to see him walking quietly there every day, they at last grew more familiar, and did not spread their wings for flight till he came up close to them. They were always the same, he knew them by sight, and perhaps like himself they were inhabitants of that ancient pile.

He called them *his* birds; and his first action, when the door into the terrace was opened, was to look towards that side,—and the sparrows were always there. He delighted in their chirping, and he must have envied them their wings!

Though so little could be done to alleviate his sufferings, a moral improvement was taking place in him. He was touched by the lively interest displayed by his physician, who never failed to visit him at nine o'clock every morning. He seemed pleased with the attention paid him, and ended by placing entire confidence in M. Desault. Gratitude loosened his tongue; brutality and insult had failed to extort a murmur, but kind treatment restored his speech: he had no words for anger, but he found them to express his thanks. M. Desault prolonged his visits as long as the officers of the municipality would permit. When they announced the close of the visit, the child, unwilling to beg them to allow a longer time, held back M. Desault by the skirt of his coat.<sup>85</sup> Suddenly M. Desault's visits ceased. Several days passed and nothing was heard of him. The keepers wondered at his absence, and the poor little invalid was much distressed at it. The commissary on duty (M. Benoist) suggested that it would be proper to send to the physician's house to make inquiries as to the cause of so long an absence. Gomin and Lasne had not yet ventured to follow this advice, when next day M. Benoist was relieved by M. Bidault, who hearing M. Desault's name mentioned as he came in, immediately said, "You must not expect to see him any more; he died yesterday."

M. Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité, was next directed to attend the prisoner, and in June

<sup>85</sup> Others would gladly have shared this work of mercy. As rumours of the Prince's critical state spread within and without the prison, Madame Royale renewed her entreaties to be allowed to nurse her brother, or at least to see him once more, and M. de Huë offered to share his imprisonment; but both were refused.

he found him in so alarming a state that he at once asked for a coadjutor, fearing to undertake the responsibility alone. The physician — sent for form's sake to attend the dying child, as an advocate is given by law to a criminal condemned beforehand — blamed the officers of the municipality for not having removed the blind which obstructed the light, and the numerous bolts, the noise of which never failed to remind the victim of his captivity. That sound, which always caused him an involuntary shudder, disturbed him in the last mournful scene of his unparalleled tortures. M. Pelletan said authoritatively to the municipal on duty, "If you will not take these bolts and casings away at once, at least you can make no objection to our carrying the child into another room, for I suppose we are sent here to take charge of him." The Prince being disturbed by these words, spoken as they were with great animation, made a sign to the physician to come nearer. "Speak lower, I beg of you," said he; "I am afraid they will hear you upstairs, and I should be very sorry for them to know that I am ill, as it would give them much uneasiness."

At first the change to a cheerful and airy room revived the Prince and gave him evident pleasure, but the improvement did not last. Next day M. Pelletan learned that the Government had acceded to his request for a colleague. M. Duman-gin, head physician of the Hospice de l'Unité made his appearance at his house on the morning of Sunday, 7th June, with the official despatch sent him by the committee of public safety. They repaired together immediately to the Tower. On their arrival they heard that the child, whose weakness was excessive, had had a fainting fit, which had occasioned fears to be entertained that his end was approaching. He had revived a little, however, when the physicians went up at about nine o'clock. Unable to contend with increasing exhaustion, they perceived there was no longer any hope of prolonging

an existence worn out by so much suffering, and all their art could effect would be to soften the last stage of this lamentable disease. While standing by the Prince's bed, Gomin noticed that he was quietly crying, and asked him kindly what was the matter. "I am always alone," he said. "My dear mother remains in the other tower." Night came — his last night — which the regulation of the prison condemned him to pass once more in solitude, with suffering, his old companion, only at his side. This time, however, death too stood at his pillow. When Gomin went up to the child's room on the morning of 8th June, he said, seeing him calm, motionless, and mute, "I hope you are not in pain just now?" — "Oh yes, I am still in pain, but not nearly so much — the music is so beautiful!" Now there was no music to be heard, either in the Tower or anywhere near. Gomin, astonished, said to him, "From what direction do you hear this music?" — "From above!" — "Have you heard it long?" — "Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen! Listen!" And the child, with a nervous motion, raised his faltering hand, as he opened his large eyes, illuminated by delight. His poor keeper, unwilling to destroy this last sweet illusion, appeared to listen also. After a few minutes of attention the child again started, and cried out in intense rapture, "Amongst all the voices I have distinguished that of my mother!"

These were almost his last words. At a quarter past two <sup>86</sup> he died, Lasne only being in the room at the time.<sup>87</sup> Lasne

<sup>86</sup> Madame Royale says at three o'clock on 9th June. The confusion as to the day and hour probably arose from the death being at first kept secret.

<sup>87</sup> Lamartine says: "He died at length without pain, but without uttering a word, on 9th June 1795. The doctors who attended him in his last moments had never seen him till the final hour." This is entirely contrary to the statement of Gomin, quoted in the "Illustrations" to Thiers' *History of the French Revolution*. Lamartine also speaks of several visits paid by Madame Royale to her brother, of



acquainted Gomin and Damont, the commissary on duty, with the event, and they repaired to the chamber of death. The poor little royal corpse was carried from the room into that where he had suffered so long — where for two years he had never ceased to suffer. From this apartment the father had gone to the scaffold, and thence the son must pass to the burial-ground. The remains were laid out on the bed, and the doors of the apartment were set open — doors which had remained closed ever since the Revolution had seized on a child, then full of vigour, and grace, and life, and health! Gomin then repaired to the committee of general safety; there he saw M. Gauthier, one of the members, who said to him, “You did very right to take charge of this message yourself, and promptly, but, notwithstanding your diligence, it has arrived too late, and the sitting is over. The report cannot be made to-day to the National Convention. Keep the news secret till to-morrow, and till I have taken all proper measures. I will send M. Bourguignon, one of the secretaries of the committee of general safety, to the Temple, in order to convince himself of the truth of your declaration.” Accordingly, M. Bourguignon followed Gomin to the Tower. He verified the event, and renewed the exhortation of keeping it secret, and of carrying on the service as usual. At eight o’clock next morning (9th June) four members of the committee of general safety came to the Tower to make sure that the Prince was really dead. When they were admitted to the death-chamber by Lasne and Damont they affected the greatest indifference. “The event is not of the least importance,” they repeated, several times over; “the police commissary of the section will come and receive the declaration of the decease; he will acknowledge it,

which there is no mention in her own narrative.—See *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*: Bell and Daldy, 1865, vol. i., pp. 306–310.

and proceed to the interment without any ceremony; and the committee will give the necessary directions." As they withdrew some officers of the Temple guard asked to see the remains of little Capet. Damont having observed that the guard would not permit the bier to pass without its being opened, the deputies decided that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard going off duty, together with those coming on, should be all invited to assure themselves of the child's death. All having assembled in the room where the body lay, he asked them if they recognised it as that of the ex-Dauphin, son of the last King of France. Those who had seen the young prince at the Tuileries, or at the Temple (and most of them had), bore witness to its being the body of Louis XVII. When they were come down into the council-room, Darlot drew up the minutes of this attestation, which was signed by a score of persons. These minutes were inserted in the journal of the Temple tower, which was afterwards deposited in the office of the Minister of the Interior. During this visit the surgeons entrusted with the autopsy arrived at the outer gate of the Temple. These were Dumangin, head physician of the Hospice de l'Unité; Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité; Jeanroy, professor in the medical schools of Paris; and Lassus, professor of legal medicine at the École de Santé of Paris. The two last were selected by Dumangin and Pelletan because of the former connection of M. Lassus with Mesdames de France, and of M. Jeanroy with the House of Lorraine, which gave a peculiar weight to their signature. Gomin received them in the council-room, and detained them until the national guard, descending from the second floor, entered to sign the minutes prepared by Darlot. This done, Lasne, Darlot, and Bouquet went up again with the surgeons, and introduced them into the apartment of Louis XVII., whom they at first examined as he lay

on his deathbed; but M. Jeanroy, observing that the dim light of this room was but little favourable to the accomplishment of their mission, the commissaries prepared a table in the first room near the window, on which the corpse was laid, and the surgeons began their melancholy operation.

While these things were passing at the Temple, Achille-Sévestre, the deputy from Ile-et-Vilaine, who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and who had said, in speaking of the Dauphin (13th April 1794), "*This child will never attain his majority!*" made the following report to the National Convention, in the name of the committee of general safety:—"Citizens, for some time past the son of Capet had been troubled with swellings on the right knee and left wrist; on the 15th Floréal his pain increased, the invalid lost his appetite, and was attacked by fever. The celebrated Desault, medical officer, was appointed to see and attend him, as we were convinced by his talents and probity that he would not fail to exercise that care which is due to humanity. Still the disease assumed a very serious character. On the 16th of this month Desault died, and the committee appointed in his stead citizen Pelletan, a well-known medical man, and citizen Dumangin as his coadjutor. Their bulletin of yesterday, at eleven o'clock A.M., announced symptoms which gave cause of alarm for the life of the invalid, and at a quarter past two P.M. we received the intelligence of the death of the son of Capet. The committee of general safety has desired me to inform you of the event. All is verified, and here are the reports, which will remain in your archives."

The National Convention heard this announcement with apparent indifference. It was part of their policy not to take much notice of the Prince's last hour, though it was the welcome result of a plan they had long pursued. The news of the death announced to the Convention had already spread in

Paris. The event was discussed by some fanatics with joy, but by the mass of the people with pity and commiseration, as they recollected the beauty, the graceful ways, and the generous heart of the young Prince.

At seven o'clock the police commissary ordered the body to be taken up, and that they should proceed to the cemetery. It was the season of the longest days, and therefore the interment did not take place in secrecy and at night as some misinformed narrators have said or written; it took place in broad daylight, and attracted a great concourse of people before the gates of the Temple palace. One of the municipals wished to have the coffin carried out secretly by the door opening into the chapel enclosure; but M. Dusser, police commissary, who was specially entrusted with the arrangements of the ceremony, opposed this indecorous measure, and the procession passed out through the great gate. The crowd that was pressing round was kept back, and compelled to keep a line by a tri-coloured ribbon, held at short distances by gendarmes. Compassion and sorrow were impressed on every countenance. A small detachment of the troops of the line from the garrison of Paris, sent by the authorities, was waiting to serve as an escort. The bier, still covered with the pall, was carried on a litter on the shoulders of four men, who relieved each other two at a time; it was preceded by six or eight men, headed by a sergeant. Dusser walked behind, with Lasne and the civic commissary before mentioned; Damont, who was on duty the day of the death; Darlot, Guérin, and Bigot. With them were also Goddet, Biard, and Arnoult, whom the Temple section had appointed to assist Dusser in making the official report of the decease, and superintending the interment. Then came six or eight more men and a corporal. They entered the cemetery of Saint Marguerite by the Rue Saint Bernard. The



procession was accompanied a long way by the crowd, and a great number of persons followed it even to the cemetery. In particular, there was a marked movement of interest in a numerous group that had formed at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and which was mainly composed of women. The name of "Little Capet" and the more popular title of Dauphin spread from lip to lip, with exclamations of pity and compassion. Further on, in the Rue Popincourt, a few children of the common people in rags took off their caps in token of respect and sympathy before this coffin that contained a child who had died poorer than they themselves were to live. The procession entered the cemetery of Saint Marguerite, not by the church, as some accounts assert, but by the old gate of the cemetery. The interment was made in the corner, on the left, at a distance of eight or nine feet from the enclosure wall, and at an equal distance from a small house, which subsequently served as a class-room for a Christian school. The grave was filled up — no mound marked its place — and not even a trace remained of the interment! Not till then did the commissaries of police and the municipality withdraw. They departed by the same gate of the cemetery, and entered the house opposite the church to draw up the declaration of interment. It was nearly nine o'clock, and still daylight.— See "Illustration" to Thiers, *History of the French Revolution*.

THE EMIGRANT ROYALISTS — PROCLAMATION OF THE REGENT  
— LETTER OF LOUIS XVIII. TO THE FRENCH NATION —  
RELEASE OF MADAME ROYALE — HER MARRIAGE TO THE  
DUC D'ANGOULÊME — RETURN TO FRANCE — DEATH.

The last person to hear of the sad events in the Temple was the one for whom they had the deepest and most painful in-

terest. After her brother's death the captivity of Madame Royale was much lightened. She was allowed to walk in the Temple gardens, and to receive visits from some ladies of the old Court, and from Madame de Chantereine, who at last, after several times evading her questions, ventured cautiously to tell her of the deaths of her mother, aunt, and brother. Madame Royale wept bitterly, but had much difficulty in expressing her feelings. "She spoke so confusedly," says Madame de la Ramière in a letter to Madame de Vernéuil, "that it was difficult to understand her. It took her more than a month's reading aloud, with careful study of pronunciation, to make herself intelligible — so much had she lost the power of expression." She was dressed with plainness amounting to poverty, and her hands were disfigured by exposure to cold and by the menial work she had been so long accustomed to do for herself, and which it was difficult to persuade her to leave off. When urged to accept the services of an attendant, she replied, with a sad prevision of the vicissitudes of her future life, that she did not like to form a habit which she might have again to abandon. She suffered herself, however, to be persuaded gradually to modify her recluse and ascetic habits. It was well she did so, as a preparation for the great change about to follow.

At the time of the deposition of Louis XVI., his brothers were nominally the heads of a court composed of fugitives and an army of emigrants. But during the counter-revolutionary campaign they seldom showed themselves in the field, the Princes of the House of Condé really taking the lead in all military matters. When news of the King's execution reached the emigrant royalists the Comte de Provence issued the following proclamation: —

## DECLARATION OF THE REGENT OF FRANCE.

LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER<sup>88</sup> de France, son of France, uncle to the present King, and Regent of the Kingdom,—To all those who may peruse these presents, greeting:

WHEREAS the most criminal of men have, by the perpetration of the most atrocious of crimes, completed the burthen of their iniquities; we, struck with horror on receiving the information, have invoked the Almighty to enable us, by His gracious assistance, to suppress the emotions of our just indignation, caused by the sentiments of profound grief which had overwhelmed us; to the end that we might the better fulfil those essential duties that are, in circumstances so weighty, the first in order among those obligations which the unchangeable laws of the French monarchy impose upon us.

The sanguinary usurpers of the sovereign authority in France having, on the 21st day of the present month of January, laid violent hands on, and barbarously murdered our dearly-beloved and highly-honoured brother and sovereign the KING, LOUIS XVI. by name,—We declare that the Dauphin, LOUIS CHARLES, born the 27th day of March, the year of our Lord 1785, is KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, under the name of LOUIS XVII. We furthermore declare, in virtue of our birthright, and the fundamental laws of the Kingdom of France, that we are, and will act as REGENT OF FRANCE during the minority of the King, our nephew and Sovereign Lord.

Thus invested with the exercise of the rights and powers of the sovereignty in France, and of the supreme administration of royal justice, we, in consequence of our obligations and duties so to do, take upon ourselves the said office of Regent.

We are therefore determined, with the assistance of Divine

<sup>88</sup> Afterwards Louis XVIII.

Providence and that of our good and loyal subjects of all ranks and orders, aided by the powerful succours of the allied sovereigns for the same purpose, to do our utmost endeavours to recover the liberty of our royal nephew, King Louis XVII.; of Her Majesty, his august mother and guardian; of Madame Royale, Maria Theresa, his sister and our niece; and of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, his aunt and our dearest sister; all held in the severest captivity by the chiefs of a faction.

We are likewise determined and resolved to effect the re-establishment of the French monarchy on the unalterable basis of the French Constitution, with a reform of those abuses that may have been introduced in the public administration. We will likewise exert ourselves in the restoration of the religion of our forefathers to its original purity, according to the canonical discipline of the Church. We will, moreover, re-establish the magistrature, so essential to the revival of good order and the due and regular administration of justice. We also promise to reinstate all and every description of persons in the full enjoyment of their property, now usurped; and in the free exercise of their lawful rights, of which they may have been illegally deprived. In order to enforce the law we shall punish crimes with severity, and in an exemplary manner.

In fine, for the fulfilling of this solemn engagement, we have thought proper to assume the reins of government, in conjunction with our dearest brother Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois,<sup>89</sup> with whom are united our dear nephews, grandsons of France, their Royal Highnesses Louis Antoine, Due d'Angoulême, and Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri; and our cousins, their Royal Highnesses Louis Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duc de Bourbon; and Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien;

<sup>89</sup> Afterwards Charles X.



Princes of the blood royal — conformably to the declaration we conjointly addressed to the late King, the 10th of September 1791, and every other act signed by us, to be considered as the declarations of our uniform principles and sentiments; and we invariably maintain these our said acts for the purposes and ends aforesaid.

We therefore order and direct all the natives of France, singly and collectively, to obey the commands they may and will receive from us on the part of the King. We furthermore enjoin all the loving subjects of this our kingdom to show obedience to the orders that may and will be issued by our dearest brother, Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois, named and constituted by us Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom in the name and on the part of the King and Regent of France.

In fine, we direct and enjoin all the King's officers, whether military or magisterial, to publish and notify this our present declaration to all those to whom it may pertain, authorising and empowering them to make it known in France; and when circumstances permit the several courts of justice to reassume their function in their respective jurisdictions, the said declaration, as soon as conveniently may be, is to be immediately legalised, published, and executed.

Given at Ham, in Westphalia, under our Seal; which is what we make use of in the signing of sovereign acts, till the Seals of the Kingdom, destroyed by the ruling faction, are re-made; to be likewise countersigned by the Maréchals de Broglie and de Castries, our Ministers of State, the 28th day of January, in the year of grace 1793, and the 1st of the reign of Louis XVII.

(Signed)      LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER.

And at the same time he professed to share his authority with his more popular brother by appointing him Lieutenant-General:

LETTER PATENT issued by the Regent of France for the naming  
of a Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER, son of France, uncle to the King, and Regent of the Kingdom, to our dear brother Charles Philippe de France, son of France, Comte d'Artois, greeting:

The God of our fathers, the God of St. Louis, who has so long protected the French monarchy, will certainly not permit its final destruction by the hands of a set of factious men, as execrable by their impious audacity as by the enormity of the crimes they have committed. Heaven has assuredly, and it is our greatest hope, destined us to be the ministers of His justice, to revenge the blood of the King our brother, which these monsters have dared to spill with the most appalling ferocity. It is therefore to place our nephew and sovereign on the throne of his father, to reinstate and maintain him in the possession of all the rights and prerogatives of his crown, that we call upon you, Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois, to aid and assist us.

This first act of the Regency we assume displays, according to the wish of our heart, the full confidence we have in you.

On these causes, and for these honourable ends and purposes, we have appointed and constituted you by these presents Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of France, investing you with all those powers that the Regent of France can delegate, and particularly of commanding in our absence and in our presence under our authority the armies of the King.

Be it understood that all the officers of his Majesty in the military or magisterial capacity, as well as all Frenchmen the subjects of the King, are to obey your commands given by you in the name of the King or Regent of France. It is our pleasure that you assist at all the Councils of State, Justice, and

Administration, and others that it may be judged necessary to establish; the same to be presided over by you in our absence; all of which powers shall continue in force as long as our Regency lasts, unless restrained or annulled by our authority.

In virtue of these presents all letters patent issued in the ordinary form, and addressed to the courts of justice of the kingdom, when re-established in their respective jurisdictions, are to be therein legalised, registered, published, and executed.

Given at Ham, in Westphalia, under our hand and common Seal, and countersigned by the Maréchals de Broglie and de Castries, our Ministers of State, the 28th day of the month of January, anno 1793, and the first year of the reign of his present Majesty.

(Signed) LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER.

(Undersigned, by order of  
the Regent of France) —

MARÉCHAL DE BROGLIE.

MARÉCHAL DE CASTRIES.

This “ideal authority” was recognised by the army of Condé, and liberally supported by the Empress of Russia; it had representatives and sympathisers at all the European Courts; but it was long before it exercised any practical influence. The Regent, Lamartine says, “reigned by correspondence.” He was ready with a manifesto on all occasions. When the death of the Dauphin, or Louis XVII., as the emigrants called him, was announced, his uncle addressed the French nation in the following terms:—

“In depriving you of a King who has only reigned in fetters, but whose infancy promised a worthy successor to the best of Kings, the inscrutable decrees of Providence have transmitted to us with the Crown the necessity of snatching it from the hands of revolt, and the duty of saving the country, which

a disastrous revolution has placed on the verge of ruin. A terrible experience has but too well enlightened you on your misfortunes and on their causes. Impious and factious men, after having seduced you by lying declarations and by deceitful promises, have drawn you into irreligion and revolt. From that moment a deluge of calamities has poured upon you from all parts. . . . Your property became the prey of robbers the moment the Throne became the prey of usurpers. Servitude and tyranny invaded you when the royal authority ceased to cover you with its aegis. Property, safety, and liberty all disappeared with monarchical government. You must return to that holy religion which had conferred upon France the blessings of Heaven; you must re-establish that government which during fourteen centuries was the glory of France and the delight of the French nation,—which had made of your country the most flourishing of kingdoms and of yourselves the happiest of people. The implacable tyrants who keep you enslaved alone retard this happy moment. After having taken from you everything, they paint us in your eyes as an implacable avenger! But learn to know the heart of your King, and entrust to us the duty of saving you! We not only see no crimes in simple errors, but even the crimes that errors may have caused shall find mercy at our hands. All French people who, abjuring fatal opinions, shall come and throw themselves at the foot of the Throne, shall be received by it. Those still under the influence of a cruel obstinacy, who shall hasten to return to reason and duty, shall be our children. We are French! This title the crimes of villany shall not be sufficient to debase. There are crimes, however, the atrocity of which has passed the bounds of clemency—those of the regicides. Posterity will not name these monsters without horror. France, universal France, invokes upon their heads the sword of justice. The feeling which now makes us re-



strain the vengeance of the laws within such narrow bounds is a certain pledge to you that we shall suffer no private revenge. Who will dare to avenge himself when the King pardons?"

"Universal France" was in no immediate hurry to accept this olive branch held out by its titular monarch, but it did begin to show some commiseration for his orphan niece. Nine days after the death of her brother the city of Orleans interceded for the daughter of Louis XVI., and sent deputies to the Convention to pray for her deliverance and restoration to her family. Nantes followed this example; and Charette, on the part of the Vendéans, demanded as a condition of the pacification of La Vendée, that the Princess should be allowed to join her relations. At length the Convention decreed that Madame Royale should be exchanged with Austria for the representatives and ministers whom Dumouriez had given up to the Prince of Cobourg — Drouet, Semonville, Marat, and other prisoners of importance. At midnight on 19th December 1795, which was her birthday, the Princess was released from prison, the Minister of the Interior, M. Benezech, to avoid attracting public attention and possible disturbance, conducting her on foot from the Temple to a neighbouring street, where his carriage awaited her.<sup>90</sup> She made it her particular request that Gomin, who had been so devoted to her brother, should be the commissary appointed to accompany her to the frontier; Madame de Soucy, formerly under-governess to the children of France, was also in attendance; and the Princess took with her

<sup>90</sup> A short time after Madame Royale left the Temple, Rœderer, who had voted for the death of the King, entered her room, and looked curiously round. Some lines pencilled on the wall caught his eye: the first inscription he read was, "Oh my father, watch over me from your place in heaven!" the second, "Oh God, pardon those through whom my parents died!" He gazed for a moment stupefied, and then rushed out of the apartment, impelled, he confesses in his *Memoirs*, by the fiercest remorse.—*Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême*: Bentley, 1852, vol. i., p. 355.

a dog named Coco, which had belonged to Louis XVI.<sup>91</sup> She was frequently recognised on her way through France, and always with marks of pleasure and respect.

It might have been supposed that the Princess would rejoice to leave behind her the country which had been the scene of so many horrors and such bitter suffering. But it was her birth-place, and it held the graves of all she loved; and as she crossed the frontier she said to those around her, "I leave France with regret, for I shall never cease to consider it my country." She arrived in Vienna on 9th January 1796, and her first care was to attend a memorial service for her murdered relatives. After many weeks of close retirement she occasionally began to appear in public, and people looked with interest at the pale grave slender girl of seventeen, dressed in the deepest mourning, over whose young head such terrible storms had swept.<sup>92</sup>

<sup>91</sup> The mention of the little dog taken from the Temple by Madame Royale reminds me how fond all the family were of these creatures. Each Princess kept a different kind. Mesdames had beautiful spaniels, little grayhounds were preferred by Madame Elizabeth. Louis XVI. was the only one of all his family who had no dogs in his room. I remember one day waiting in the great gallery for the King's retiring, when he entered with all his family and the whole pack, who were escorting him. All at once all the dogs began to bark, one louder than another, and ran away, passing like ghosts along those great dark rooms, which rang with their hoarse cries. The Princesses shouting, calling them, running everywhere after them, completed a ridiculous spectacle, which made those august persons very merry.—*D'Hézeques*, p. 49.

<sup>92</sup> Madame Royale inherited all the pride of blood peculiar to the Houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg. Naturally reflecting and reserved, she evinced a gravity even in her earliest years which is rarely the characteristic of childhood. It was remarked of her that "elle n'avait jamais été enfant, toujours grande dame." Without being precisely of a melancholy disposition, all her tendencies were serious and meditative. . . . In all respects she resembled Louis XVI. more than Marie Antoinette. She took no pleasure in noisy games, but early showed a taste for reading, and that inherent piety and reverence for religion which so strongly characterized Madame Elizabeth.—*Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême*, vol. i., p. 14.

The Emperor wished her to marry the Archduke Charles of Austria, but her father and mother had, even in the cradle, destined her hand for her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, son of the Comte d'Artois, and the memory of their lightest wish was law to her.

Her quiet determination entailed anger and opposition amounting to persecution.<sup>93</sup> Every effort was made to alienate her from her French relations. She was urged to claim Provence, which had become her own if Louis XVIII. was to be considered King of France. A pressure of opinion was brought to bear upon her which might well have overawed so young a girl. "I was sent for to the Emperor's cabinet," she writes, "where I found the Imperial family assembled. The ministers and chief imperial counsellors were also present. . . . When the Emperor invited me to express my opinion, I answered that to be able to treat fittingly of such interests I thought I ought to be surrounded not only by my mother's relatives, but also by those of my father. . . . Besides, I said, I am above all things French, and in entire subjection to the laws of France, which had rendered me alternately the subject of the King my father, the King my brother, and the King my uncle, and that I would yield obedience to the latter, whatever might be his commands. This declaration appeared very much to dissatisfy all who were present, and when they observed that I was not to be shaken, they declared that my right being independent of my will, my resistance would not be the slightest obstacle to the measures they might deem it necessary to adopt for the preservation of my interests." In their anxiety to make a German Princess of Marie Thérèse her Imperial relations suppressed her French title as much as possible. When, with some difficulty, the

<sup>93</sup> According to the *Memoirs of Louis XVIII.*, "l'Impératrice regnante ne craignant pas de la maltraiter pas des voies de fait."

Duc de Grammont succeeded in obtaining an audience of her, and used the familiar form of address, she smiled faintly, and bade him beware. "Call me Madame de Bretagne, or de Bourgogne, or de Lorraine," she said, "for here I am so identified with these provinces <sup>94</sup> that I shall end in believing in my own transformation." After these discussions she was so closely watched, and so many restraints were imposed upon her, that she was scarcely less a prisoner than in the old days of the Temple, though her cage was this time gilded. Rescue, however, was at hand. In 1798 Louis XVIII. accepted a refuge offered to him at Mittau by the Czar Paul, who had promised that he would grant his guest's first request, whatever it might be. Louis begged the Czar to use his influence with the Court of Vienna to allow his niece to join him. "Sir, my brother," was Paul's answer, "Madame Royale shall be restored to you, or I shall cease to be Paul I." <sup>95</sup> Next morning the Czar despatched a courier to Vienna with a demand for the Princess, so energetically worded that refusal must have been followed by war. Accordingly, in May 1799, Madame Royale was allowed to leave the capital which she had found so uncongenial an asylum.

In the old ducal castle of Mittau, the capital of Courland, Louis XVIII. and his wife, with their nephews the Ducs d'Angoulême <sup>96</sup> and de Berri, were awaiting her, attended by the Abbé Edgeworth, as chief ecclesiastic, and a little Court

<sup>94</sup> Which the Emperor wished her to claim from her uncle Louis XVIII.

<sup>95</sup> *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii., p. 12.

<sup>96</sup> The Duc d'Angoulême was quiet and reserved. He loved hunting as a means of killing time; was given to early hours and innocent pleasures. He was a gentleman, and brave as became one. He had not the "gentlemanly vices" of his brother, and was all the better for it. He was ill-educated, but had natural good sense, and would have passed for having more than that had he cared to put forth pretensions. Of all his family he was the one most ill-spoken of, and least deserving of it.—*Dr. Doran*.



of refugee nobles and officers. With them were two men of humbler position, who must have been even more welcome to Madame Royale — De Malden, who had acted as courier to Louis XVI. during the flight to Varennes, and Turgi, who had waited on the Princesses in the Temple. It was a sad meeting, though so long anxiously desired, and it was followed on 10th June 1799 by an equally sad wedding — exiles, pensioners on the bounty of the Russian monarch, fulfilling an engagement founded not on personal preference but on family policy and reverence for the wishes of the dead, the bride and bridegroom had small cause for rejoicing. During the eighteen months of tranquil seclusion which followed her marriage the favourite occupation of the Duchess was visiting and relieving the poor. In January 1801 the Czar Paul, in compliance with the demand of Napoleon, who was just then the object of his capricious enthusiasm, ordered the French royal family to leave Mittau. Their wanderings commenced on the 21st, a day of bitter memories; and the young Duchess led the King to his carriage through a crowd of men, women, and children, whose tears and blessings attended them on their way.<sup>97</sup> The exiles asked permission from the King of Prussia to settle in his dominions, and while awaiting his answer at Munich they were painfully surprised by the entrance of five old soldiers of noble birth, part of the bodyguard they had left behind at Mittau, relying on the protection of Paul. The “mad Czar” had decreed their immediate expulsion, and, penniless and almost starving, they made their way to Louis XVIII. All the money the royal family possessed was bestowed on these faithful servants, who came to them in detachments for relief, and then the Duchess offered her diamonds

<sup>97</sup> The Queen was too ill to travel. The Duc d'Angoulême took another route to join a body of French gentlemen in arms for the Legitimist cause.

to the Danish Consul for an advance of two thousand ducats, saying she pledged her property "that in our common distress it may be rendered of real use to my uncle, his faithful servants, and myself." The Duchess' consistent and unselfish kindness procured her from the King, and those about him who knew her best, the name of "our angel."

Warsaw was for a brief time the resting-place of the wanderers, but there they were disturbed in 1803 by Napoleon's attempt to threaten and bribe Louis XVIII. into abdication. It was suggested that refusal might bring upon them expulsion, from Prussia. "We are accustomed to suffering," was the King's answer, "and we do not dread poverty. I would, trusting in God, seek another asylum." In 1808, after many changes of scene, this asylum was sought in England, Gosfield Hall, Essex, being placed at their disposal by the Marquis of Buckingham. From Gosfield, the King moved to Hartwell Hall, a fine old Elizabethan mansion rented from Sir George Lee for £500 a year.<sup>98</sup> A yearly grant of £24,000 was made to the exiled family by the British Government, out of which a hundred and forty persons were supported, the royal dinner-party generally numbering two dozen. At Hartwell, as in her other homes, the Duchess was most popular amongst the poor. In general society she was cold and reserved, and she disliked the notice of strangers. In March 1814 the Royalist successes at Bordeaux paved the way for the restoration of royalty in France, and amidst general sympathy and congratulation, with the Prince Regent himself to wish them good fortune, the King, the Duchess, and their suite left Hartwell in April 1814. The return to France was as triumphant as a somewhat half-hearted and doubtful enthusiasm could make it, and most of such cordiality as there was fell to the share

<sup>98</sup> It pleased the King to notice a *fleur de lis* in the old carving on each side of the porch.



LOUIS THE SEVENTEEN.





of the Duchess. As she passed to Notre Dame in May 1814, on entering Paris she was vociferously greeted.<sup>99</sup> The feeling of loyalty, however, was not much longer lived than the applause by which it was expressed; the Duchess had scarcely effected one of the strongest wishes of her heart—the identification of what remained of her parents' bodies, and the magnificent ceremony with which they were removed from the cemetery of the Madeleine to the Abbey of Saint Denis—when the escape of Napoleon from Elba in February 1815 scattered the royal family and their followers like chaff before the wind. The Duc d'Angoulême, compelled to capitulate at Toulouse, sailed from Cette in a Swedish vessel. The Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berri, and the Prince de Condé withdrew beyond the frontier. The King fled from the capital. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, then at Bordeaux celebrating the anniversary of the proclamation of Louis XVIII., alone of all her family made any stand against the general panic. Day after day she mounted her horse and reviewed the national guard. She made personal and even passionate appeals to the officers and men, standing firm, and prevailing on a handful of soldiers to remain by her, even when the imperialist troops were on the other side of the river and their cannon were directed against the square where the Duchess was reviewing her scanty followers.<sup>100</sup> With pain and difficulty she was convinced that

<sup>99</sup> She needed all the strength that He who is the source of it could give; for on leaving the Cathedral she had to repair to the Tuileries, which she had not seen since the fatal 10th of August, when she left it with those who were never to cross its threshold again, and traverse the garden which was to them as the valley of the shadow of death. . . . Here memory was too much for her, and she fell to the ground in a swoon.—*Dr. Doran.*

<sup>100</sup> "It was the Duchesse d'Angoulême who saved you," said General Clauzel, after these events, to a Royalist volunteer: "I could not bring myself to order such a woman to be fired upon, at the moment when she was providing material for the noblest page in her history."—*Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii., p. 131.



resistance was vain; Napoleon's banner soon floated over Bordeaux; the Duchess issued a farewell proclamation to her "brave Bordelais," and on 1st April 1815 she started for Pouillac, whence she embarked for Spain. During a brief visit to England she heard that the reign of a hundred days was over, and the 27th of July 1815 saw her second triumphal return to the Tuileries. She did not take up her abode there with any wish for State ceremonies or Court gaieties. Her life was as secluded as her position would allow. Her favourite retreat was the Pavilion, which had been inhabited by her mother, and in her little oratory she collected relics of her family, over which on the anniversaries of their death she wept and prayed. In her daily drives through Paris she scrupulously avoided the spot on which they had suffered; and the memory of the past seemed to rule all her sad and self-denying life, both in what she did and what she refrained from doing.<sup>101</sup> Her somewhat austere goodness was not of a nature to make her popular. The few who really understood her loved her, but the majority of her pleasure-seeking subjects regarded her either with ridicule or dread. She is said to have taken no part in politics, and to have exerted no influence in public affairs, but her sympathies were well known, and "the very word liberty made her shudder;" like Madame Roland, she had seen "so many crimes perpetrated under that name."

The claims of three pretended Dauphins — Hervagault, the son of the tailor of Saint Lo; Bruneau, son of the shoemaker of Vergin; and Naundorf or Norndorff, the watchmaker —

<sup>101</sup> She was so methodical and economical, though liberal, in her charities, that one of her regular evening occupations was to tear off the seals from the letters she had received during the day, in order that the wax might be melted down and sold; the produce made one poor family "passing rich with forty pounds a year."— See *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii., p. 239.

somewhat troubled her peace, but never for a moment obtained her sanction. Of the many other pseudo-Dauphins (said to number a dozen and a half) not even the names remain.<sup>102</sup> In February 1820 a fresh tragedy befell the royal family in the assassination of the Duc de Berri, brother-in-law of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, as he was seeing his wife into her carriage at the door of the opera-house. He was carried into the theatre, and there the dying Prince and his wife were joined by the Duchess, who remained till he breathed his last, and was present when he too was laid in the abbey of Saint Denis. She was present also when his son the Duc de Bordeaux was born, and hoped that she saw in him a guarantee for the stability of royalty in France. In September 1824 she stood by the deathbed of Louis XVIII., and thenceforward her chief occupation was directing the education of the little Duc de Bordeaux, who generally resided with her at Villeneuve l'Etang, her country house near Saint Cloud. Thence she went in July 1830 to the baths of Vichy, stopping at Dijon on her way to Paris, and visiting the theatre on the evening of the 27th. She was received with "a roar of execrations and seditious cries," and knew only too well what they signified. She instantly left the theatre and proceeded to Tonnerre, where she received news of the rising in Paris, and quitting the town by night was driven to Joigny with three attendants. Soon after leaving that place it was thought more prudent that the party should separate and proceed on foot, and the Duchess and M. de Foucigny, disguised as peasants, entered Versailles arm-in-arm, to obtain tidings of the King. The Duchess found him at Rambouillet with her husband the Dauphin, and the King met her with a request for "pardon,"

<sup>102</sup> Except that of the latest and perhaps best known — Augustus Mèves. See *Memoirs of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France*: Ridgway, 1868; and *The Dauphin, Louis XVII.*: Bentley, 1876.

being fully conscious, too late, that his unwise decrees and his headlong flight had destroyed the last hopes of his family. The Act of Abdication followed, by which the prospect of royalty passed from the Dauphin and his wife, as well as from Charles X.—Henri V. being proclaimed King, and the Duc d'Orléans (who refused to take the boy monarch under his personal protection) lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

Then began the Duchess' third expatriation. At Cherbourg the royal family, accompanied by the little King without a kingdom, embarked in the *Great Britain*, which stood out to sea. The Duchess, remaining on deck for a last look at the coast of France, noticed a brig which kept, she thought, suspiciously near them. "Who commands that vessel?" she inquired. "Captain Thibault."—"And what are his orders?"—"To fire into and sink the vessels in which we sail should any attempt be made to return to France." Such was the farewell of their subjects to the House of Bourbon. The fugitives landed at Weymouth; the Duchesse d'Angoulême under the title of the Comtesse de Marne, the Duchesse de Berri as Comtesse de Rosney, and her son Henri de Bordeaux as Comte de Chambord, the title he retained till his death, originally taken from the estate presented to him in infancy by his enthusiastic people. Holyrood, with its royal and gloomy associations, was their appointed dwelling. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the daughter of the Duc de Berri, travelled thither by land, the King and the young Comte de Chambord by sea. "I prefer my route to that of my sister," observed the latter, "because I shall see the coast of France again, and she will not."

The French Government soon complained that at Holyrood the exiles were still too near their native land, and accordingly in 1832 Charles X., with his son and grandson, left Scotland for Hamburg, while the Duchesse d'Angoulême and her niece



repaired to Vienna. The family were reunited at Prague in 1833, where the birthday of the Comte de Chambord was celebrated with some pomp and rejoicing, many Legitimists flocking thither to congratulate him on attaining the age of thirteen, which the old law of monarchical France had fixed as the majority of her Princes. Three years later the wanderings of the unfortunate family recommenced; the Emperor Francis II. was dead, and his successor Ferdinand must visit Prague to be crowned, and Charles X. feared that the presence of a dis-crowned monarch might be embarrassing on such an occasion. Illness and sorrow attended the exiles on their new journey, and a few months after they were established in the Château of Graffenburg at Goritz, Charles X. died of cholera, in his eighteenth year. At Goritz, also, on 31st May 1844, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had sat beside so many deathbeds, watched over that of her husband. Theirs had not been a marriage of affection in youth, but they respected each other's virtues, and to a great extent shared each other's tastes; banishment and suffering had united them very closely, and of late years they had been almost inseparable — walking, riding, and reading together.<sup>103</sup> When the Duchesse d'Angoulême had seen her husband laid by his father's side in the vault of the Franciscan convent, she, accompanied by her nephew and niece, removed to Fröhsdorf, where they spent seven tranquil years. Here she was addressed as "Queen" by her household for the first time in her life, but she herself always recognised Henri, Comte de Chambord, as her sovereign. The Duchess lived to see the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the usurper of the inheritance of her family. Her last attempt to exert herself was a characteristic one. She tried to rise from a sick-bed in order to attend the memorial service held for her mother, Marie Antoinette, on 16th October, the anniversary of her

<sup>103</sup> See *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii.

execution. But her strength was not equal to the task; on the 19th she expired, with her hand in that of the Comte de Chambord, and on 28th October 1851 Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchesse d'Angoulême, was buried in the Franciscan convent. "Her youth was passed in captivity and her age in exile," says her biographer, "but she accepted every visitation with dignity towards man, and with meekness towards God."

#### THE CEREMONY OF EXPIATION.

About this time [the spring of 1814] a ceremony took place in Paris, at which I was present, because there was nothing in it that could be mortifying to a French heart. The death of Louis XVI. had long been admitted to be one of the most serious misfortunes of the Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon never spoke of that sovereign but in terms of the highest respect, and always prefixed the epithet *unfortunate* to his name. The ceremony to which I allude was proposed by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. It consisted of a kind of expiation and purification of the spot on which Louis XVI. and his Queen were beheaded. I went to see the ceremony, and I had a place at a window in the Hôtel of Madame de Rémusat, next to the Hôtel de Crillon, and what was termed the Hôtel de Courlande.

The Expiation took place on the 10th of April. The weather was extremely fine, and warm for the season. The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzberg, took their station at the entrance of the Rue Royale; the King of Prussia being on the right of the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Schwartzberg on his left. There was a long parade, during which the Russian, Prussian and Austrian military bands vied with each other in playing the air—"Vive Henri IV!" The cavalry defiled past, and then withdrew into the Champs-Élysées; but the

infantry ranged themselves round an altar which was raised in the middle of the Place, and which was elevated on a platform having twelve or fifteen steps. The Emperor of Russia alighted from his horse, and, followed by the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Cathcart, and Prince Schwartzenberg, advanced to the altar. When the Emperor had nearly reached the altar the *Te Deum* commenced. At the moment of the benediction, the sovereigns and persons who accompanied them, as well as the twenty-five thousand troops who covered the Place, all knelt down. The Greek priest presented the cross to the Emperor Alexander, who kissed it; his example was followed by the individuals who accompanied him, though they were not of the Greek faith.<sup>104</sup> On rising, the Grand Duke Constantine took off his hat, and immediately salvoes of artillery were heard.—*Memoirs of Madame Junot (Duchesse d'Abrantès)*, vol. iii., pp. 416–417, of English edition of 1883.

<sup>104</sup> The King of Prussia was a Protestant, Prince Schwartzenberg a Catholic, and the Emperor Alexander belonged to the Greek communion.







## APPENDIX

### CONTEMPORARY REMINISCENCES OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE following extracts from the correspondence of the Comte de la Marck with the Comte de Mirabeau will possess interest as containing the views of one fully conversant with the affairs of the period:—

“The influence which the Queen is said to have exercised in directing the King’s choice of his ministers is altogether imaginary; I have it in my power to prove that this charge also was quite without foundation, except in one instance, which I have before mentioned, when she exerted herself on behalf of the Marquis de Ségur. Far from desiring to mix herself up in State affairs, she manifested a strong distaste to anything like important business; in this respect, perhaps, she only exhibits what is natural to the character of a woman’s mind. I have not the slightest hesitation, therefore, in declaring that all that has been said on this subject is utterly false, as well concerning the part which the Abbé de Vermond is stated to have taken with regard to the relations of France with Austria, as in the cases which I have already enumerated, and which were of little importance.

“I here take the opportunity of mentioning some facts in support of my opinion, and shall begin with one which first suggests itself to my memory, though it occurred after others which I shall subsequently relate. When M. Necker was dismissed from office the first time, I happened to be at Brussels, as well as the Emperor Joseph; I saw him almost

every day, and he seemed to take pleasure in conversing with me about France and the Queen; it was from him that I heard of M. Necker's dismissal, for he had just received the news in a letter from his sister. He spoke in the warmest terms of this Minister, and of the talents with which he considered him endowed, and seriously blamed the King for dismissing him. He remarked, 'that the Queen was also very much vexed at this step; *she wrote to me,*' he added, '*to assure me that she had nothing to do with this change of Ministry.*' But I must proceed to mention some other facts.

"At the death of Louis XV. the Court of Vienna was very anxious that the Duc de Choiseul should be placed at the head of the new King's Ministry. He had ever shown himself the most zealous upholder of the Treaty of 1756, that is to say, of the close alliance between France and Austria. The most explicit and urgent instructions were therefore dispatched to the Comte de Mercy on the subject, and he readily found an instrument for his purpose in the Abbé de Vermond, who was devoted to M. de Choiseul; for, as I have previously observed, he was partly indebted to him for the post he had obtained at Vienna. The Choiseul party, which was exceedingly numerous, did not either remain inactive; its members lost no opportunity in endeavouring to interest the Queen in M. de Choiseul's nomination to the Ministry. They even went so far as to say that it was to them she owed the successful issue of the negotiation for her marriage, as if the Archduchess was not at that period the most fitting match for the Dauphin, and as if there had been a better choice left for him! But M. de Choiseul and his party were not very scrupulous about the means they employed; they sought only to turn everything they could to their own advantage.

"After the death of his grandfather Louis XVI. consulted Mesdames his aunts about the person whom he should place

at the head of the Ministry, and it was in consequence of their advice that he fixed upon M. de Maurepas, though he was at first undecided whether he should select him or M. de Machault.

“The young Queen was pleased at the respect which the King had shown for Mesdames’ advice. At a later period, however, when she found herself surrounded by those who strove to get M. de Choiseul created minister, she began to share their desire that he might be elected. There is little doubt but that she spoke to the King on the subject, but she discovered immediately on broaching it that Louis XVI. entertained the most decided aversion to M. de Choiseul, which may be accounted for by the great dislike which his father, the Dauphin, even till his death, experienced towards this minister. But this I know for certain, as I learnt it from the Comte de Mercy, but a few months after the death of Louis XV., the Queen expressed herself very clearly with regard to the reception with which her petition in M. de Choiseul’s favour had met, and declared that she had resolved never to speak to the King again on the subject.

“M. de Maurepas, who did not desire to have M. de Choiseul associated with himself in the Ministry, was accused at the time of strengthening the King’s dislike to him. But however the case stood, M. de Maurepas was getting very old, so that the Choiseul party did not give up its ultimate aim, and only awaited the death of the minister to renew all its former intrigues. When this event happened, however, all manœuvres were useless, for the Queen resolutely refused to move in the matter, and the Abbé de Vermond, who was well acquainted with her sentiments, warned M. de Mercy that it would be impossible to make her alter her determination. The ambassador, accordingly, placed this view of the case before the Court of Vienna,

and induced it to relinquish all hopes of M. de Choiseul being raised to the Ministry. Meanwhile another ambitious and intriguing person was working silently, yet actively, in order that he might one day, by the influence of the Court of Vienna, and through the medium of the Abbé de Vermond, be placed at the head of the Ministry,—this was M. de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. He humoured and managed the Abbé with great judgment. It was by his (the Abbé's) means that he had broached the subject to the Comte de Mercy, and that he had succeeded in persuading him that were he once minister he would firmly uphold the Treaty of 1756. The ambassador did not omit to inform the Court of Vienna of this circumstance, who from that time seriously entertained the project of raising M. de Brienne to the Ministry through the influence of the Queen. But as long as M. de Maurepas lived they kept their scheme secret; the great age of the minister gave birth to the same feelings in the minds of its authors, as in those of the Choiseul camp. They resolved to wait patiently; they contented themselves with enumerating to the Queen the various merits of the Archbishop; they represented him to her as a man endowed with great intelligence, with a strong and comprehensive mind, and as likely one day to make a first-rate minister.

“The Comte de Mercy sometimes spoke to her on this subject, and he found himself warmly seconded by the Abbé de Vermond, who, being deluded by his attachment to the Archbishop, really considered him the greatest man in France. The Queen, whose mental vision was somewhat blinded by these subtle insinuations, began at length to form a high opinion of M. de Brienne.

“On the death of M. de Maurepas these intrigues and M. de Mercy's support caused the Archbishop to entertain great hopes of success, but this time they were soon overthrown; the



King bestowed his confidence at once on M. de Vergennes, a man who was a perfect stranger to those persons who habitually surrounded the Queen. As soon as Marie Antoinette became acquainted with the King's choice, she not only gave up all thoughts of endeavouring to change his resolution, but she also immediately relinquished the idea of further exerting her influence in M. de Brienne's cause, in whose favour it must be confessed she had previously spoken to the King on several occasions. Even the answer which the King made her on this point I can positively state; he replied as follows, 'that it would not do to make an archbishop or a bishop, minister, for as soon as they had attained this position they would be eagerly looking forward to the cardinal's hat, and when once this dignity had been bestowed on them they would put forth pretensions to precedence and importance in council which would inevitably lead to their being created Prime Minister; and for this very reason he would not have M. de Brienne in the Ministry, as he did not intend to have a Prime Minister.'

"When this reply came to M. de Mercy's and the Abbé de Vermond's ears it vexed them exceedingly, but they did not attempt to challenge it. They still, every now and then, used fresh exertions, but they could never succeed in inducing the Queen to speak to the King on the subject, though she still maintained her good opinion of M. de Brienne. He in fact at a later period did attain his end, but owing to circumstances which had nothing whatever to do with the Queen, and which I shall here relate.

"In 1787 M. de Calonne, then Minister of Finance, had persuaded the King to convoke an assembly of the Notables. This measure had been arranged with the greatest secrecy between the King, the Comte de Vergennes, M. de Calonne, and the Keeper of the Seals, M. de Miroménil. The Queen

was not even informed of it by the King until a few days after the letters of convocation were issued, which is yet another proof of how little she mixed herself up in political questions, and that at this time the King certainly did not consult her with regard to State affairs, for which I again declare she had very little taste. If at a later period she interfered in them, it was rather, as I shall afterwards show, as the King's *confidante*, and in circumstances so serious that she was only too well justified in mixing herself up in them.

"The Notables were scarcely assembled when the frivolity, the thoughtlessness, and the inconsistency of M. de Calonne's proceedings, and above all the death of M. de Vergennes, placed the King in the most embarrassing situation. He found himself compelled, on account of the general feeling of animosity which was displayed towards M. de Calonne, to dismiss him; but being deprived of the able advice of M. de Vergennes, he scarcely knew to whom to apply to assist him in his choice of a successor to M. de Calonne.

"And now intrigue went forward with greater activity than ever. One party was eager that M. Necker should be Minister of Finance, and another the Archbishop of Toulouse. Meanwhile, till a fitting person could be fixed upon, the post was given to M. de Fourqueux, and M. de Lamoignon was made Keeper of the Seals.

"In all these proceedings, however, the Queen took no share. But the rival parties of MM. de Brienne and Necker were still on the stage, and employed themselves in negotiating with each other. Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau, a great friend of Necker's, was the most active person in endeavouring to bring about a reconciliation between the two aspirants. She held also close relations with the Archbishop, therefore she persuaded him to unite his exertions to those of M. Necker's

friends, with the view of their both being raised to the Ministry.

“As Louis XVI.’s dislike to M. Necker was well known, it was agreed that the Archbishop should be first appointed minister, and when he was once installed in this position that M. Necker should be chosen to the like office.

“While these intrigues were going forward the Archbishop, who did not hesitate to make promises which cost him little, in order that he might obtain the power which he desired, bound himself that M. Necker should be placed at the head of the financial department three months after he (M. de Brienne) had been created minister.

“These two parties completely beset the King, who at last began to be deceived by these reiterated addresses in their favour, and who at length thought that the election of M. de Brienne was generally desired by the public. He determined to fix upon him, therefore, and it was only after he had come to this decision that he spoke to the Queen on the subject. She answered, ‘*I have always heard M. de Brienne mentioned as a man of distinguished merit; and I confess it gives me pleasure to learn that he is about to form part of the Ministry.*’ The Archbishop was elected head of the *conseil des finances*, which was left vacant by the death of the Comte de Vergennes, but far from keeping the promise which he had given to M. Necker, he did all he could to injure him in the King’s opinion. M. de Villedeuil consequently took M. de Fourqueux’s place as superintendent of the financial department, and M. Necker’s hopes, therefore, were for the present overthrown.

“Everybody is well acquainted with the manner in which M. de Brienne conducted himself during the short time he remained in the Ministry. His utter incapacity rendered

it absolutely impossible for the King to retain him in office, so that Louis XVI. found himself once more plunged into fresh difficulties and uncertainty as to the person who should fill his place. On all sides he was again told that public opinion was universally in favour of M. Necker. The poor King, therefore, only imagined that he was yielding to the general wish in endeavouring to overcome his personal dislike to M. Necker, and in electing him. He fancied that M. Necker might be disinclined to accept the office on account of his being aware of the King's antipathy to him, and when he remembered the discussions they had together at the time he was first in office: the King, however, took the best means to remove any unpleasant feeling. He sent to the Comte de Mercy and begged him to come to the Queen. On his arriving the King explained to him the awkward position in which he was placed, and asked him to act as intermediary between himself (the King) and M. Necker. M. de Mercy, who thoroughly understood M. Necker's character, hastened to remove all doubts from the King's mind, but he refused at first to undertake the mission that was confided to him. The King, however, insisted on his executing it, consequently he was obliged to accede to his request. Accordingly he set out for Saint Ouen in order to sound M. Necker. His conjectures were quite correct; he met with few obstacles, and after a few vague remarks as to the state of public affairs, and the necessity of the King's not opposing his views, M. Necker accepted the office, and did not attempt to disguise the satisfaction he felt at the cause of M. de Mercy's visit.

"The circumstances which I have just related are known only to a few persons, but I can vouch for the truth of all I have stated, and I trust that in mentioning these facts I shall have completely vindicated the Queen from the reproach of having meddled with the internal politics of the country,



as I have previously endeavoured to do with regard to foreign affairs. What the Queen eagerly strove for, and felt pleasure in obtaining, was some place or other for those persons whom she liked, or who sought her protection; but her wishes were chiefly confined to the object of procuring some post in diplomacy, or in a regiment, or some few advantages at Court for her friends. If the minister to whom she applied on such occasions assured her that in bestowing the place on her *protégé* he should be guilty of injustice to somebody else who possessed more merit and more claims to it, she never pursued the matter. If errors of this kind were committed, it is not the Queen who ought to be blamed, for she only imagined she was doing a good action in soliciting a position for her friend; but those servile ministers who were only too eager to please the Queen, who did not refuse to grant her desire, and did not represent the true state of the case to her, to which she would certainly have listened. Under what rule, however, has not favouritism triumphed over merit? When a King or Queen has not bestowed protection and favours on an object who has little deserved them, has not a minister perhaps, or his wife, or mistress, or even an agent, or some one in a still lower degree?

“On looking back to the time of which I am speaking, and in reflecting what the position of a Queen of France was at that period, ought she not to be viewed with impartial indulgence, when she is known to have solicited offices for her friends, or for those whom she deemed worthy of the favours they asked for themselves? But in fact, the *coryphées* of the Polignac society often found that the Queen refused their demands, consequently they coaxed and flattered the Comte d’Artois much more than herself, because he lent himself much more willingly to assist them in their plans.

“I cannot resist mentioning another fact, which will serve

to prove that the King knew how to set limits to the influence which the Queen was supposed to exercise, on occasions when it was necessary to elect somebody to an important post.

“The place of *grand maître des postes et relais* had been left vacant ever since Louis XV. had deprived the Duc de Choiseul of it, at the time of this minister’s disgrace and exile. M. d’Ogny, a magistrate of great integrity and worth, fulfilled its duties, but he was invested with a subordinate rank. This post, which was very lucrative, was also one of great importance, as it concerned the opening of letters, this being one of its duties. In fact, it has been declared that this opening of letters served to feed the King’s curiosity with regard to private matters in families, and that it furnished him with a kind of chronicle of scandal. But I am quite certain that when Louis XVI. came to the throne this particular portion of the police’s surveillance was abolished, except as far as the interests of the kingdom and of public tranquillity were concerned; yet this still left the place one of great confidential importance. When the family of the Polignacs had reached the height of the King’s and Queen’s favour, the Duchesse de Polignac entreated the Queen to procure the *grande maitrise des postes* for her husband. Marie Antoinette made several attempts to interest the King in the Duc de Polignac’s favour, but did not succeed in gaining her point; still she was continually importuned by the Duchess, and therefore she was ever seeking to change the King’s determination. At length Louis XVI. had the weakness to yield, and promised that the place should be bestowed on the Duc de Polignac; nevertheless he did not fulfill his word till several weeks afterwards, and then, unable to resist any longer the frequent solicitations which were made to him on the subject, he suddenly created the Duc de Polignac *grand maître des relais de France*, but did not invest him

with that portion of the office which concerned the letters which arrived by post. The Polignacs, who were very disappointed and discontented at the division of the duties of this position, urged the Queen to speak again to the King on this head, in order that everything might go on as it did during the time of the Duc de Choiseul, but in this instance Louis XVI. would not allow his resolution to be shaken. He observed to the Queen that the business of opening letters was too important to be confided to anybody who lived in the great world, that this particular duty ought to be left in the hands of that person who had already proved himself to possess sufficient tact and discretion, to avoid all the embarrassments of so delicate an office. The Queen, who was thoroughly convinced of the justice of the King's remarks, declared to the discontented Polignacs that she would not permit the subject to be further discussed.

"M. and Madame de Polignac were not always careful to assemble about them those persons whom the Queen liked to meet, and she was often pained when she noticed this circumstance. The Comte de Mercy, who was well aware of this peculiarity in the society of the Polignacs, joined it as seldom as possible, and only visited them occasionally, to prevent his absence from being too much remarked.

"The Comte de Fersen, influenced by the Queen, declined to frequent their circle, though they had made all kinds of advances to induce him to do so. At length, four years before the Revolution — that is to say, in 1785 — things had come to such a point that the Queen, previously to visiting Madame de Polignac, always sent one of her *valets de chambre* to inquire the names of those persons whom she should find in her society, and very frequently on learning them she gave up the idea of joining it. She had taken a profound dislike to M. de Calonne, and had begun to entertain the same feeling to-

wards M. de Vaudreuil, whose imperious and exacting disposition had extremely displeased her. M. de Calonne, however, took great pains to get into her good graces; he seemed to guess her least wish and to know beforehand what she was going to ask. It was this superfluity of attention on his part, I think, which disgusted the Queen with him; at any rate, she seemed scarcely to endure it with patience. He was very anxious to be of some importance in the Polignac's society, in order that he might obtain the Queen's favour and support. Consequently he had formed an intimacy with the Duc de Vaudreuil, and lent a willing ear to this man's incessant demands for money, so that when M. de Calonne left the Ministry, bills of 800,000 francs, which Vaudreuil owed him, were found in his possession. Upon one occasion the Queen ventured to express to Madame de Polignac the dislike she felt for many persons whom she found in her society. Madame de Polignac, who was quite submissive to those who ruled her, did not hesitate, in spite of her habitual easiness and sweet temper, to say to the Queen, '*I do not think, because your Majesty does me the honour to visit my salon, that you have a right to exclude my friends from it.*' The Queen herself related this circumstance to me in 1790, and she remarked, '*I do not lay blame on Madame de Polignac for this answer, for she is in the main a good creature, and loves me, but the people who surround her completely manage her.*'

"As the Queen discovered that no advantage was likely to accrue to her from joining the society of Madame de Polignac, she gradually withdrew from her *salon*, and soon fell into the habit of going frequently and unceremoniously to the Comtesse d'Ossun, who was her lady-in-waiting, and whose apartments were close to those of her Majesty. Marie Antoinette would take dinner with her, accompanied by four or five other persons; she would get up little concerts, at which she would



sing herself; in short, she seemed to be much more at ease, and was much more full of gaiety, than she ever appeared to be at Madame de Polignac's.

"The Comtesse d'Ossun was neither very striking nor gifted with fascinating manners, nor was she remarkably intelligent; but the want of these endowments was amply compensated for by a good heart and sweet disposition, and she was a most estimable woman. She was devoted, heart and soul, to the Queen, and was the last person in the world to mix herself up in intrigue of any kind; she did not strive to gain the Queen's favour, she was only anxious that the Queen should be amused when in her society, and that she should be pleased with her. Her fortune was exceedingly small, and would not, without serious embarrassment, permit her to receive the Queen often at dinner, nor to give *soirées* in her honour, upon which occasions there was always a ball or concert, so she frankly explained this circumstance to her Majesty, and begged that expenses of this kind might be defrayed from the King's funds. Marie Antoinette preferred offering to give entertainments in order that she might not lose anything by these royal visits. Many people in Madame d'Ossun's place would have taken advantage of such a proposal, and would have asked more than was necessary to cover the expense of the Queen's visit, but she did not act in this manner, and only begged that she might receive six thousand livres monthly, which was a very moderate request, for the Queen was frequently in the habit of going to her when she felt her conscience easy about the cost to which she was putting her lady-in-waiting; the result was, that Madame d'Ossun spent much more than she received.

"The preference which the Queen showed to Madame d'Ossun was naturally displeasing to the Polignac society; it placed the latter, too, in a peculiarly delicate position, for she



was connected with them by marriage; her brother, the Duc de Guiche, afterwards de Grammont, had married the daughter of the Duchesse de Polignac, and it was in consequence of this match that he had the reversion of the company of the *gardes du corps* conferred on him, which at this time was under the command of the Duc de Villeroi. Madame d'Ossun conducted herself with great propriety in this awkward dilemma; she was particularly careful to avoid saying anything which might be likely to injure the Polignacs in the Queen's opinion; she was very reserved on this point, and only exerted herself to please the Queen, without harming anybody else, and without, be it said to her honour, taking advantage of the Queen's partiality to her in order to obtain favours for herself, her family, or her friends.

"How very different was the conduct of the Polignacs! They seemed to find pleasure in giving vent to the most angry feelings against the Queen. Some of these might be natural, but there are others which can scarcely be understood,—namely, that they should have carried their ill-temper to such a pitch as to spread the most atrocious reports about her. They spoke maliciously of the Queen's delight in dancing *Écossaises* with young Lord Strathaven at the little balls which were given at Madame d'Ossun's. A frequenter of the Polignac *salon*, who ought, on the contrary, to have been moved by profound respect and gratitude to the Queen, wrote some very slanderous verses against her; these verses, which were founded on a most infamous falsehood, were destined to be circulated in Paris.

"It is painful to remark that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette met with some very dangerous enemies among those who ought to have been her most faithful, devoted, and grateful followers. They were the more dangerous because it was they who caused the vile calumny to be propagated which alighted

so cruelly upon this poor Princess' head at the outbreak of the French Revolution. From these wicked and false reports, which were spread by the Court in 1785 and 1788, the revolutionary tribunal found pretexts for the accusations they brought against Marie Antoinette in 1793."

These observations of the Comte de la Marck with regard to the Queen give us, I think, a very truthful and precise idea of the character of this Princess, and of the life she led before the French Revolution.

The author of these sketches possesses at least the merit of being thoroughly informed, as to all that he relates, of having known most of the persons whom he brings on the stage, and of having judged them with impartiality and without bitter feeling, for it must be remarked that he had no reason to view them otherwise. His position at Court raised him above those petty and absorbing jealousies which at this period were continually creating disputes for Court favours or influence.

#### PRIVATE DIARY OF LOUIS XVI.

Without holding ourselves responsible for its authenticity, we are tempted to reproduce here some passages from what is alleged to have been the private memoranda of the King brought to light by an accidental discovery about forty years after the assassination of the unhappy monarch.

M. Alby gives the following account of this discovery. After a graphic description of the innumerable shops and stalls for old books in several quarters of Paris, particularly along the Quais, and in the oldest parts of the *Cité*, the multitudes of which are so surprising to strangers, and furnish such inexhaustible food to book-collectors, he says:

"At the corner of the Rue du Marché-aux-Fleurs and the Rue Gervais-Laurent, one of these old book-shops attracts the eyes of the book-hunter. About five years ago a friend of

mine, strolling one day along the Quai aux Fleurs, happened to go into this shop. The shopkeeper the day before had bought several hundreds weight of old paper at a private sale, and my friend set about exploring their contents. After a long search, which produced nothing of any consequence, he was about to give it up, when he came upon a number of paper books, the appearance and preservation of which excited his curiosity. He began to examine them, and was not a little surprised to find a regular journal, drawn up year by year, month by month, day by day, the contents of which, apparently, could relate only to Louis XVI. He bought the manuscripts, and when he went home compared the handwriting with autographs of this sovereign. His satisfaction may be imagined when he ascertained that these papers, of which chance had made him the possessor, were all written by the hand of Louis XVI., and that he had in his custody a most precious manuscript, the perusal of which must necessarily afford curious information respecting the habits, tastes, and dispositions of a Prince whose tragical fate has not yet silenced his enemies, or expiated the faults laid to his charge — faults which should be ascribed to a state of social organisation antiquated and worn out by his predecessors. The question occurred to my friend, how these memoirs had found their way into this old book-shop; and his inquiries afforded an answer. When the populace, in 1792, broke open and ransacked the iron cabinets in which papers were kept in the Palace of the Tuileries, several members of the Convention took possession of the papers which were carried off. These memoirs fell into the hands of a member of the Convention, who kept them concealed during his life. His family, ignorant of their value and importance, got rid of them at his death as useless rubbish, no doubt, and they found their way into the hands of the old book-vendor."



M. Alby goes on to say that, on hearing of this adventure, he entreated his friend to give him a perusal of these manuscripts; but his friend had already shown them to more *prudent* people, by whom he had permitted them to be torn up (*lacérés*). M. Alby, however, was able to make notes and extracts from them, which he has given to the world through the medium of a newspaper entitled *La Presse*. By presenting to our readers a few of these passages, and exhibiting them in connection with the passing occurrences and circumstances in which Louis was placed at the moments when he wrote them, we may afford some curious glimpses of his character.

The diary began on the first of January 1766 (when Louis was yet Dauphin), and was continued down to the 31st of July 1792, only ten days before the fatal 10th of August, which consummated his fall.

In phrenological language, he seems to have possessed in a very remarkable degree the organ of *order*. He put down his petty receipts and disbursements with extreme minuteness, and the smallest mistake in his entires annoyed him excessively. Many instances are mentioned of his exactness in regard to accounts and figures. One day in particular (we are told by Soulavie) an account was laid before him by one of the ministers, in which there appeared among the disbursements an item which had been inserted in the preceding year's account. "There is a double charge here," said the King; "bring me last year's account, and I will show it you there."

The King thus begins his diary for the year 1779:—

"I have in my cash-box on 1st January —

	<i>liv.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
42 rouleaus of 1200 livres	50,400	0	0
In my purse	549	0	0
17 24-sous pieces	20	8	0
46 12-sous pieces	27	12	0

	<i>liv.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
99 6-sous pieces . . .	29	14	0
88 2-sous pieces . . .	8	16	0
136 6-farthing pieces . . .	10	4	0
	<hr/>		
	51,045	14	0 "

The following are some of his disbursements:—

" *July* 1772.—A watch-glass, 12 sous.

" *August*.—To Testard, for postage of a letter, 6 sous.

" *September*.—To L'Epinay, for a wash-hand basin, 6 sous.

" *January* 1773.—For a quire of paper, 4 sous.

" *February*.—For cotton, 6 sous.

" *May*.—To L'Epinay for disbursement, 4 sous 3 deniers."

Many of these entries are important in themselves, or interesting from their simplicity. For example:—

" *27th December* 1776.—Gave the Queen 25,000 livres."

And he adds in a note:—

"These 25,000 livres are the first payment of a sum of 300,000 livres which I have engaged to pay to Bœhmer in six years, with interest, for the earrings bought by the Queen for 348,000 livres, and of which she has already paid 48,000 livres."

Bœhmer was the Court jeweller; the same person who afterwards furnished the celebrated "diamond necklace," which gave rise to so much scandal, and for a time so deeply involved the Queen's character. Under the date of 18th February 1777 there is a further entry on the same subject as the preceding:—

"Paid the Queen, on account of the 162,660 livres which she owes Bœhmer for diamond bracelets, 24,000 livres."

There are various entries of gratuities given to courtiers and men of letters:—

" *15th January* 1775.—Paid M. de Sartine [the chief of the police] 12,000 livres for a part of the expenses incurred by

Beaumarchais in stopping the circulation of an improper book.

"1st April 1775.—Paid M. de Sartine for Beaumarchais, 18,000 livres."

The celebrated author of *Figaro*, by the way, notwithstanding the bitterness of his political satires, and the ultra-liberalism of his sentiments, was for many years a regular and well-paid *employé* of the Court during the reigns of both Louis XV. and Louis XVI.

Prince Esterhazy is put down annually for a sum of 15,000 livres, which the Queen was charged with paying him. He held some employment, we may presume, in the household of the Austrian Princess; but a salary of five or six hundred a year sounds odd to a member of a family whose revenues are equal to those of many a sovereign.

M. de Cubières, Court poet, had an allowance of 6000 livres a year; and M. de Pezay, another Court poet, had 12,000 livres. These sums were paid through M. de Maurepas, the minister, or M. de Sartine.

Louis summed up his gains and losses at play, and entered them at the end of every month:—

"October 1779.—Lost at play 59,394 livres.

"March 1780.—My partners have lost at Marly, at lansquenet, 36,000 livres.

"February 1781.—Lost at play 15 livres."

He was much given to the weakness — a common one in his day — of trying his fortune in the lottery. We find such entries as the following:—

"28th December 1777.—To M. Necker for lottery tickets, 6000 livres.

"2d January 1783.—Gained in the lottery 990 livres.

"10th (same month).—Gained in the lottery 225 livres."

He was equally minute in recording the employment of his time as of his money. At the end of every year he drew up a

general summary of the manner in which his days had been spent. The following is his *recapitulation* for the year 1775:—

	Days when I was out.
“Stag-hunting —	
Saint Germain . . . . .	15
Versailles . . . . .	17
The ‘Grands Environs’ . . . . .	9
Alluerts and Besnet . . . . .	7
Rambouillet . . . . .	14
(I missed two hunts there)	
Saint Geneviève . . . . .	1
Fontainebleau . . . . .	9—72
Boar-hunting —	
Saint Germain . . . . .	4
Alluerts . . . . .	1
Compiègne . . . . .	2
Fontainebleau . . . . .	7—14
Roebuck-hunting . . . . .	27
Harriers —	
Compiègne . . . . .	2
Fontainebleau . . . . .	2— 4
Shooting . . . . .	58
Journeys without hunting —	
Going to Compiègne . . . . .	1
to Fismes . . . . .	1
to Rheims . . . . .	1
Returning from Compiègne . . . . .	1
from Versailles . . . . .	1
Going to and returning from Choisy . . . . .	2
Going to Fontainebleau . . . . .	1
Returning from Fontainebleau . . . . .	1
To Saint Denis, where dined . . . . .	2—11
Reviews . . . . .	3
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	189
Hunting dinners . . . . .	8
Dinners and suppers at Saint Hubert . . . . .	26”

He was careful, too, to mark down every month the quantity of game he killed, and summed up the whole at the end of the



year. It thus appears that in the month of December 1775 he killed 1564 head of game, and the total for the whole year amounted to 8424.

"The only passion ever shown by Louis XVI.," says Soula-vie, "was for hunting. He was so much occupied by it that when I went up to his private apartments at Versailles, after the 10th of August, I saw upon the staircase six frames in which there were statements of all his hunting-parties both when Dauphin and when King. They contained the number, kind, and quality of the game he had killed every time he went out, with recapitulations for every month, every season, and every year of his reign."

It is obvious that these statements, which the King seems to have had so much pleasure in making up and displaying, must have been drawn from the entries in his diary.

The following is *the whole* of Louis's diary for the eventful month of July 1789:—

"*Wednesday*, 1.—Nothing. Deputation of the States.

"*Thursday*, 2.—Got on horseback at the Porte du Main, for a stag-hunt at Port-Royal. One taken.

"*Friday*, 3.—Nothing.

"*Saturday*, 4.—Hunted the roebuck at Butart. One taken and twenty-nine killed.

"*Sunday*, 5.—Vespers.

"*Monday*, 6.—Nothing.

"*Tuesday*, 7.—Stag-hunt at Port-Royal. Two taken.

"*Wednesday*, 8.—Nothing.

"*Thursday*, 9.—Nothing. Deputation of the States.

"*Friday*, 10.—Nothing. Answer to the deputation of the States.

"*Saturday*, 11.—Nothing. Departure of M. Necker.

"*Sunday*, 12.—Vespers. Departure of Mess. Montmorenci, Saint Priest, and La Lucerne.

" *Monday*, 13.— Nothing.

" *Tuesday*, 14.— Nothing.

" *Wednesday*, 15.— At a meeting in the hall of the States, and returned on foot.

" *Thursday*, 16.— Nothing.

" *Friday*, 17.— Went to Paris, to the Hôtel de Ville.

" *Saturday*, 18.— Nothing.

" *Sunday*, 19.— Vespers. Return of Messieurs Montmorenci and Saint Priest.

" *Monday*, 20.— Airing on horseback, and shooting in the Little Park. Killed two.

" *Tuesday*, 21.— Nothing. Return of M. de Lucerne. Stag-hunt at Butart. Cardinal Montmorenci's audience.

" *Wednesday*, 22.— Nothing.

" *Thursday*, 23.— Nothing.

" *Friday*, 24.— Airing on horseback, and shooting at Butart. Killed thirteen.

" *Saturday*, 25.— Nothing.

" *Sunday*, 26.— Vespers.

" *Monday*, 27.— Nothing. Stag-hunt at Marly.

" *Tuesday*, 28.— Nothing. Prevented from going out by bad weather.

" *Wednesday*, 29.— Return of M. Necker.

" *Thursday*, 30.— Nothing.

" *Friday*, 31.— Kept within doors by rain."

It was in this month of July 1789 in which we find such "an infinite deal of *nothing*," that the Revolution actually commenced. The terrible day of the *fourteenth*, when the Bastille was stormed by the populace, and the heads of its governor and some of its defenders, paraded on pikes through the streets of Paris, is merely noticed by the word "*Rien*," and in the momentous and agitating scenes which occupied the following days Louis quietly records his stag-hunts and

shooting-matches at Butart and the Little Park, and the quantity of game he killed! Was this the depth of insensibility or the height of philosophy?

The following is the diary for the whole of another memorable month — *June 1791*: —

“ *Wednesday*, 1.— Nothing.

“ *Thursday*, 2.— Vespers.

“ *Friday*, 3.— Nothing.

“ *Saturday*, 4.— Nothing.

“ *Sunday*, 5.— Vespers.

“ *Monday*, 6.— Nothing.

“ *Tuesday*, 7.— Airing on horseback, at half-past seven, by Grenelle, Sèvres, and Saint Cloud.

“ *Wednesday*, 8.— Nothing.

“ *Thursday*, 9.— Nothing.

“ *Friday*, 10.— Nothing.

“ *Saturday*, 11.— Airing on horseback at nine o'clock, by Mesnilmontant and Noisy-le-sec. There were no early vespers for want of orders.

“ *Sunday*, 12.— There have not been the regular ceremonies. High mass and vespers. Grand couvert.

“ *Monday*, 13.— Vespers.

“ *Tuesday*, 14.— Vespers.

“ *Wednesday*, 15.— Airing on horseback at half-past nine, all round the new enclosure.

“ *Thursday*, 16.— Nothing.

“ *Friday*, 17.— Nothing.

“ *Saturday*, 18.— On horseback at half-past nine to the Bois de Boulogne.

“ *Sunday*, 19.— Vespers.

“ *Monday*, 20.— Nothing.

“ *Tuesday*, 21.— Left Paris at midnight. Arrived and arrested at Varennes-en-Argonne, at eleven o'clock at night.

" *Wednesday, 22.*—Left Varennes at five or six in the morning. Breakfasted at Saint Menehould. Arrived at ten in the evening at Chalons. Supped and slept.

" *Thursday, 23.*—At half-past eleven mass interrupted to urge our setting off. Breakfasted at Chalons. Dined at Epernay. Met the Commissioners of the Assembly. Arrived at eleven o'clock at Dormans. Supped there. Slept three hours in an armchair.

" *Friday, 24.*—Left Dormans at half-past seven. Dined at Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Arrived at ten o'clock at Meaux. Supped and slept at the Bishop's residence.

" *Saturday, 25.*—Left Meaux at half-past six. Arrived at Paris at eight, without stopping.

" *Sunday, 26.*—Nothing at all. Mass in the gallery. Conference with the Commissioners of the Assembly.

" *Monday, 27.*—Idem.

" *Tuesday, 28.*—Idem. Took whey.

" *Wednesday, 29.*—Idem.

" *Thursday, 30.*—Idem."

The whole of the following month (July 1791) is comprised in a bracket, opposite the middle of which is written, "*Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery.*" Some of the days, however, have special notes. The following are remarkable:—

" *Thursday, 14.*—Was to have taken medicine

" *Sunday, 17.*—Affair of the Champ de Mars.

" *Thursday, 21.*—Medicine at six; and the end of my whey."

There is something exceedingly striking in these trifling and insignificant entries, relating, apparently, to the most ordinary course of everyday life, when contrasted with the agitating and momentous occurrences which took place during the days and nights of the period which they embrace. The earlier





*Louis XVI*



part of this month of June 1791 was occupied on the part of the royal family with anxious discussions with some of their most attached adherents as to an escape from the dangers which now surrounded them and in secret preparations for their memorable attempt to fly from France. On the 20th (a day which the King commemorates by the word "*Rien*"), these preparations were completed through the energy and activity of the Queen (Louis himself being as passive as usual), and their flight, which the King expresses by the words "Left Paris," began at midnight.

"On the 20th of June," says Thiers, "about midnight the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the children of France, disguised themselves, and one by one left the palace. Madame de Tourzel, with the children, hastened to the Petit Carrousel, and got into a carriage driven by M. de Fersen, a young foreign nobleman, disguised as a coachman. The King immediately joined them. But the Queen, who had gone out accompanied by a *garde du corps*, gave them all the utmost alarm. Neither she nor her guide knew the way; they lost it, and did not get to the Petit Carrousel till an hour afterwards. On arriving there she met the carriage of M. de La Fayette, whose servants carried torches. She concealed herself under the gateway of the Louvre; and escaping this danger, reached the carriage where she was so anxiously waited for. Thus reunited, the family set out. After a long drive, and a second loss of their way, they arrived at the Porte Saint Martin, and got into a berlin with six horses, which was waiting to receive them. Madame de Tourzel, under the name of Madame Korff was to pass for a mother travelling with her children; the King was to personate her *valet de chambre*, and three *gardes du corps*, in disguise, were to precede the carriage as couriers, or follow it as servants. At length they got clear of Paris, accompanied by

the prayers of M. de Fersen, who returned to Paris in order to take the road to Brussels."

The circumstances attending the arrest of the royal family at Varennes are too well known to require repetition. The King, it would appear, brought this misfortune upon himself by constantly putting his head out of the carriage window. In consequence of this imprudence he was recognised at Chalons; but the person who made the discovery, and who was at first disposed to reveal it, was persuaded by the mayor, a zealous royalist, to say nothing. When the travellers got to Saint Menehould, the King, still with his head out at the window, was recognised by young Drouet, the postmaster's son, who immediately set off at full speed to Varennes, the next stage, where he arrived before the King, and took measures to stop his further progress. In this extremity, the Queen took the lead, and displayed so much energy in insisting on being allowed to proceed, that she seems at one time to have almost succeeded. The King at first wished to preserve his incognito, and a warm altercation took place; one of the municipal officers maintaining that he knew him to be the King. "Since you recognise him for your King, then," said the Queen, "address him with the respect which you owe him!"

"On Wednesday the 22d," says the King in his diary, "left Varennes at five or six in the morning." And he proceeds on that and the three following days to chronicle his journey back to Paris, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, instead of being full of deep and even tragical interest.

About six in the morning M. Romeuf, an aide-de-camp of La Fayette, who had been sent after the fugitives, bearing a decree of the National Assembly for their arrest, arrived at Varennes, and found the carriage and six in readiness, and the horses' heads turned towards Paris. Romeuf, with an air of grief, handed the decree to the King. The whole family



\* joined in exclaiming against La Fayette. Romeuf said that his general and himself had only done their duty in pursuing them, but had hoped they should not come up with them. The Queen seized the decree, threw it on her children's bed, and then snatched it up, and threw it away, saying it would sully them. "Madame," said Romeuf, who was devoted to her, "would you choose that any other than I should witness this violence?" The Queen instantly recovered herself, and resumed her wonted dignity.

Thiers and some other authorities say that the journey from Varennes to Paris took eight days; and this at first threw suspicion on the genuineness of the King's diary, according to which he left Varennes on the morning of Wednesday, the 22d, and arrived in Paris on the morning of Saturday, the 25th; three days in all. But this is correct according to Thiers himself, who afterwards says: "The effect of the journey to Varennes was to destroy all respect for the King, to accustom the public to the idea of doing without him, and to produce the desire for a republic. On the very morning of his arrival (Saturday, the 25th of June) the Assembly had provided for everything by a decree, whereby Louis XVI. was suspended from his functions, and a guard placed over his person, and those of the Queen and the Dauphin. Sentinels," adds this historian, "watched continually at their door, and never lost sight of them. One day the King, wishing to ascertain whether he was actually a prisoner, appeared at a door; the sentinel opposed his passage. 'Do you know me?' said the King. 'Yes, Sire,' answered the soldier. The King was allowed merely to walk in the Tuileries in the morning, before the garden was open to the public."

The following month—July 1791—is comprehensively disposed of in the diary by the words, "Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery." This month, however, was a



momentous one for the King. The republican spirit now displayed itself, and the cry of "No King!" became, for the first time, general in the capital. On the 16th of July the Commissioners appointed by the Assembly to inquire into the affair of Varennes presented their report, exculpating the King, and declaring the inviolability of his person. This report produced a violent commotion among the Jacobin party, headed by Robespierre, Pétion, and others; and a petition against it was exhibited upon an altar in the Champ de Mars, to be signed by all who chose it. A great tumult ensued; La Fayette arrived at the head of a body of military, who fired upon the people, and dispersed them with great slaughter, though not till they had torn to pieces two or three soldiers. This sanguinary scene, arising out of a question involving the King's personal safety, is the "affair of the Champ de Mars," noted in the diary on the 17th of July, and is one of the occurrences comprised under the general entry of "Nothing the whole month. Mass in the gallery"! <sup>1</sup>

There are only two occasions on which the King mentions his wife and children (we do not speak of the entries of money paid the Queen's jeweller), and quits his habitual conciseness to indulge in ampler details. There are accounts of the Queen's accouchements, more resembling the official reports of a Court chamberlain than the narrative of an anxious husband and father. They are in precisely the same style; and it is sufficient, therefore, to give that of the birth of the Dauphin, — not that poor boy whose fate it makes one's heart bleed to think of, but the King's eldest born, a child of extraordinary promise, who had the happiness to die in infancy.

"Accouchement of the Queen, 22d October 1781.

<sup>1</sup> The Diary having obviously been intended as a basis for those records of the King's hunting parties mentioned by Soulavie (see p. 316), "nothing," of course, only meant "no hunting" or "no game."

“The Queen passed the night of the 21st–22d October very well. She felt some slight pains when she awoke, which did not prevent her from taking the bath. I gave no orders for the shooting-party, which I was to have at Saclé, till noon. Between twelve and half-past twelve her pains increased; and at a quarter past one she was delivered very favourably of a boy. During the labour the only persons in the chamber were Madame de Lamballe, Monsieur the Comte d’Artois, my aunts, Madame de Chimay, Madame de Mailly, Madame d’Ossun, Madame de Tavannes, and Madame de Guéménée, who went alternately into the adjoining room, which had been left empty. In the great closet there were my household and the Queen’s; and the persons having the *grandes entrées* and the *sous-gouvernantes*, who entered towards the end, kept themselves at the bottom of the room, without intercepting the air.

“Of all the Princes to whom Madame de Lamballe had given notice, the Duc d’Orléans only arrived before the accouchement. He remained in the chamber, or in that adjoining. The Prince de Condé, M. de Penthièvre, the Duc de Chartres, the Princess de Condé, and Mademoiselle de Condé arrived after the Queen was delivered, the Duc de Bourbon in the evening, and the Prince de Conti next day. The Queen saw all these Princes next day, one after the other. After the accouchement was over my son was carried into the great closet, where I saw him dressed, and delivered him into the hands of Madame de Guéménée, his governess. I announced to the Queen that it was a boy, and he was put upon her bed, and after she had seen him for a little while, everybody retired. I signed letters for the Emperor, the King of Spain, and the Prince of Piedmont, and gave orders for the despatch of the others which I had already signed. At three o’clock I was at chapel, where my son

was baptized by Cardinal de Rohan, and held at the font by the Emperor and the Princess of Piedmont, represented by Monsieur and my sister Elizabeth. He was named Louis Joseph Xavier François. My brothers, my sisters, my aunts, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Chartres, the Prince de Condé, and M. de Penthièvre signed the act of baptism. After the ceremony I heard the *Te Deum* performed with music, the Princesses not having had time to dress in the evening.

"While I was looking at the fireworks on the parade the Chief President of the Chamber of Accounts came to pay me his compliments. The others, who were not at Paris, came the day following. Next day at my *levée* the ambassadors came to pay their respects, with the nuncio at their head. At six I received the salutations of a hundred and twenty-five ladies; my brothers, sisters, aunts, and the Princesses were in the apartment.

"On the 29th the Chapter of Notre Dame came to compliment me; as did the judges, the company of arquebusiers, and the *Dames de la Halle*.<sup>2</sup> For nine days all the trades and professions came into the marble court with violins, and everything they could imagine to testify their joy. I had about twelve thousand livres distributed among them. After my son's baptism M. de Vergennes, grand treasurer of the order of the Holy Spirit, brought him the blue ribbon, and M. de Ségur the cross of Saint Louis. The Queen saw her ladies on the 29th, the Princes and Princesses on the 30th, my household on the 3d, and the rest in succession. On Sunday, the 4th of November, there was a *Te Deum* at the parish church of Versailles, and an illumination throughout the city."

There is a good deal more to the same purpose, and the

<sup>2</sup> The market women of Paris, who by ancient custom were admitted to take a prominent part in public rejoicings.



whole is as cold, stiff, and formal as a bulletin drawn up by the Court newsman. Such, however, is the only way in which the monarch ever mentions his wife or his children. He never makes the slightest allusion to any of those little family incidents which it might be supposed would occupy the mind of a husband and a parent, and would naturally have a prominent place in a private record of domestic occurrences. The total silence of his diary on such subjects is a proof of the extreme coldness of Louis' nature, and accords with the strange and unaccountable indifference with which he treated the beautiful Princess to whom he was married in the very flower of his age. Her charms, her graces, her talents, her accomplishments made no impression on her youthful husband. He remained for years a stranger to her society and to her couch; and it was more to his taste to spend his days in hunting and lock-making than to share in her elegant and intellectual pastimes. Gradually, however, she acquired the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; his indolence, vacillation, and timidity found resources in her courage, energy, and decision; and his original indifference, and even aversion, was at length succeeded by unbounded deference and submission, and by a degree of passive acquiescence in the dictates of her proud and impetuous spirit, which probably hastened the ruin of both.

But "sweet are the uses of adversity;" and the effect of calamity has never been more apparent in exalting and purifying the character than in the instances of Louis XVI. and his Queen. Their latter days have thrown a radiance over their memory. Had the reign of Louis been tranquil, and had he ended his days in peace, what would have been his character with posterity? That of the most imbecile monarch who ever sat on the throne of France,—of a man without passions, affections, or capacity,—sunk in sloth, and


making the most frivolous amusements the occupation of his life. The Queen, too, how would she have been described? As vain, haughty, and imperious,—the votary alternately of pleasure and of ambition, and dividing her life between dissipation and intrigue. Their faults were nourished and their virtues blighted by the atmosphere of the most corrupted court in Europe. The great and good qualities of which they themselves were probably unconscious, and of which the world would never have been aware, which in the season of prosperity were dormant and almost extinct, were roused into action by the rude hand of misfortune; and it was when this illustrious pair were “fallen from their high estate” that they presented one of the noblest as well as most affecting spectacles that ever has engaged the admiration and sympathy of the world.

#### THE EARLY DAYS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The following extract is taken from Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's *Posthumous Memoirs*, where this lively and spirited writer, whose reputation for accuracy has long since been vindicated from the unjust charges brought against him, gives an account of the early Court days of Marie Antoinette. In the height of her beauty that Queen attracted all men towards her, and with an innocent freedom she dispensed with those conventionalities to which the Court had been too much accustomed. This sometimes led to misconstruction, and her enemies made a base use of this latitude to rouse popular feeling against her.

“Two of the most interesting Princesses whom the eighteenth century produced, and who will be considered as such by posterity, were unquestionably Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette of Austria—one, the mother; the other, the daughter; both endowed with qualities fitted to sustain the throne in times of the greatest difficulty. The former,

when driven from her hereditary dominions by the French and Bavarians in 1741, found resources in her own mind which impelled her to resist, and ultimately enabled her to expel, her enemies. . . . With equal self devotion and fortitude, no man can doubt, would the late ill-fated Queen of France have conducted herself during the course of the French Revolution if, like her mother, she had reigned in her own right. To Louis she might have justly said, as Catherine de Foix did to her husband John d'Albret, King of Navarre, nearly three centuries earlier: 'Si nous fussions nés, vous, Catherine de Foix, et moi, Don Jean d'Albret, nous n'aurions jamais perdu la Navarre.' More unfortunate even than Margaret of Anjou, wife of our Henry VI., Marie Antoinette, after beholding, like the English Queen, her husband immolated, and her only son imprisoned by ferocious assassins, was ultimately conducted in a cart, with her hands tied behind her, as a common criminal to the place of execution. In the autumn of 1784 she had nearly completed her twenty-ninth year. Her beauty, like the mother of Æneas, '*incessu patuit.*' It consisted in her manner, air, and movements, all which were full of dignity as well as grace. No person could look at her without conceiving a favourable impression of her intelligence and spirit. The King was heavy and inert, destitute of activity or elasticity; wanting all the characteristic attributes of youth; who, though not corpulent, yet might be termed unwieldy, and who rather tumbled from one foot to the other than walked with firmness. His Queen could not move a step or perform an act in which majesty was not blended. She possessed all the vigour of mind, decision of character, and determination to maintain the royal authority, which were wanting in Louis. Nor does it demand any exertion of our belief to be convinced that she would have preferred death on the 10th of August 1792, as she loudly de-



clared, rather than have fled for shelter to the intimidated Assembly which transferred her to the Temple. Her understanding was not highly cultivated, nor her acquaintance with works of literature extensive; but her heart could receive and cherish some of the best emotions of our nature. Friendship, gratitude, maternal affection, conjugal love, fortitude, contempt of danger and of death, all these and many other virtues, however they might be choked up by the rank soil of a court, yet manifested themselves under the pressure of calamity.

“While I do this justice to her distinguished intellectual endowments and natural disposition, the impartiality which I profess compels me to disclose her defects with the same unreserve. She had many, some of them belonging to the *queen*, others more properly appertaining to the *woman*. Like the wife of Germanicus, she wanted caution and due command over her words and actions. Descended as she was from a house which during successive centuries had been the rival and the inveterate enemy of France, young, destitute of experience, surrounded by courtiers who dwelt upon her smiles, she did not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of such an elevation, and she violated frequently the most ordinary maxims of prudence. Her high and haughty temper, made for dominion, impelled her to regard the people as populace; and she seemed always to say while she looked round her:

‘Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.’

This well-known feature of her character aggravated all the errors or mistakes of her conduct, and enabled detraction to accuse her of the crime of being not only an Austrian by birth, but such in heart and inclination. So long as she had not produced a son, the imputation wore at least a semblance of probability; and a similar charge had been made in the preceding century, with some reason, against



Anne of Austria. Louis XIII.'s consort was, in fact, pursued criminally by the Cardinal de Richelieu for maintaining a treasonable correspondence with her brother, Philip IV., King of Spain. The birth of a Dauphin, who afterwards became Louis XIV., rescued Anne from ministerial prosecution; but Marie Antoinette, even after she had given an heir to the monarchy in 1781, and a second son in 1785, was still accused by popular malevolence, though most unjustly, of remitting pecuniary supplies to her brother, the Emperor Joseph II. Whatever might have been her predilections before she became a mother, we cannot doubt that subsequently to that event she beheld only the interests of France before her eyes. Her judgment did not, however, equal the elevation of her mind. The expensive purchase of the Palace of Saint Cloud from the Duc d'Orléans in her name was an act of great imprudence. Her contempt or disregard of appearances exposed her to severe comments; as did her strong partialities and preferences, manifested for various individuals of both sexes. The renunciation which she made of etiquette, and her emancipation from court form, though calculated to heighten the enjoyments of private society, broke down one of the barriers that surrounded the throne. Her personal vanity, not to say coquetry, was excessive and censurable. She passed more time in studying and adjusting the ornaments of her dress than became a woman placed upon the most dangerous eminence in Europe. Mademoiselle Bertin, who was her directress on this article, could indeed more easily obtain an audience of Marie Antoinette than persons of the first rank. Pleasure and dissipation offered for her irresistible charms.

“But was she, or was she not, it may be asked, a woman of gallantry? Did she ever violate her nuptial fidelity? Are we to rank her among the virtuous, or among the licentious

princesses recorded in history? I am well aware that the illustrious female in question did not always restrain the marks of her predilection within prudent limits, and she thereby furnished ample matter for detraction. So did Anne Bullen; but I imagine there are very few, if any, persons who believe that the unfortunate mother of Elizabeth was false to Henry VIII.'s bed. I have personally known many of the individuals, commonly supposed or asserted to have been favoured lovers of the late Queen of France. Ignorance and malevolence furnished the principal or the only proofs of criminality. Some of these men, thus distinguished, were foreigners and Englishmen. At their head I might place the late Lord Hugh Seymour, then the Honourable Hugh Seymour Conway, a captain in the navy. After the peace of 1783, when he was about twenty-five, he visited Paris and Versailles. Like all his six brothers, he exceeded in height the ordinary proportion of mankind; and he possessed great personal advantages, sustained by most engaging manners. The Queen, who met him at the Duchesse de Polignac's, among the crowd of eminent and elegant strangers there assembled, honoured him with marks of her particular notice, appeared to take a pleasure in conversing with him, and unquestionably displayed towards him great partiality. On this foundation was raised the accusation. I believe the present Earl Whitworth made a similar impression on Marie Antoinette, about the same time. He too was highly favoured by nature, and his address exceeded even his figure. At every period of his life queens and duchesses and countesses have showered on him their regard. The Duke of Dorset, recently sent ambassador to France, being an intimate friend of Mr. Whitworth, made him known to the Queen, who not only distinguished him by flattering marks of her attention, but interested herself in promoting his fortune, which then stood greatly in need of such a

patronage. As Lord Whitworth is at this hour a British Earl, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, decorated with various orders of knighthood, and one of the most distinguished subjects of the Crown, I shall digress from Marie Antoinette for a short time in order to relate some particulars of his rise and elevation in life.

“Lord Whitworth is about three years younger than myself, and must have been born in, or towards, 1754. His father, who had received the honour of knighthood, and was likewise a member of the House of Commons, left at his decease a numerous family involved in embarrassed circumstances. Mr. Whitworth, the eldest son, having embraced the military profession, served in the Guards and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel; but I believe was more distinguished during this period of his career by success in gallantries than by any professional merits or brilliant services. Soon after his thirtieth year he quitted the army; and as his fortune was very limited, he next aspired to enter the *corps diplomatique*. The circumstance becoming known to the Queen of France, she recommended his interests strongly to the Duke of Dorset, who, not without great difficulty, obtained at length in the year 1786, for his friend, the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Warsaw. I know from good authority that when that nomination was bestowed on him, no little impediment to his departure arose from the want of a few hundred pounds to defray the unavoidable expenses of his equipment. The unfortunate Stanislaus Poniatowski then reigned over the nominal monarchy of Poland, and Mr. Whitworth gave such satisfaction while residing at Warsaw in his public character, thatt on a vacancy occurring at St. Petersburg about two years afterwards he was sent as British envoy to Russia. During his residence of eleven or more years on the banks of the Neva, he received

the Order of the Bath, and was subsequently raised to the dignity of an Irish baron. But as very ample pecuniary resources were necessary for sustaining the dignity of his official situation, to support which in an adequate manner, his salary as minister from the British Court was altogether unequal, he did not hesitate to avail himself of female aid. Among the distinguished ladies of high rank about Catherine's person at that time was the Countess Gerbetzow, who, though married, possessed a very considerable fortune at her own disposal. Such was her partiality for the English envoy that she in a great measure provided, clothed, and defrayed his household from her own purse. In return for such solid proofs of attachment he engaged to give her his hand in marriage, a stipulation the accomplishment of which was necessarily deferred till she could obtain a divorce from her husband. Catherine's brilliant reign being closed, and her eccentric successor having adopted those pernicious measures which within a short period of time produced his destruction, Lord Whitworth returned in 1800 to this country. He was then about fifty years of age, and still possessed as many personal graces as are perhaps ever retained at that period of life. . . .

"The late Duke of Dorset himself was by vulgar misrepresentation included in the list of the Princess' pretended lovers. Unquestionably he enjoyed much of her regard and confidence, with proofs of both which sentiments she honoured him during his embassy in France. He preserved a letter-case, which I have seen, full of her notes addressed to him. They were written on private concerns, commissions that she requested him to execute for her, principally regarding English articles of dress or ornament, and other innocent or unimportant matters. Colonel Edward Dillon, with whom I was particularly acquainted, was likewise highly distinguished



by her. He descended, I believe, collaterally, from the noble Irish family of the Earls of Roscommon, though his father carried on the trade of a wine merchant at Bordeaux. But he was commonly denominated 'La Comte Edouard Dillon,' and 'Le beau Dillon.' In my estimation, he possessed little pretension to the latter epithet; but he surpassed most men in stature, like Lord Whitworth, Lord Hugh Seymour, and the other individuals on whom the French Queen cast a favourable eye. That she showed him some imprudent marks of predilection at a ball, which, when they took place, excited comment, is true; but they prove only indiscretion and levity on her part. Even the Comte d'Artois was enumerated among her lovers, by Parisian malignity; an accusation founded on his personal graces, his dissolute manners, and his state of separation, as well as of alienation from his own wife. The hatred of the populace towards the Queen became naturally inflamed by this supposed mixture of a species of incest with matrimonial infidelity; and it was to the base passions of the multitude that such atrocious fabrications were addressed by her enemies.

"If Marie Antoinette ever violated her nuptial vow (which, however, I am far from asserting), either Count Fersen or Monsieur de Vaudreuil were the favoured individuals. Of the former nobleman, who was a native of Sweden, though of Scottish descent, I may hereafter have occasion to make mention. Vaudreuil had received from nature many qualities, personal and intellectual, of the most ingratiating description. The Queen delighting much in his society, he was naturally invited to the parties at Madame de Polignac's, where her Majesty never failed to be present. But there were other parties in which Vaudreuil performed a conspicuous part, and respecting which I feel it impossible to observe a total silence; yet of which it is difficult to speak without involuntarily

awakening suspicions or reflections injurious to the memory of the Princess. They were called 'descampativos;' being held in the gardens of Versailles; where at a spot sheltered from view by lofty woods, about forty individuals, in equal numbers of both sexes, all selected or approved by the Queen, repaired at the appointed time. An altar of turf being erected, the election of a high priest followed, who, by virtue of his office, possessed the power of pairing the different couples for the space of one hour, at his arbitrary pleasure. On pronouncing the word 'descampativos,' they all scampered off in different directions; being, however, bound by the compact to reassemble at the same place, when the hour should be expired. Those persons who maintained that the amusement was altogether innocent as far as Marie Antoinette had in it any participation, observed that the King repeatedly sanctioned it by his presence. They added that he appeared to enjoy the diversion not less than any other individual of the company, and was himself repeatedly paired with different ladies. Vaudreuil generally performed the function of pontiff; and as that office conferred the power, not only of associating the respective couples, but of nominating his own partner, he frequently chose the Queen. Her enemies, indeed, asserted that one of her principal objects in setting on foot the diversion was to overcome by temptation combined with opportunity the scrupulous as well as troublesome fidelity observed by Louis towards her person and bed. In this expectation they pretended she was successful; partners, such as would not interpose any impediments or delays to his Majesty's wishes, being selected for him by the high priest. That a *game*, or diversion, such as I have described, and other similar amusements which in common language we denominate *romps*, did occasionally take place at Versailles, or at Trianon during the first years after Marie Antoinette

became Queen, when she was between twenty and twenty-five years of age, admits of no denial. I consider them, nevertheless, to have been exaggerated by her enemies, and to have been at least as free from stain or guilt as were the romping parties which we know our own Elizabeth permitted herself with Admiral Seymour, under her brother Edward's reign. Even Mary, Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen of William III., a most exemplary and virtuous woman, yet did not hesitate at two-and-twenty to receive instructions from the Duke of Monmouth, as her *dancing-master*, while he resided at the Hague, towards the end of Charles II.'s reign. The Duke, it must be remembered, was the handsomest man of his time; and if we may credit contemporary authority, the petticoats of the *scholar* were adapted to the *lesson*. But Louis XVI. might exclaim with *the Moor*:

'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well:  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.'

"I do not, indeed, mean to maintain that the virtue of the late Queen of France can be placed on the same level with the honour of her two immediate predecessors on the French throne, namely, Maria Theresa of Spain, consort of Louis XIV., or Maria Leczinska of Poland, the wife of Louis XV. — Princesses so correct in their deportment that detraction never ventured to impute to either of them the slightest deviation from propriety of conduct. But, on the other hand, it ought not to be forgotten that these Queens, who fell far below Marie Antoinette in personal as well as in mental endowments, who wanted all her graces and powers of captivating mankind, were likewise, each of them, married to Princes highly adorned by nature, and cast in her finest mould. Louis XVI. might inspire respect, or affection, or esteem, but did not

appear, even at twenty, made to awaken sentiments of love. It demanded consequently a stronger principle of moral action to keep her in the right path than might have sufficed in the two former instances. With Anne of Austria she may be more justly compared, whose conjugal virtue forms a subject of historic doubt; neither above suspicion, nor yet abandoned to censure. Like her, Marie Antoinette remained many years a wife before she became a mother. The birth of Louis XIV., born after more than two-and-twenty years of marriage, especially if we reflect on the extenuated state of Louis XIII. at the time, whose whole life was a perpetual disease, might well excite doubts of his Queen's fidelity in the minds of her contemporaries. Marie Antoinette brought into the world a daughter before the expiration of the ninth year from the celebration of her nuptials; and the cause of her not having sooner gratified the expectations of the French by giving heirs to the monarchy—a fact which was well known and ascertained—depended, not on *her*, but on the King, her husband. Both Princesses were handsome; both inclined to gallantry and coquetry. Anne of Austria manifested for Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, no less than for Mazarin, as strong a partiality, and committed acts as imprudent, as any which were ever attributed to the late Queen of France. She—I mean Anne of Austria—passed likewise a great part of her life in total separation from her unamiable husband; while the utmost external harmony, if not real affection, always subsisted between Louis XVI. and his consort. The balance of reputation between the two Queens inclines in favour of the latter Princess. And how gloriously did she redeem the levities, or the indiscretions, committed at Trianon and at Versailles by the magnanimity which she displayed during her confinement in the Tuileries, at the Temple, and in the Conciergerie! What a display of conjugal duty and



maternal tenderness did she not exhibit; what heroism and resources of mind, what superiority even to death, did she not manifest, while in the power of that atrocious mob of rebels and assassins, denominated the Republican Government! Whatever may have been the measure of her errors while in the splendour of royal prosperity, she will be ranked by posterity among the most illustrious, high-minded, and unfortunate Princesses who have appeared in modern ages."

#### THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

##### *First Office: The Superintendant.*

Queen Maria Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV., had Mademoiselle de Clermont, a Princess of the blood, as the superintendant of her household. Mademoiselle de Clermont died, and the Queen requested the King not to have the vacancy filled up, the privileges of the office of superintendant being so extensive that they were felt as a restraint on the sovereign. They included a right to nominate to employments, to determine differences between the holders of offices, to dismiss<sup>3</sup> or suspend the servants, etc. There was therefore no superintendant after Mademoiselle de Clermont, and Queen Marie Antoinette had none at the time of her accession. But shortly afterwards the Queen, interesting herself for the young Princesse de Lamballe, who was left a widow and childless, determined to give her greater personal consideration by placing her at Court, and therefore appointed her superintendant of her household. She constantly resided

<sup>3</sup> The servants were suspended by order of the head of the household for a fortnight, a month, or more. Dismission was more common than suspension; but resignations were signed by the parties themselves. It must not be forgotten that all the offices were trusts, and that the holders of them had been sworn before the Queen, the superintendant, the lady of honour, or the first gentleman usher.

at Versailles in the commencement of her service, and was very scrupulous in the punctual execution of all its duties. The Queen checked her a little in those which stood in the way of her inclinations; and after the intimacy between the Queen and Madame de Polignac had been formed, she attended Court with less assiduity. Her devoted attachment led her, at the moment when all the eminent persons in the kingdom were emigrating, to return to France and the Queen, who was then deprived of all her friends, and of that intimate connection which had occasioned a kind of distance between the Queen and the superintendant. The tragic end of the Princess must heighten the feeling excited by her zeal and fidelity. The Princess superintendant was, moreover, head of the Queen's council; but her functions in that capacity could only become important in case of a regency.

*Lady of Honour: The Princesse de Chimay.*

The place of lady of honour losing many of its advantages in consequence of the appointment of a superintendant, Madame la Maréchale de Mouchy gave in her resignation. When the Queen conferred the title of superintendant upon the Princesse de Lamballe, the lady of honour appointed to the offices administered the oaths in her absence, made presentations, and sent invitations in the Queen's name for the excursions to Marly, Choisy, and Fontainebleau, and for balls, suppers, and hunting parties. All changes in the furniture, and the linen and laces for the bed and toilette, were likewise made under her orders; the head woman of the Queen's wardrobe managed these matters jointly with the lady of honour. Up to the time when M. de Silhouette was appointed comptroller-general, cloths, napkins, body linen, and lace had been renewed every three years; that minister prevailed on Louis XV. to decide that they should be renewed only once in five

years. M. Necker, during his first administration, increased the interval of renewal by two years, so that it took place only every seven years. The whole of the old articles belonged to the lady of honour. When a foreign Princess was married to the heir presumptive, or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding clothes. The young Princess was undressed in the pavilion usually built upon the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel, without exception, was changed; notwithstanding which the foreign Courts furnished their Princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honour and the tirewoman. It is to be observed that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leczinska, the whole of her chamber furniture was given up to the Comtesse de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, with the exception of two large rock crystal lustres which Louis XV. ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the crown. The tirewoman was entrusted with the care of ordering materials, robes, and court dresses, and of checking and paying bills; all accounts were submitted to her, and were paid only on her signature and by her order — from shoes up to Lyons embroidered dresses. I believe the fixed annual sum for this department of expenditure was one hundred thousand francs; but there might be additional sums when the funds appropriated to this purpose were insufficient. The tirewoman sold the cast-off gowns and ornaments for her own benefit; the lace for head-dresses, ruffles, and gowns was provided by her, and kept distinct from those of which the lady of honour had the charge. There was a secretary of the wardrobe, to whom the care of keeping the books, accounts of payments, and correspondence relating to this department was confided.



The tirewoman had likewise under her order a principal under-tirewoman, charged with the care and preservation of all the Queen's dresses; two women to fold and press such articles as required it; two valets, and one porter of the wardrobe. The latter brought every morning into the Queen's apartments baskets covered with taffety, containing all that she was to wear during the day, and large cloths of green taffety covering the robes and the full dresses. The valet of the wardrobe on duty presented every morning a large book to the first *femme de chambre*, containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, etc. Every pattern was marked, to show to which sort it belonged. The first *femme de chambre* presented this book to the Queen on her awaking, with a pin-cushion; her Majesty stuck pins in those articles which she chose for the day — one for the dress, one for the afternoon undress, and one for the full evening dress for card or supper parties in the private apartments. The book was then taken back to the wardrobe, and all that was wanted for the day was soon after brought in in large taffety wrappers. The wardrobe woman, who had the care of the linen, in her turn brought in a covered basket containing two or three chemises and handkerchiefs. The morning basket was called *prêt du jour*. In the evening she brought in one containing the nightgown and night-cap, and the stockings for the next morning; this basket was called *prêt de la nuit*. They were in the department of the lady of honour, the tirewoman having nothing to do with the linen. Nothing was put in order or taken care of by the Queen's women. As soon as the toilette was over, the valets and porter belonging to the wardrobe were called in, and they carried all away in a heap, in the taffety wrappers, to the tirewoman's wardrobe, where all were folded up again, hung up, examined, and cleaned with so much regularity and care that even the cast-off clothes scarcely looked as



if they had been worn. The tirewoman's wardrobe consisted of three large rooms surrounded with closets, some furnished with drawers and others with shelves; there were also large tables in each of these rooms, on which the gowns and dresses were spread out and folded up.

For the winter the Queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments.

She had as many for the summer; those for the spring served likewise for the autumn. All these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless, indeed, she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric gowns, or others of the same kind — they were lately introduced; but such as these were not renewed at each returning season, they were kept several years. The chief women were charged with the care and examination of the diamonds; this important duty was formerly confided to the tirewoman, but for many years had been included in the business of the first *femmes de chambre*.

#### *The Queen's Bed-Chamber.*

There was formerly but one *femme de chambre*. The large income derived from the place, and the favour by which it was generally accompanied, rendered a division of it necessary.

The Queen had two, and two reversioners:

The incumbents were — Madame de Misery, a daughter of the Comte de Chemant, and by the side of her mother, who descended from a Montmorency, cousin to the Prince de Tingry, who always called her cousin, even before the Queen; Madame Thibaut, formerly *femme de chambre* of Queen Maria Leczinska.

The reversioners were — Madame Campan and Madame

Regnier de Jarjaye, whose husband was a staff officer with the rank of colonel.

The duty of the chief *femmes de chambre* was to attend to the performance of the whole service of the bed-chamber, to receive the Queen's orders for her times of rising, dressing, going out and making journeys; they were, moreover, charged with the Queen's privy purse, and the payment of pensions and gratuities. The diamonds, too, were entrusted to them. They did the honours of the service when the ladies of honour or tirewomen were absent, and in the same manner acted for them in making presentations to the Queen. Their appointments did not exceed twelve thousand francs; but all the wax candles of the bed-chamber, closets, and card-room belonged to them daily, whether lighted or not, and this perquisite raised their income to more than fifty thousand francs each. The candles for the great closet of the *salon* of the nobility, the room preceding the Queen's chamber, and those for the ante-chambers and corridors, belonged to the servants of the chamber. The undress gowns were, whenever left off, carried by the order of the tirewoman to the chief *femmes de chambre*. The court and full dresses, with all other accessories of the Queen's toilette, belonged to the tirewoman herself.

The Queens were very circumspect in the choice of their principal women; they generally took care to select them from among the twelve ordinary women whom they knew well in order to keep this confidential situation exempt from the intrigues of the Court and capital. Queen Marie Antoinette, who knew Madame Campan when she was Reader to the daughters of Louis XV., and wished to have her as first woman, made her a promise of that place; but for several years she filled the situation of ordinary woman. A lady of noble family, much beloved by the Queen and distinguished by her upon her arrival in France, who flattered herself with the hopes of

becoming first woman, was disappointed of the place in consequence of her imprudence in taking advantage of the kindness of the young Dauphiness, who twice paid her debts at the time she was expecting to be appointed first woman. The Dauphiness when she became Queen assigned as the reason for her refusal that it was very imprudent to entrust money to persons known to be extravagant and thoughtless, as it exposed the honour of families as well as the deposit to danger. The Queen, however, softened down her refusal by placing the lady's children at Saint Cyr and the military school and granting them pensions. At the period of the constitution, when it was proposed to reform the household by abolishing the titles of ladies of honour and gentlemen ushers, and the King determined to introduce the strictest economy into all parts of his own expenses and those of the Queen, it was decided that the daily renewal of the wax candles should be discontinued. The office of first woman was by this reduction deprived of its greatest revenue. The King, after consulting with M. de Laporte, fixed the income of the first women at twenty-four thousand livres each, with the addition of the functions and perquisites of the tirewoman, whose office was suppressed. He observed at the same time that the first women ought to be selected from among persons of merit and good birth, and that their income ought to be sufficient to place them above intrigue or corruption. The plan of the household formed after the constitutional laws was decreed, but the military part was the only one put into execution.

The Queen had twelve women in ordinary.

The eight senior women of the Queen had incomes of three thousand six hundred francs.

The other four had two thousand four hundred livres.

They had three hundred livres less when they had lodgings in the Château of Versailles, or apartments assigned them.

When the King went to Compiègne in July and Fontainebleau in October three hundred livres a journey were added to their salaries to defray the expenses of moving. It must be observed that these journeys, even if economically performed, cost from a thousand to twelve hundred livres. But the husbands of these ladies had all honourable and lucrative situations, and the emoluments of places of this description were not at all thought of; the support and protection of the Queen were the only things that made them canvassed for. I remember when the poorest among them had an income of from fifteen to twenty thousand francs, and some of them from their husbands' circumstances had from sixty to eighty thousand francs a year; but these fortunes came from financial employments or places of hereditary property, and were no way drawn from the royal treasury, the pensions granted being few and inconsiderable.

There was no pension granted to the first women; when they retired they retained the whole emoluments of their post, which was too considerable to admit of their being indemnified for it. Those who had the places in reversion acted for them, and received a salary of six thousand livres.

The *femmes de chambre* in ordinary were allowed four thousand livres pension after thirty years', three thousand after twenty-five years, and two thousand after twenty years' service.

The twelve women served in turns, four every week, two of these every day alternately; so that the four women who had served one week were the next fortnight at leisure, unless a substitute was wanted, and in the week of duty they had intervals of two or three days. There was no table appointed for the female service, except when the Court left Versailles; the first women had their kitchen and cook. The others had their dinners taken to them in their apartment.



*Wardrobe Woman.*

A person named R—— was entrusted with all matters relating to this post, but as her services lasted all the year round she was very useful in several particulars of internal domestic service, which would have been otherwise but ill performed by women of the class who served the Queen. Her usefulness and the kindness of her mistress had unfortunately made her services but too indispensable. Some particulars relative to the departure for Varennes could not be concealed from her, and it appears clear that she betrayed the Queen's secret to some of the deputies or members of the commune of Paris.<sup>4</sup> She was under the immediate orders of the first *femme de chambre*, who frequently, in case of a vacancy, procured the place for her own *femme de chambre*. When the Queen, on her return from Varennes, dismissed this woman R——, she put the governess of Madame Campan's son in her place.

There were also two women, charged with all that belonged to the baths, who gave them their exclusive attention. The flowers, vases, porcelain, and all the ornaments of the apartment were arranged every morning by the wardrobe woman.

*Master of the Wardrobe.*

This office, important as it may be about a Prince, was but a mere name about a Princess, the tirewoman being charged with all that related to his department, and having under her orders a secretary of the wardrobe for correspondence and payment of demands. The income of the master of the wardrobe was, notwithstanding, sixty thousand francs. The office was held by the Comte de la Mortiere, who died a general, and in reversion by M. Ponjaud, *fermier-général*. Its only prerogative was its right of entrance into the chamber.

<sup>4</sup> See Vol. II., pp. 88, 89.

*First Valet de Chambre.*

The functions of first *femme de chambre* had in the same manner reduced this office to the mere title, and a right of entrance to the toilette. The salary was forty thousand francs.

*Train-Bearer in Ordinary.*

This office had daily and assiduous duties attached to it. To hold it it was necessary to be either noble, the son of an ennobled person, or decorated with the cross of Saint Louis; the first gentleman usher being obliged to receive him into his carriage when attending the Court *en suite*, would not otherwise have consented to sit with him. This officer suffered continual mortification, being obliged by etiquette to give up the Queen's train to her page whenever her Majesty entered the chapel or the inner apartments of the King; so that after having borne the train in the great apartment and the mirror gallery, he gave it up to the page at the entrance to the chapel and the King's apartment. He kept the Queen's mantle or pelisse, but handed them to the first gentleman usher or the first equerry if the Queen wished to make use of them. This practice was called doing the honours of the service, and was always observed by the inferior officer to the superior.

*Secretaries for Orders: Messieurs Augéard and Beaugéard.*

The business of these officers was to get orders for the payment of her household signed by the Queen; which she did punctually every three months at her dressing-hour.

These secretaries were also to answer letters of etiquette, such as those from sovereigns upon births, deaths, etc. The Queen merely signed letters of this nature.

The private secretary of the secretaries for orders took every Sunday from a table in the Queen's room the whole of the

memorials which had been presented to her in the course of the week. He made an abstract of them, and they were sent to the different ministers. Generally the applicants got very little by them unless in some extraordinary cases of hardship; but they were, at all events, sure that the original certificates and family documents which are often imprudently annexed to memorials and petitions would be faithfully returned. The Queen took into her private closet all those memorials to which she intended to add postscripts, or which she wished to give to the ministers herself.

*Superintendent of Finances, Demesnes, and Affairs:*

*M. Bertier, Intendant of Paris.*

This office was almost entirely a sinecure.

*Intendant of the Household and Finances:*

*M. Gabriel de Saint Charles.*

A sinecure.

*Reader: The Abbé de Vermont.*

This modest title gives a very inadequate idea of the office and power of the man. Having been the Queen's tutor before her marriage he retained an absolute power over her mind. He was her private secretary, confidant, and (unfortunately) her adviser.

*Readers: The Comtesse de Neuilly; Madame de La Borde, in reversion.*

This lady married M. de Rohan Chabot; her first husband fell a victim to the Revolution. He was first *valet de chambre* to Louis XV., and brother of the Comtesse d'Angiviller.

The office of female reader was a sinecure during the reign of Marie Antoinette, the Abbé de Vermond objecting to the female reader having the advantage of reading to the Queen. He did not, however, object to the women or first women officiating for her. Madame Campan generally had that honour.

*Secretary of the Closet: M. Campan.*

He was entrusted with every part of the correspondence which did not belong to the secretaries for orders, or the Abbé de Vermond. He enjoyed the confidence of his mistress, and succeeded the Abbé de Vermond, who emigrated on the 17th of July 1789, until his death in September 1791. The Queen could not refrain from tears at his death, which was occasioned by the grief experienced by that faithful servant during the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution.

M. Campan was, besides, librarian to the Queen from the time of her arrival in France, though she suffered M. Moreau, historiographer of France, to retain the title. She came from Versailles strongly prepossessed against that literary man, whose political character had in truth suffered during the parliamentary troubles towards the close of the reign of Louis XV. She caused it to be intimated to him that she wished him to give up the keys of her library to M. Campan, but that out of respect to the King's appointment she left him his title and the salary of his office.

It is to be presumed that the Abbé de Vermond, while fulfilling his duties as tutor at Vienna, was startled at the appointment of a literary man to the situation of librarian to the young Dauphiness, more especially as M. Moreau, elated with his new honour, had printed a work entitled *Library of Madame the Dauphiness*, in which he traced out a course of history and general study for the Princess. The Abbé de Ver-



mond, determined to have the sole charge of duties of that kind, planned Moreau's fall so skilfully long beforehand, that it took place on his very first step. M. Moreau died at an advanced age at his estate of Chambourcy, near Saint Germain. His disgrace, at which he was greatly hurt, probably preserved his life and fortune.

The Queen had —

Two *valets de chambre* in ordinary.

An usher in ordinary.

(The duty of the offices denominated *ordinary* was to act as substitutes for those who could not perform their quarterly service.)

Four ushers of the chamber serving by the quarter.

Two ushers of the closet.

Two ushers of the antechamber.

Eight *valets de chambre*, per quarter.

Six servants of the chamber, or rather, we may say (in order to convey a more accurate idea of this office), *valets de chambre of the sleeping room*. These six places about the King and Queen were greatly preferred to those of *valet de chambre*, because they were much more in the inner apartments. Those of the King were raised gradually to eighty thousand francs.

An ordinary valet of the wardrobe.

Two valets of the wardrobe, each serving six months.

A porter of the wardrobe who carried the taffety wrappers, clothes, and baskets from the chamber to the tiring wardrobe.

*An Ordinary Keeper of the Wardrobe of the Chamber:*

*M. Bonnefri du Plan.*

He was also house steward of Petit Trianon. It was he who designed and executed the kind of secretary appropriated to the Queen's jewels, and which was transferred to Saint

Cloud. His name and the year in which that piece of furniture, remarkable for its richness, and the paintings with which it was ornamented, was made are engraved upon a plate of copper, which was at the bottom of it. Boulard, an eminent upholsterer of Paris, was long a servant of the wardrobe under the orders of Bonnefri.

*Four Valets de Chambre Upholsterers.*

They came to make the bed in the morning and turn it down in the evening.

The Queen had two hairdressers attached to her person. They were the brother and cousin of Léonard, the celebrated hairdresser. The latter also held a place as hairdresser, but did not quit Paris, and came only on Sundays at noon to the Queen's toilette. He also came to Versailles on holidays and at balls. He went to St. Petersburg.

His brother was guillotined at Paris; his cousin died an emigrant. They were very good and faithful servants.

*Medical Department.*

A chief physician: M. Vicq-d'Azyr, after the death of M. de Lassone.

A physician in ordinary: M. de Lassone, the son.

A chief surgeon: M. de Chairgnac.

A surgeon in ordinary officiating for the household.

Two common surgeons to attend to the livery servants, kitchen servants, and stable servants.

A body apothecary.

A common apothecary.

A well-furnished dispensary, from which the inferior servants received the necessary drugs and remedies. All above the class of footmen, or kitchen servants, thought it beneath

them to avail themselves of this right, but they had liberty to do so.

*"Officers of the Table."*

A chief *maître d'hôtel*: the Marquis de Talaru.

A *maître d'hôtel* in ordinary: M. Chalut de Verin; M. de Guimps, in reversion.

Messieurs Dufour and Campan the son, in reversion.

Cosson de Guimps.

De Malherbe, in reversion.

Despriez, Moreau d'Olibois, in reversion.

Clement de Ris.

These places required nobility. The *maîtres d'hôtel* officiated for the gentlemen ushers in case the Queen should happen to want them when going in grand procession. Quarterly at Versailles, as well as on journeys, they did the honours of a table to which were admitted the lieutenant and exempt of the guards upon duty, the gentlemen usher in ordinary, as well as the one for the quarter, and the Queen's almoner.

The Queen had —

One gentleman serving in ordinary.

Twelve gentlemen serving by the quarter.

Their duty was to serve up at the dinners of the King and Queen, and at the *grand couvert*. Notwithstanding the title *gentleman*, this place did not require nobility.

*A Comptroller-General of the Queen's Household:*

*M. Mercier de la Source.*

This officer inspected and regulated all the expenses of the table, being a kind of medium between the Queen's household and the royal treasury; he had power upon the Queen's mere demand in case of extraordinary expense to draw for addi-



tional supplies; the Queen availed herself of this privilege but very seldom, and then only for things relative to the arts which she patronised. It was accordingly M. de la Source who fixed the sum granted for the quarto edition of Metastasio: a tribute which the Queen thought due from her to that celebrated author, her old Italian master at the Court of Vienna.

Four comptrollers of the table serving by the quarter.

A comptroller in ordinary, specially charged with the Queen's table.

*Stables.*

Chief equerry: the Comte de Tessé.

The Duc de Polignac, in reversion.

Processional equerry: M. de Salvost.

Governor of the pages: M. de Perdreauville.

A preceptor.

An almoner.

And all the masters employed in the education of the King's pages.

Twelve pages.

*Chevalier d'honneur*: the Comte de Saulx Tavarnes.

An equerry in ordinary: M. Petit de Vieuvigne.

Quarterly equeries:

Monsieur de Wallans.

“ de Billy.

“ le Chevalier de Vaussay de Beauregard.

“ le Comte de Saint Angel.

*Chapel.*

A grand almoner: the Bishop Duc de Laon.

A first almoner: the Bishop de Meaux.

Almoner in ordinary: the Abbé de Beaufoil de Saint Aulaire.



Confessor: the Abbé Poupast.

Four quarterly almoners.

An almoner in ordinary.

Four quarterly chaplains.

A chaplain in ordinary.

Chapel boys.

Four quarterly chapel boys.

A chapel boy in ordinary.

Two chapel summoners.

There were besides a great number of offices, especially for the table, such as esquire of the table, chief butler, head of the butlery officers, etc. But they had no opportunity of serving directly about the Queen.

The Queen had twelve footmen.

The Versailles almanac and old catalogues enumerate all the inferior offices.

#### PARTICULARS OF ETIQUETTE.

##### *The Queen's manner of living and the arrangement of her time.*

When the King slept in the Queen's apartment he always rose before her; the exact hour was communicated to the head *femme de chambre*, who entered, preceded by a servant of the bed-chamber bearing a taper; she crossed the room and unbolted the door which separated the Queen's apartment from that of the King. She there found the first *valet de chambre* for the quarter, and a servant of the chamber. They entered, opened the bed curtains on the King's side, and presented him slippers generally, as well as the dressing-gown, which he put on, of gold or silver stuff. The first *valet de chambre* took down a short sword which was always laid within the railing on the King's side. When the King slept with the Queen,

this sword was brought upon the armchair appropriated to the King, and which was placed near the Queen's bed, within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed. The first *femme de chambre* conducted the King to the door, bolted it again, and leaving the Queen's chamber did not return until the hour appointed by her Majesty the evening before. At night the Queen went to bed before the King; the first *femme de chambre* remained seated at the foot of her bed until the arrival of his Majesty, in order, as in the morning, to see the King's attendants out and bolt the door after them. The Queen awoke habitually at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine, frequently in bed, and sometimes after she had risen, at a small table placed opposite her couch.

In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. *To do the honours of the service*, was to present the service to a person of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed; thus supposing the Queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Comtesse d'Artois came in at that moment the waiter went again from lady of honour into the hands of the Princess before it reached the Queen. It must be observed, however, that if a Princess of the blood instead of a Princess of the family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the Princess of the blood, the lady of honour being excused from transferring to any but Princesses of the royal family. Nothing was presented directly to the Queen; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture

of ceremony upon a side-table, and was called a *gantière*. The first woman presented to her in this manner all that she asked for unless the tirewoman, the lady of honour, or a Princess were present, and then the gradation pointed out in the instance of the glass of water was always observed.

Whether the Queen breakfasted in bed or up, those entitled to the *petites entrées* were equally admitted; this privilege belonged of right to her chief physician, chief surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, closet secretary, the King's four first *valets de chambre* and their reversioners, and the King's chief physicians and surgeons. There were frequently from ten to twelve persons at this first *entrée*. The lady of honour or the superintendant, if present, placed the breakfast equipage upon the bed; the Princesse de Lamballe frequently performed that office.

As soon as the Queen rose the wardrobe woman was admitted to take away the pillows and prepare the bed to be made by some of the *valets de chambre*. She undrew the curtains, and the bed was not generally made until the Queen was gone to mass. Generally, excepting at Saint Cloud, where the Queen bathed in an apartment below her own, a slipper bath was rolled into her room, and her bathers brought everything that was necessary for the bath. The Queen bathed in a large gown of English flannel buttoned down to the bottom; its sleeves throughout, as well as the collar, were lined with linen. When she came out of the bath the first woman held up a cloth to conceal her entirely from the sight of her women, and then threw it over her shoulders. The bathers wrapped her in it and dried her completely, she then put on a long and wide open chemise, entirely trimmed with lace, and afterwards a white taffety bed-gown. The wardrobe woman warmed the bed; the slippers were of dimity, trimmed with lace. Thus dressed the Queen went to bed again, and the

bathers and servants of the chamber took away the bathing apparatus. The Queen, replaced in bed, took a book or her tapestry work. On her bathing mornings she breakfasted in the bath. The tray was placed on the cover of the bath. These minute details are given here only to do justice to the Queen's scrupulous modesty. Her temperance was equally remarkable; she breakfasted on coffee or chocolate; at dinner ate nothing but white meat, drank water only, and supped on broth, a wing of a fowl, and small biscuits, which she soaked in a glass of water.

The public toilette took place at noon. The toilette table was drawn forward into the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was generally the richest and most ornamented of all in the apartment of the Princesses. The Queen used it in the same manner and place for undressing herself in the evening. She went to bed in corsets trimmed with ribbon, and sleeves trimmed with lace, and wore a large neck handkerchief. The Queen's combing cloth was presented by her first woman if she was alone at the commencement of the toilette; or, as well as the other articles, by the ladies of honour if they were come. At noon the women who had been in attendance four-and-twenty hours were relieved by two women in full dress; the first woman went also to dress herself. The *grandes entrées* were admitted during the toilette; sofas were placed in circles for the superintendant, the ladies of honour, and tirewomen, and the governess of the children of France when she came there; the duties of the ladies of the bed-chamber having nothing to do with any kind of domestic or private functions, did not begin until the hour of going out to mass — they waited in the great closet, and entered when the toilette was over. The Princes of the blood, captains of the Guards, and all great officers having the entry paid their court at the hour of the toilette. The Queen saluted by nodding her



head or bending her body, or leaning upon her toilette table as if moving to rise; the last mode of salutation was for the Princes of the blood. The King's brothers also came very generally to pay their respects to her Majesty while her hair was being dressed. In the earlier years of the reign the first part of the dressing was performed in the bed-chamber and according to the laws of etiquette — that is to say, the lady of honour put on the chemise and poured out the water for the hands, the tirewoman put on the skirt of the gown or full dress, adjusted the handkerchief, and tied on the necklace. But when the young Queen became more seriously devoted to fashion, and the head-dress attained so extravagant a height that it became necessary to put on the chemise from below,—when, in short, she determined to have her milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, with her whilst she was dressing, whom the ladies would have refused to admit to any share in the honour of attending on the Queen, the dressing in the bed-chamber was discontinued, and the Queen, leaving her toilette, withdrew into her closet to dress.

On returning into her chamber the Queen, standing about the middle of it, surrounded by the superintendant, the ladies of honour and tirewomen, her ladies of the palace, the *chevalier d'honneur*, the chief equerry, her clergy ready to attend her to mass, the Princesses of the royal family who happened to come, accompanied by all their chief attendants and ladies, passed in order into the gallery as in going to mass. The Queen's signatures were generally given at the moment of entry into the chamber. The secretary for orders presented the pen. Presentations of colonels on taking leave were usually made at this time. Those of ladies, and such as had a right to the tabouret, or sitting in the royal presence, were made on Sunday evenings before card-playing began, on their coming in from paying their respects. Ambassadors were in-



roduced to the Queen on Tuesday mornings, accompanied by the introducer of ambassadors on duty, and by M. de Sequeville, the secretary for the ambassadors. The introducer in waiting usually came to the Queen at her toilette to apprise her of the presentations of foreigners which would be made. The usher of the chamber, stationed at the entrance, opened the folding doors to none but the Princes and Princesses of the royal family, and announced them aloud. Quitting his post, he came forward to name to the lady of honour the persons who came to be presented, or who came to take leave; that lady again named them to the Queen at the moment they saluted her; if she and the tirewoman were absent, the first woman took the place and did that duty. The ladies of the bed-chamber, chosen solely as companions for the Queen, had no domestic duties to fulfil, however opinion might dignify such offices. The King's letter in appointing them, among other instructions of etiquette, ran thus: "Having chosen you to bear the Queen company." There were hardly any emoluments accruing from this place.

The Queen heard mass with the King in the tribune, facing the grand altar, and the choir, with the exception of the days of high ceremony, when their chairs were placed below upon velvet carpets fringed with gold. These days were marked by the name of *grand chapel days*.

The Queen named the collector beforehand, and informed her of it through her lady of honour, who was besides desired to send the purse to her. The collectors were almost always chosen from among those who had been recently presented. After returning from mass the Queen dined every Sunday with the King only, in public in the cabinet of the nobility, a room leading to her chamber. Titled ladies having the honours sat during the dinner upon folding-chairs placed on each side of the table. Ladies without titles stood round the table; the

captain of the Guards and the first gentleman of the chamber were behind the King's chair; behind that of the Queen were her first *maître dhôtel*, her *chevalier dhonneur*, and the chief equerry. The Queen's *maître dhôtel* was furnished with a large staff, six or seven feet in length, ornamented with golden *fleurs de lis*, and surmounted by *fleurs de lis* in the form of a crown. He entered the room with this badge of his office to announce that the Queen was served. The comptroller put into his hands the card of the dinner; in the absence of the *maître dhôtel* he presented it to the Queen himself, otherwise he only did him the honours of the service. The *maître dhôtel* did not leave his place, he merely gave the orders for serving up and removing; the comptroller and gentlemen serving placed the various dishes upon the table, receiving them from the inferior servants.

The Prince nearest to the Crown presented water to wash the King's hands at the moment he placed himself at table, and a Princess did the same service to the Queen.

The table service was formerly performed for the Queen by the lady of honour and four women in full dress; this part of the women's service was transferred to them on the suppression of the office of maids of honour. The Queen put an end to this etiquette in the first year of her reign. When the dinner was over the Queen returned without the King to her apartment with her women, and took off her hoop and train.

#### THE QUEEN'S PRIVY PURSE.

##### *Manner of Managing the Funds.*

The first women served by the month, and gave the accounts of the privy purse to the Queen herself at the end of every month; after having examined them, the Queen wrote at the bottom of the last page: "Found correct—*Marie Antoi-*

*nette."* Each of the first women carried home her account thus audited, leaving in the office of their apartments in the Château the receipts for the pensions or other matters which she had paid during her month's service. In the same office was a statement of the pensions. It was taken away on the 10th of August, and probably mixed with a number of other things carried to the commune of Paris. The Assembly having decreed that charitable pensions should be continued, and not finding the statement of them, passed another decree, authorising the pensioners to demand certificates from the officers or sub-officers of the Queen's chambers; as there was no longer in France either superintendant or lady of honour, the first *femmes de chambre* were, after the abolition of royalty, authorised to give these certificates. The supply for the privy purse was handed over on the first of every month to the Queen. M. Randon de la Tour presented her this sum at noon, the hour of her toilette; it was always in gold, and contained in a white leather purse lined with taffety and embroidered with silver. The funds of the privy purse amounted to three hundred thousand livres; the monthly divisions of them were not equal—the January purse was the richest, those which corresponded in point of time with the fairs of Saint Germain and Saint Laurent were also richer than the others. This was an ancient etiquette, arising from a custom which was formerly in use for the Kings to present the Queens with money, to enable them to make purchases at the fairs. This sum of three hundred thousand livres was merely play money for the Queen, or for acts of beneficence, or any presents she might be desirous of making. Her toilette was furnished from other sources, even to her rouge and gloves. The Queen retained all the old pensioners of Maria Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV. She paid out of her three hundred thousand livres the amount of eighty thousand livres annually in pen-



sions or alms, and saved out of the rest. Every month the first woman put away two or three hundred louis, which had not been spent, in a strong chest in the Queen's inner closet. Out of these savings the Queen, in the course of several years, paid for a pair of earrings formed of pear-shaped diamonds of equal size, and a single diamond, which she bought of Bœhmer the jeweller in 1774. They were not completely paid for until 1780. Having seen that the young Queen took so much time to discharge out of her savings a debt she had contracted for an article that had tempted her, and which she did not like to make the public pay money for, Bœhmer ought never to have lent himself to the belief that eight or ten years afterwards she would, without the King's knowledge, have purchased an ornament at fifteen hundred thousand livres.<sup>5</sup> But the desire to dispose of so expensive an article as the famous necklace, and the hope of being paid in some way or other, induced him to believe that which he ought not to have thought even probable. The Queen had more than one hundred and ten thousand livres in gold in her apartment at the Tuileries a few days before the 10th of August; deceived by an artful fellow, who called himself the friend of Pétion, and promised to interest him for the King in case of any attack upon the Tuileries, she preserved but fifteen hundred louis in gold, which were conveyed to the Assembly on the taking of the Tuileries. She had changed eighty and some odd thousands into assignats to make up a sum of one hundred thousand francs, which was to be remitted to the mayor. It was agreed that Pétion should make a private signal on seeing the King on the 9th of August; but he did not make it, and this circumstance, and still more his conduct on the disastrous 10th, produced a conviction that the so-called messenger was a mere thief.

<sup>5</sup> See Vol. I., pp. 307-330 and Appendix.

The Queen's privy purse being thus prudently administered, and having always exceeded her wants, and as she had even made some investments of money, it is not difficult to give credit to an important truth — namely, that she never drew any extraordinary sum from the public treasury. She was, however, unjustly accused of having done so in all the provinces, and even in Paris, where people most distinguished for rank and education adopt and promulgate opinions unfavourable to the great with unaccountable levity.

The expenses of the Queen's household were controlled by the Secretary of State, to whom the department of the King's household belonged.

The first office was that of the secretariat for orders, in which were made out the brevets or titles of nomination of all the officers and ladies belonging to the establishment, and the original accounts known by the name of menus for the regulation of the expenses.

The general estimate included the supplies of bread, wine, meat, wood, wax, etc., and the divers accounts comprised under this general head formed a sort of imaginary estimate of expenditure; for instance, the bread, the wine, and the different dishes for the table were all specified, as well as the wood, and charcoal, and everything else that was necessary for consumption in the household. The nature of the articles might be, and was, varied, but the expenditure remained the same, unless it might be in the balance. By this means the expense of every article was so known and fixed before its consumption as not to allow of its being exceeded. Sometimes, however, articles were required, the expense of which had not been foreseen, as some novelty, or anything unusually rare or expensive. A separate account was kept of such things and the expense of them was defrayed out of the amounts saved.

The expenses of the chamber and of the stable department were provided for in the same manner by provisional estimates, which regulated the charges for liveries, equipages, and corn and hay for the horses.

For any unexpected expenses special accounts were made out, which were easily examined, as they consisted of very few articles.

These accounts or estimates fixed the emoluments of every one attached to the household or connected with its supplies.

The second office, that of comptroller-general, carried into execution the orders made out from these estimates and audited the execution of the whole of the service, and of the use of the funds assigned for the estimates, and of the balances when the expenses were not incurred.

This office was, in fact, the central bureau which decided and limited all the expenses, ordinary and extraordinary.

The expenses of the bed-chamber were under the regulation of the lady superintendant of the *dame d'honneur* and the comptroller-general of the household.

Those of the household comprehending the kitchen and offices were regulated by the first *maître d'hôtel*, the other *maîtres d'hôtel*, and the comptroller-general.

Those of the stables by the first equerry and the comptroller-general.

By these regulations the comptroller-general became especially responsible for all that occurred.

Measures of economy were deemed advisable; and it was thought necessary to deprive the grand officers of the part assigned them in the administration of the expenses. A new office was created in consequence under the name of commissariat-general, presided over by the comptroller-general, the minister of the King's household, and the different commissioners in the service of the King and Queen.



The Queen's household only retained this new form two years, the original officers demanding the restoration of their ancient rights at the end of that time.

The right which the grand officers had of making out expenses which they had the power of respectively influencing for their own interest or that of their dependents, sometimes for their old servants and always for their *protégés*, must certainly be regarded as an abuse. The chief officers had each a secretary paid by the Queen. These secretaries had no other employment than to receive the oaths which were taken before the chief officers. The secretary of the Queen's tire-woman had somewhat more to do, as that lady managed her own accounts, which she might almost be said to farm, having fixed prices for all the clothes of her Majesty.

The different duties were fulfilled by the officers in waiting, serving, some for three months together, some for six, and others in ordinary.

The Queen's council was merely nominal. The lady superintendant and a chancellor were at its head. It sometimes met to receive accounts from the treasurer, but only as a matter of form.

The Queen had a chapel consisting of a grand, and first, and many other almoners; clerks of the chapel, chaplains, preachers, and *sommiers*, serving as above stated, some quarterly and others half-yearly.

The Queen had also several physicians attached to her household to attend on her own person, and likewise on those around her. These different establishments were paid from the funds of the household.

The lady superintendant and the lady of honour presided over the bed-chamber. There were attached to it twelve *dames du palais*; a *chevalier d'honneur*, gentlemen-in-waiting, and a train-bearer.



The establishment of the bed-chamber consisted of two first *femmes de chambre* and twelve others; ushers of the bed-chamber, of the closet, and of the antechamber; of valets, footmen, and other servants of an inferior description.

It is undeniable that so many persons, the greater part of whom were unknown, must have encumbered the service, rather than have been any honour to it. It may likewise be observed that the privilege of the officers to serve by three months at a time, leaving every individual at liberty to go into his province as soon as his quarter was expired, estranged him too much from the personage to whom he was attached, and rendered it easy for him or her to magnify their own importance. Officers in ordinary, consequently known, in sufficient number, would have rendered the duty more agreeable and more lucrative to those who might discharge it. Similar offices, which the nominal holders sell, are not increased without inconvenience; for it is evident that through this practice many a man holds a post which would never have been assigned to him if it had not been necessary to pay for it. Even when serving by commission all who approach the King ought to be sworn, nor should this oath be regarded as a mere ceremony. Those whose offices are honourable ought to take it before their royal master himself, and inferiors before their respective principals.

The stables are a department of the first importance, as well on account of the dignity as the expense connected with it.

The Queen's stables were governed by the first equerry, having as second an equerry *cavalcadour*. There were twelve pages. They did not receive any salary, but their board and maintenance and education, which was a military one, were all provided for. The outriders, coachmen, postilions, etc., were under the direction of the first equerry; they wore liveries,

and their expenses, like those of the bed-chamber and tables, were regulated by the lists of direction for the Queen's household, as were also the keeping and replacing of the horses; by which means the whole expenditure, or at least the greater part of it, was known beforehand, which enabled the comptroller-general to manage with ease all the usual expenses, and gave him the means of meeting more readily any which might not have been foreseen.

Many supplies were purchased by tender at the lowest price offered; as, for instance, bread, wine, meat, and fish for the table, and in general every article purveyed.

It may finally be remarked that the registers and papers of the office of comptroller-general of the Queen's household were deposited among the archives of the prefecture of the department at Versailles.

#### RECORDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It may be interesting to supplement this account of Court offices and duties by some passages from the reminiscences of one who held office during the last years of the monarchy; the simplicity of his narrative seems to attest its veracity, and its somewhat gossiping minuteness serves to complete the picture of the times. The writer, Charles Alexandre François Felix, Comte d'Hézecques, Baron de Mailly, was born in 1774 at the Castle of Radinghem, in Artois. In his twelfth year he became a page of the King's chamber. In 1790 he was placed on the list of Court equerries, and on his retirement in the following year the King gave him a commission in the Guards. At that time the Body Guard and the greater part of the nobility had emigrated, and D'Hézecques joined them at Coblenz and took part in the campaigns of 1792 and 1794. Many years of exile followed, till, in 1804, he



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BEDROOM AT VERSAILLES





re-entered the French army under the new flag; he commanded the legion of the Somme in 1813 and 1814, and died in August 1835, leaving behind him the *Recollections of an Émigré*, in addition to the work from which the following extracts are taken.<sup>6</sup>

### *The Pages.*

The pages of the chamber were eight in number. Their service was entirely within the Château, and did not require height or strength; so it was undertaken at a very early age, and I have known some who began at nine years old. Two governors and a tutor had the task of superintending their education; and, thanks to their small number, this education was much superior to that given to the pages of the stable, which, I must say, left much to be desired.

Formerly the first gentlemen of the bed-chamber had the direction of the pages; each of them had six, who only served for one year. But in 1781 the number of pages was reduced to eight, and they were made permanent; and instead of giving them lodgings as before in the hôtels of the first gentlemen to whom they were attached, a special lodging was assigned to them in the Rue de l'Orangerie. To be received as page it was necessary to prove at least two hundred years of direct noble descent, and to have an allowance of six hundred livres for minor expenses. Then the parents were delivered from any further care; clothing, food, masters, attendance in sickness, all were furnished with truly royal magnificence. One dress alone for a page of the chamber cost fifteen hundred livres, for it was of crimson velvet, with gold embroidery on all the seams. The hat was trimmed with

<sup>6</sup> *Recollections of a Page at the Court of Louis XVI.* By Felix, Comte d'Hézecques. Edited from the French by C. M. Yonge. Hurst & Blackett, 1873.

a feather and a broad piece of point d'Espagne. They had, besides, an undress suit of scarlet cloth, with gold and silver lace. The service of the pages of the chamber consisted in being present at the grand *levée* of the King, going to mass with him, lighting him on returning from hunting, and attending his *coucher* to give him his slippers, when the servants of the chamber had removed his stockings. It was certainly quite unique to make two children sit up to hand slippers.

The economical spirit of Cardinal de Brienne did not overlook the pages. Forty pages of the private stable and two of the chase disappeared from Versailles. There was only the great stable left, and its fifty pages had to perform the whole service of the Court, even that of the pages of the chamber, who did not escape overthrow, though their number was so small, and we were all so young that we were transferred to the grand stable.

I should find it very hard to describe this noisy collection properly, and to characterise the kind of government that obtained among them. The authority of the elders over the new ones made it a kind of oligarchy; but the harshness of this authority, the profound submission required to be shown, made it approach to a despotism, while the licence that reigned among the members of this young society, and the slight respect they professed for the governor, gave it the appearance of a republic, if not of complete anarchy. So our education came to nothing, though there were numbers of masters and professors. It was a bad thing for any one who went there without a taste for self-instruction. He would leave a good dancer, a good fencer, a good rider, but with less morals and plenty of ignorance. A little compensation for these evils was to be found in an excellent temper, rendered docile by the severe education the juniors received from the seniors.

All the right side of the great stable was taken up with our lodgings; on the ground floor there was a very pretty chapel, a great hall for exercise, the offices, the kitchens, and the dining-room, with two billiard tables. This last room was vast and dark, its massive vault rested on four pillars, it was lighted by lamps, and must, by its appearance and still more by the noise that was made there, have resembled the cavern of Gil Blas. At least there was equally good cheer there. We were divided between four tables, and the King allowed the steward eighty thousand francs a year for food, light, and the fire in three or four stoves. On the first floor in equal rank, in an enormous gallery, were ranged the fifty chambers where we slept, all painted yellow and varnished, and furnished uniformly. At the end of the gallery a great hall, well warmed, served for a study. The two under-governors, the preceptor, and the almoner had their rooms in the garrets, and the linen was kept there also. Our library was situated there, and was open for two hours a day for changing books and reading the public papers. There were also a collection of maps, objects for drawing from, and scientific instruments. The pages of the State stable wore the King's livery as their uniform, blue coats faced with crimson and white silk lace. But eighteen of them, chosen by the grand equerry, who had to superintend the supply of horses, had blue coats with gold lace, red waistcoats and breeches. Whether the pockets went across or upright marked the difference of the great and lesser stables. Two of them always went before the Princesses when they went out, with a third, one of those with the lace, and who was called a *surtout*, to bear the train of the dress; they rode as the escort when the Princesses went out in the carriage.

When the King went out shooting all the *surtouts* had to be at the meet. They took off their coats, and put on little vests

of blue drill and leather gaiters, and each bearing a gun, they kept behind the Prince, who, after firing, took another gun while the empty one was passed from hand to hand to the armourer to load. Meanwhile, the first page had the game picked up, and kept an exact account in a little note-book; and as soon as the sport was over he went to the King's study to take orders for its distribution. This was a very pleasant post; besides the advantage of having a special work to do for the King, like a little minister, the first page got a good many birds for himself, as Louis XVI., every day that he went out, killed some four or five hundred head. We also received a dozen bottles of champagne on these occasions.

With the army, the pages became aides-de-camp to the aides-de-camp of the King. They also carried the King's armour, while it was still the fashion to wear a cuirass. Every page leaving the service after three or four years had the right to choose a sub-lieutenancy in any corps; and the leading pages of the King's chamber, of the stables, and of the Queen had a troop of cavalry and a sword.

At home the gradation of pages was by three degrees, the seniors having, after two years, absolute power over the fresh boys; those in the second year were a sort of hybrids, called *sémis*, who were not under orders, neither could give them, but if they behaved badly in the least thing to the seniors, order was given to the fresh boys to hold them under eight taps that delivered a large flow of water into a marble basin in the dining-room. The first year was passed in the novitiate of a fresh boy, and a very severe novitiate it was. Not one of the names used in a college was employed among us. The words passages, refectories, classes, were scrupulously exchanged for corridors, halls of study, etc.; to mention the others would have been to endanger one's peace; and



a fresh boy who called his comrade his "school-fellow," was called by that nickname all the time he was in the service. Many people were displeased at this severity of the seniors towards the fresh boys, and thought it cruel. In truth, it was sometimes carried to excess; but when exercised with moderation, as I saw it, the effect was very good. A page never entered a regiment without being well thought of, and a general favourite.

Mass was said in the chapel every day, and two Capuchins of the convent of Meudon had the duty of preaching and the direction of our consciences. Good heavens! what consciences! But though there was no great desire to confide the peccadilloes that had been perpetrated, there was a good deal more to hear the lectures one of them gave us,—Father Chrysologus, a celebrated astronomer, whose works are now published under his real name—M. de Gy. The mornings were employed in the riding-school, when all the pages of Versailles attended. It was the most famous in Europe, both for the beauty of the horses and the skill of the riding-masters. When I came, these horses were two hundred and forty in number, but they were afterwards reduced to one hundred. They were all very handsome, and were used on State occasions. Intractable by nature, not much used to the sun, excited by the noise, they often reduced their riders to desperation. For their common work the pages had a set of twenty or thirty light speedy horses. I should think that before any retrenchment took place the number of the King's horses must have amounted to three thousand. The Master of the Horse in France was Charles de Lorraine, with the French title of Prince de Lambesc. His family was not recognised as royal, and he was not allowed the title of Highness. The Prince de Lambesc became a general in the Austrian service; he was a good soldier, firm, even harsh, but not

the least cruel, as the Revolutionists tried to make him out. He was one of the best riders in France. At five o'clock in the morning, even in winter, he was at the riding-school, having it lighted up, breaking or teaching horses, and giving lessons. After the office of constable was abolished, the Master of the Horse performed the duties. He then wore a dress of cloth of gold, and carried the King's sword in a scabbard of violet set with golden *fleurs de lis*.

The Queen's pages, twelve in number, were clothed in red with gold lace. Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois each had four pages of the chamber, and twelve of the stable, and their wives eight. Those of Monsieur and Madame were in red and gold. The pages of the chamber were dressed in embroidered velvet; when the colours were the same the difference was shown by the pattern of the lace. All these pages also had their governors and masters for mathematics, German, drawing, dancing, fencing, vaulting, athletics, and knowledge of horses, like us. A surgeon who lived in the Rue de Chenil had a contract to take in the pages of the grand stable when they were ill. As it was very comfortable there, they went into the infirmary on the slightest pretext. The King paid five francs a day for each page, and the prescriptions of our doctors came from the Court apothecary.

In the winter of 1790 a dispute arose between the King's and the Prince's pages. It was agreed to let the time of the carnival pass, not to interfere with the pleasures of that period, and that a meeting should take place on Ash Wednesday at the Porte Saint Antoine, under pretence of a game of prisoner's base on the road to Marly, when each should measure himself against his chosen antagonist. The meeting took place on the appointed day. Two or three had been wounded when M. de Lambesse, page to the Comtesse d'Artois, afterwards known by the name of Golden Branch in the Chouan war, was so

dangerously run through the lungs by M. de Montlezun that there was nothing to be done but carry him back to Versailles, where he was bled seventeen times. The affair got wind, the governors met, and peace was restored.

*The Body Guards.*

In 1786 the interior defence of the Court was composed of the Body Guards alone, with a company of a hundred Swiss, and a company of Guards of the Gate. I do not include the French and Swiss guards, as they might be considered a garrison, and their duty lay outside the Palace. The Body Guards were about 1300. They were relieved every quarter, and during their three months they spent in turn one week at the Château, one at the lodge for hunting, and the third at liberty. To be received into the Body Guards it was necessary to be of a good stature, and also to be of noble birth. But this latter condition was not quite so strictly required, for the nobles preferred the army to the Body Guards, as these were only privates in laced coats. The greater number of privates were furnished by the poorer nobles, especially from the southern provinces, but by no means the larger proportion of officers, for their posts were very much sought after.

The corps was dressed in blue, with red breeches and stockings, all laced with silver. It was a splendid corps, with its rich uniform and handsome men and horses; and when the King reviewed them every four years in the plain of the Trou d'Enfer, the sight was really incomparable.

At the Château the duty of the Body Guards was to stand sentry at the doors of the apartments, to turn out under arms when the Princes passed, to line the chapel during mass, and escort the dinners of the royal family. They had to know dukes and peers, for when they passed

the sentry had to shoulder arms and stamp twice with the right heel. The Guards were divided between four halls in the Château: the principal guard-room was at the top of the marble staircase,—the sentries on the Princes' apartments were posted thence; the second, which opened into the first, was the Queen's guard-room, the third the Dauphin's, and the fourth was on the ground floor to the right of the Marble Court, near the little staircase, by which the King came in from hunting.

One of the four companies that composed the Body Guards was called Scotch from the country where it was first raised; it had held this post of honour from the time of Charles VII., who had engaged some men of that nation in his service. They wore silver and white cross-belts, and their headquarters were at Beauvais. The others bore the names of their captains, and were—the Company of Villeroy, with green cross-belts, headquarters at Châlons-sur-Marne, Captains the Duc de Villeroy and the Duc de Guiche; the Company of Noailles, blue cross-belts, headquarters at Troyes, Captain the Prince de Poix; and lastly, the Company of Luxembourg, yellow cross-belts, headquarters Amiens, commanded by the Prince de Luxembourg. The Scotch company was commanded by the Duc d'Ayen.

The duties of captains of the Guards were among the best at Court. During their quarter they answered for safety of the King's person, and after the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis XV. the captain on duty had as a matter of form, to apply to the Parliament for letters of pardon. After this had taken place a hedge of Swiss guards fenced the King's carriage when he entered it. The moment the King left his rooms he was always followed by a captain of the Guards, who was bound never to lose sight of him, or allow himself to be separated from him except in a *défilé*,



where custom required the equerry to go first, to give assistance in case of need. Several of these officers accompanied the King when he went to mass, and a sub-lieutenant commanded the picquet that followed the King's carriage.

I must say that the Body Guards were always very insubordinate to their chiefs. Their valour was sometimes forgotten in their murmurs and quarrels about the honours due to them. At the beginning of the Revolution they were the first to give a specimen of mutiny by going tumultuously to demand the restoration of a sergeant discharged for having presented a seditious memorial against the duties performed by the Guards.

Eight Guards of the Scotch company had the title of Guards of the Sleeve, and two were on duty every day, sticking to the King's sleeve in public. Their orders were never for an instant to lose sight of the King's person; and it might be said that nothing but the lid of the coffin could come between, for they had to place him in it and lower the corpse at Saint Denis.

When Louis XI. renewed the treaties, signed by his father Charles VII., with his "good gossips" the Swiss, he was desirous of keeping a hundred of them about his person. This was the beginning of the company of *Cent Suisses*, and they always were some of the handsomest men of the regiment of the Swiss guards. Faithful to their manners and customs on days of ceremony, they still wore the antique dress of the liberators of Switzerland; the large slashed breeches, the doublet, starched ruff, and plumed cap. This company was commanded by the brave Duc de Brissac, who was murdered at Versailles in the month of September 1792, among the prisoners from Orleans.

The Guards of the Gate really guarded the chief gate of the Palace by day alone. They never opened it till the time

appointed by the King's *levée*, generally half-past eleven. They had also to know who had the right of bringing their carriages into the court. This favour was known by the name of the Honours of the Louvre, and was confined to princes, marshals of France, and ambassadors. M. de Vergennes was captain of this company, and they were dressed like the Body Guards, except the lace, which was half gold and half silver. There were also two weak companies of gendarmes and of light horse; one in red and black, the other in red and white, with gold lace. The first was commanded by the Prince de Soubise, the other by the Duc de Aiguillon.

The Marquis de Sourches, grand provost of the hôtel, commanded a company of guards, who performed the police duties. In addition to these measures of precaution the Swiss of the Château patrolled its many dark winding mazes; they were accompanied by spaniel dogs, trained to search all the corners, to see if any one was concealed in them. Every Sunday the regiment of French guards in garrison at Paris, and that of Swiss guards in barracks at Rueil and Courbevoie, sent a strong detachment to Versailles. They took charge of the external defence, and when the King went out they paraded in the Ministers' Court.

Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois also, each of them, had two companies of Body Guards and one of Swiss for their rooms. The guards of Monsieur were in red, those of the Comte d'Artois in green. These guards never bore arms except in the apartments of their Princes.

Nothing less than the whole vigour of the old Maréchal de Biron could have maintained the exact discipline to which he reduced the regiment of French guards. His successor, the Duc de Châlet, who was not without a certain spirit of order, left the regiment exposed to all the seductions that quarters like Paris could offer. And so this corps was the first to de-

sert their King on the 14th of July. Those who were at Versailles held out a few days longer, but one morning they deserted their posts, and the regiment of Flanders was brought up to occupy them.

*The Levée — The Chapel — Notre Dame — The Grand  
Convert — Deputations — The Queen's Balls.*

Although the hall of the Œil de Bœuf was very large, there were days when it could hardly contain the crowd of courtiers who attended the Queen's *levée*. Some benches, and three or four pictures by Paul Veronese, were all the furniture. At last all were in attendance; half-past eleven struck. A few minutes later the King came out of his private apartments in morning dress and entered the room of ceremony. A servant appeared at the door and cried, "Wardrobe! gentlemen!" Then entered the Princes of the blood, the great officers of the Crown, and the gentlemen who had the privilege of the great *entrées*, among them any of the King's tutors in youth. When the King had nothing but his coat to put on they cried, "The Chamber!" Then all the officers of the chamber entered, the pages, their tutor, the equerries, chaplains, and all the courtiers admitted to the chamber; that is to say, the Œil de Bœuf. When the King was entirely dressed the folding-doors were flung open and all the rest of the officers were admitted, with the strangers, visitors properly dressed, and, by custom, the humble author, shyly coming to offer a dedication. The King entered the railing around the bed, and, kneeling on a cushion, said a short prayer, with the clergy and chaplains around him; after which he received any petitions, and entered into the council chamber, followed by those who had the right of entry. All other persons went out into the gallery to await the hour of the King's going out on his way to mass. Louis XVI. never had his hair dressed till he was en-

tirely clothed. It was a curious custom, and, I think, must have been derived from the time when enormous wigs were worn. After his *levée* he went into a dressing-room, where his embroidered clothes were covered with a great gown, and the barber servant, who had prepared the hair on rising, finished the dressing, and added the powder.

Having been spectators of the Queen's *levée*, let us see what happened at his retiring. It was really his going to bed; but business or a little nap would often make the King late. The monarch arrived; the first gentleman of the chamber received his hat and sword and handed them to an under official. The King commenced a conversation with the courtiers, that was longer or shorter according as he found it pleasant, and was often much too long for our sleepiness and weary legs. After the conversation was finished the King went within the *ruelle*, and knelt with the chaplain-in-waiting alone, who held a long taper-stand of silver gilt, with two tapers, while the Princes could only have one. The chaplain recited the prayer *Quæsumus omnipotens Deus*; and when the prayer was finished the taper-stand was handed to the first servant of the chamber, and he, at the King's orders, gave it to any gentleman he wished to distinguish. This honour was so much appreciated in France that many aspirants could not disguise their disgust if they did not obtain it. Maréchal de Broglie, the conqueror of Bergen, a blue ribbon and marshal of France, covered with glory at forty years old, seemed to feel the deprivation more than any one!

Before Louis XVI. was absorbed by his troubles, bedtime was his time of relaxation and fun. He played tricks on the pages, teased Captain Laroche, and made them tickle an old officer, who was so sensitive that he used to run away for fear of it. When the King came home from hunting there was a ceremony for taking off his boots. It was the change of dress



that the King made on such occasions, and the customs were much the same as at the *levée*. The King's wardrobe was in a little room looking on a small court behind the marble staircase. The King's coats, garments, and linen were kept there. Every day what was wanted for morning and evening toilette was brought up in great velvet wrappers.

After rising the King often received deputations of Parlement or of provincial estates. On one of these occasions I saw him give a copy of Mirabeau's work on the Court of Berlin to the Advocate-General Séguier, to give more solemn effect to the decree that ordered it to be burnt by the hands of the executioner. And then Prince Henry of Prussia, who was much maligned in the book, said to M. Séguier, "You have some dirt in your hand." "Yes, your Highness," replied the witty magistrate, "but it does not stain."

The chapel of Versailles was in a manner on two floors. The tribune was on the upper story, with a gallery on each side for the accommodation of persons on duty who could not find room in the tribune, as well as strangers. The tribune was very large; in front it was fenced with a marble balustrade, with a great hanging of crimson velvet fringed with gold thrown over it, and at each end was a gilded lantern enclosed with glass, which would hold one person, and was intended for the Princesses if they were ill or desired not to appear in public.

It was only on great feast days that the Court went down to the ground floor of the chapel by two winding stairs at each side of the tribune. A splendid carpet was laid on the floor; a desk and two armchairs were set for the King and Queen. The Princes had chairs and a footstool; all the officers and ladies placed themselves in the rear on stools and benches; lastly, the chaplains and Guards of the Sleeve were on each side of the desk. The King's band played masses and motets

by the best composers. At the Christmas midnight mass there was the great pleasure of hearing the famous Bezozzi performing little airs on the hautbois, that sounded the more graceful in the quiet night. The King's band had twelve children attached to it, called band pages, who served as falsettoes. They were sons of servants of officers of the Court, and wore the livery of the great stable, with the difference that they could not wear silk stockings or silver buckles.

The Grand Almoner of France was the Cardinal de Montmorency Laval, Bishop of Metz, a proud and haughty prelate, whose name rather than his learning had raised him to the highest dignities of the State. He had succeeded Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasburg, after the unfortunate affair of the necklace, when the Queen's name had been used by rogues as a means of deceiving a great noble. The Cardinal de Rohan, who was called Prince Louis, was very well preserved when I saw him at the States-General, though he had become afflicted with many diseases in his exile at the Abbey of Chaise-Dieu, and a complaint in the eye, which obliged him to cover it with a piece of black silk. In the time of his grandeur he was the noblest and most magnificent lord at Court.

The Court went to Notre Dame in great state on Corpus Christi Day. The procession commenced after their arrival. A number of clergy, wearing magnificent ornaments and linen tunics of dazzling whiteness, went before the canopy, some singing the praises of God and Holy Catholics, others scattering perfume in the air from their censers at a signal from the master of the ceremonies. A cloud of incense rose to Heaven, and branches of flowers scattered by young Levites covered the path of the Host, borne under a superb canopy trimmed with feathers and brilliant fringes. The Host was followed by all the Court bearing wax tapers. This noble company

marched between two ranks of guards and two files of pages bearing torches. After a station at an altar of rest, in a building constructed on purpose at the entrance of the Rue Dauphine, the square was crossed between two edges formed of all the royal tapestries. On nearing the Court of the Ministers a military band announced the presence of two regiments of French and Swiss guards. As soon as the canopy appeared all these men of war bent the knee, and the colours were dipped. On Palm Sunday, also, the Court went out with the clergy, bearing long dried branches of palms. There was a gathering at the chapel door to listen to the thundering voice of a chaplain, the Abbé de Ganderatz, who made the arches quiver by singing the verse of the psalm *Attolite Portæ*, as notice to open the doors. It is very rare to meet with so powerful a voice, it made the glass in the windows of the building shake.

The *grand convert* only took place on days of ceremony, and was also in the Queen's rooms. None but the royal family were admitted, and the Princes of the blood were only admitted on the day of their marriage. The King and Queen had their *ships* or *cadenas* near them—that is, silver-gilt trays containing salt, pepper, napkins and knives. It will be remembered that one day when Louis XIV. was at his *grand convert* a packet of gold lace that had been stolen in the chapel was placed on the table before him. In my time a looking-glass maker who cleaned the looking-glasses of the gallery, took the lace off nearly forty window-curtains in broad day.

The King received any deputation from sovereign courts, from the clergy, or from his own kingdom in his bedroom, with his hat on, seated in the armchair. Indeed, very often he remained standing, and nearly all the deputations made their address on their knees. When it was an extraordinary deputation the fountains in the park were set playing, and the



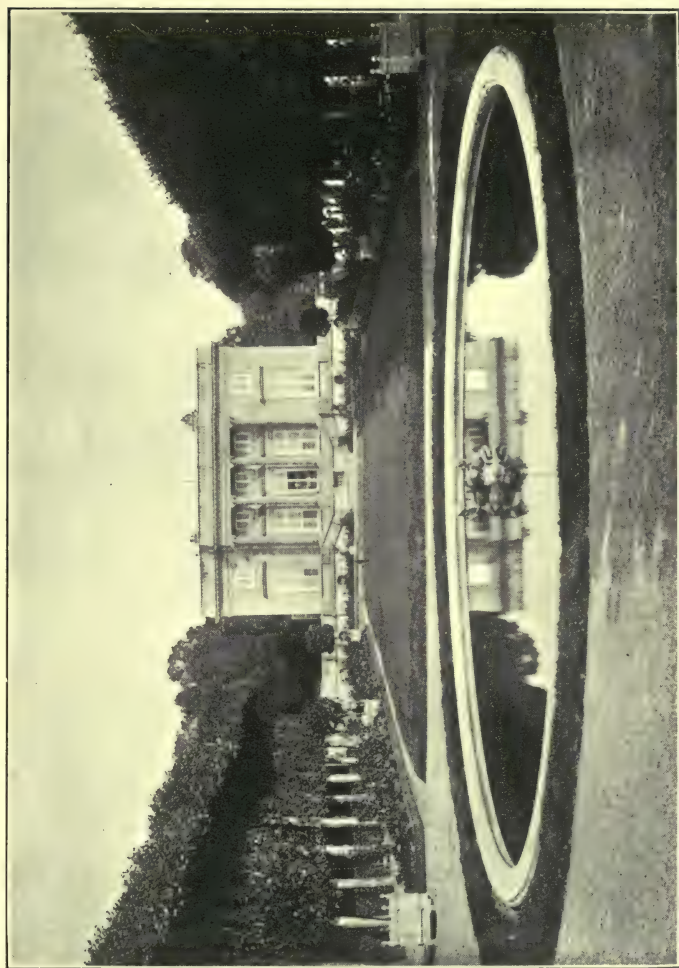
members were taken about in little carriages, with two seats of crimson velvet and gold lace, drawn by the Swiss of the gardens, dressed in cassocks, a livery of the time of Louis XIV., giving them a most grotesque appearance.

M. de Dreux, Marquis de Brézé, was grand master of ceremonies. On State occasions he wore a cloak the colour of his dress, and habitually carried a little baton covered with black velvet, with an ivory knob, as a mark of his office. He had to direct all the ceremonies, and keep exact and detailed accounts of them; and his registers were often consulted on unforeseen occasions, or disputes of precedence. The office of master of the ceremonies was created by Henri III. in 1585.

The last of the balls was in 1787. The King gave them to the Queen every Wednesday, from the beginning of the year till Lent. The pages of the chamber had to do the honours, to lead the ladies to their places, offer them refreshments, and again take them to supper, or to their carriages. Strangers were always struck with the sight of these good little managers, most of them with the roses of childhood still on their faces, taking infinite pains, running, calling, hurrying the servants at the refreshment tables, leading out the ladies, without seeming surprised at their magnificence, or wearied with the weight of their splendid dresses.

There was an old theatre in the part of the Château to the right of the royal court, which had been abandoned as too small; the entertainments were held there. Several of the wooden pavilions kept at the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs were added, that could be set up in a few minutes, ornamented in a few hours, and made movable palaces. The entrance led into a verdant thicket, with statues and rose-bushes, with an open temple at the end, and a billiard-table in it. On the right little alleys led to the rooms for dancing and for play; and one of the doors was filled with a great sheet of unsilvered plate-





THE LITTLE TRIANON



glass, so transparent that a Swiss had to be posted there to prevent any clumsy people coming through. This was in order that the billiard players might not lose sight of the dance, nor the warmth of this fine room. The ball-room was an oblong, reached by a few descending steps. There was a gallery all round, that allowed room to pass between the columns without interference with the dancing. Persons who had not been presented, and were permitted to enter the boxes, were allowed to look on from them, and the pages took care to have refreshments carried there. At the other end of the dancing-room was the refreshment table, and that terminated the view from the card-room. Enormous baskets of fruit and pastry stood between antique urns filled with liquors, whose colour was visible by the reflection of the light. Four marble shells held fountains that flowed all night, and produced a pleasant coolness in the dancing-room.

The dresses were simple and elegant. The gentlemen were in dress clothes, and danced with their plumed hats on their heads, a noble and graceful fashion that I never saw in use except at the Court of France. Several men wore black coats trimmed with jet, and these dresses were very brilliant from the reflection of the lustres in their trimming. A person must have been presented to have the *entrée* to these balls and to dance there. Any one on duty could be present, but could not dance nor sit down to table.

Supper was served at midnight in the old theatre. There were twelve places at each table, and people of the same set kept together. The King's and Queen's footmen waited. The most delicate and costly dishes were provided in plenty. The royal family often had their supper at the ball; the King never came there till after he had had his supper at nine o'clock in his own rooms. He stayed till one o'clock and went to bed after a game at tric-trac in a little room intended for

that amusement. Though Louis XVI. was so good-natured and simple, his rank and his virtues were a little oppressive. He retired early, because he knew that the ball was much gayer and more lively when he was gone. The strictness of the etiquette diminished; the old young men, whose years were too many for mingling in these pleasures, would then take the liberty of enjoying a country dance, or a "Sir Roger." They could be distinguished by their bare heads, for they were not supposed to come for the sake of dancing, and were not dressed accordingly. The Queen, Madame Elizabeth, the Comte d'Artois, and the Duc de Bourbon, who had given up dancing, would do it once in a way for a wonder, and there never had been so much decorum at the Court and at the same time so much bright liveliness.

*The Two Trianons — Fontainebleau — Marly — Versailles.*

The cost of Petit Trianon has been very much exaggerated. It had been built by Louis XV., and only embellishments introduced by a change of tastes could be set down to the subsequent reign. The house was a square detached block ornamented in the Corinthian style, and too small to afford more than the necessary lodging for a Queen of France. A dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom, and some dressing-rooms composed the first floor; the second only contained some small rooms for Madame Elizabeth and the ladies of the Palace. The furniture was rather elegant than magnificent. The bedroom had muslin hangings, with embroidery and brilliant colours that in their way rivalled the most practised pencil. Some portraits of the children of Maria Theresa reminded the Queen of her family, amongst whom she might have found more happiness, if less splendour. But these pictures must have inspired serious reflections, for all the Princes and Princesses were represented as monks and nuns digging their own



graves. The only luxury of the adjoining dressing-room consisted in two looking-glasses that rose out of the floor by a spring, and could darken the room by covering the windows. The famous table that was once in the Château de Choisy was fitted in the dining-room; by means of balance-weights and other mechanism it went down into the lower story to be laid with a fresh course.

One side of the block of Trianon looked over a garden laid out in the taste of Le Nôtre. Orange trees and statues alternated in niches of verdure, and adorned a grass plot with a theatre at the end; in front of the house was a lawn, with a rock at the end shaded by pines, cypresses, and larches, and a rustic bridge thrown over the stream. This wild prospect made that on the third side of the house seem more sweet, where the Temple of Love, containing a splendid statue of the god by Bouchardon, stood amid flowers and laurel groves. Near the mansion was a game of roundabout, in a great Chinese pavilion, in which the brightness of the sun's rays was reflected from gold and blue; these Chinese figures seemed to put the machine in motion, but it was really turned by persons concealed in a cellar.

At the end of the garden at Trianon, on the borders of the stream, were a number of cottages, rustic without, but elegant, and even exquisite, within. One of the huts was a dairy, and the cream, contained in Chinese vases, placed on tables of white marble, was kept cool by the stream flowing through the room. Close by was the real farm, where the Queen had a splendid herd of Swiss cows, that grazed in the meadows around. In the midst of the little hamlet stood Marlborough's Tower, commanding the neighbourhood; the exterior stair, bordered with stocks and geraniums, seemed like a garden in the air.

This Trianon was called "le petit" to distinguish it from

the Grand Trianon, standing very near, and built by Louis XIV. in Italian taste. It is composed of a ground floor alone, with balustrades and statues above it, forming two wings joined by a great peristyle of columns of red and green marble. . . . I only saw it occupied twice. The first time the body of the youngest daughter of Louis XVI.<sup>7</sup> was placed there; the second time it served as the quarters of the Embassy of Tippoo Sahib. The gardens were large, but presented no noteworthy points, except an amphitheatre of turf, with busts of the Roman Emperors, a copy of the Laocoon, and an ancient head of Minerva.

The Court only made one visit to Fontainebleau while I was at Versailles, and that was in October 1786. It only lasted till November 1 on account of the accident that befell M. de Tourzel, grand provost of the hôtel, who was run away with while hunting with the King, and his head dashed against a pointed branch, that penetrated the skull. The wound was so severe that he could not be taken to the town, but was laid in the house of a gamekeeper until one of the great huts that were always conveyed after the King could be erected in the forest. He only survived for some days, and the visit was shortened by the general sorrow occasioned by his death, almost in the King's presence. The interest the King took in the family of M. de Tourzel was increased by this fatal accident, and no doubt it was an additional reason for the selection of Madame de Tourzel to succeed Madame de Polignac as governess to the children of France.

The visits to Fontainebleau took place in the autumn, to take advantage of the excellent opportunities for sport in the enormous forest, full of beautiful trees, and with rocks really remarkable, as they were found in a nearly flat country. These sequestered glades were a great resort of stags and boars,

<sup>7</sup> Madame Sophie.

the former in herds of seventy or eighty. There was a great charm in the Forest of Fontainebleau towards the close of day; the great trees seemed to murmur their ancient recollections in the breeze; the gigantic masses of rock stood out in the twilight, and the stag passed by as quickly as lightning, emitting his hoarse and terrible cry.

The King's lodgings were in the circular part of the court called that of the Donjon. They were reached from that side, or by the gallery of Francis I., connected with the chapel, and the grand flight of steps of the horse-shoe staircase in the court of the White Horse. I do not remember that these rooms contained anything curious; the furniture was very plain. But I have preserved a recollection of a little dressing-room of the Queen's, furnished in Oriental style and lit by lamps placed in a chamber separated from the room by a sheet of glass draped with taffety, the colour of which was often varied, giving a soft and pleasant light.

In the Gallery of the Stags, leading from the Oval Court to that of the Princes, and named from its view of the Wood of Stags, Queen Christina of Sweden ordered the murder of her grand equerry, the Marquis de Monaldeschi. I have seen a little stone in the gallery with a cross and sacred monogram engraved on it, which was placed on the spot where the unfortunate man received his death-blow. The Oval or Donjon Court was separated from the Court of the Fountains by a great portico surmounted by an open dome, under which Louis XIII. was baptized. The anxiety of the people to behold this scion of a beloved King caused Henri IV. to select this place rather than a church.

Marie Antoinette often went to Fontainebleau by water. She embarked at Choisy and ascended the Seine as far as Melun in a splendid yacht, commodious as a large house, with saloons, kitchens, and a quantity of trees in boxes making a

sort of garden in it. The "voyages to Fontainebleau" were ultimately put a stop to for economical reasons.

Half-way from Saint Germaine to Versailles was the little Château of Marly, at the bottom of a valley; in building it Louis XIV. mocked at the laws of nature. Machines were invented to carry thither the largest trees, roots and all, so that they might be more speedily enjoyed. Work went on day and night; there was an endeavour to perform prodigies. It was necessary to descend a steep hill to reach the Château. At the top were two circular buildings and the stables. The main building of the Château was a square block with steps all round it. This pavilion was considered the palace of the God of Day, and twelve smaller ones placed round the lawn represented the signs of the zodiac. The frescoes on the walls were of allegorical subjects bearing on this idea. The gardens of Marly, "where the rain does not wet," in the words of a courtier of Louis XIV., were full of statues and fountains; at the end of the lawn a great balcony overlooked a horse-pond and the road to Saint Germain; there were the two fine marble horses made by Guillaume Couston, afterwards taken to Paris. Not far from Marly was the famous hydraulic machine invented by the Chevalier de Ville, and constructed by Rennequin Sualem. By a combination of wheels, pumps, and a multitude of pipes and aqueducts, it raised the water five hundred feet, to the arcades of Marly, and fed the fountains in the town of Versailles, as well as the basins in the park — the wonder of strangers. For the time of its construction, in 1682, it was a wonderful work.

Louis XIII. bought the site of a mill on an elevation, and built a small house there for a hunting-box. Louis XIV., fond of the arts, and undeterred by difficulties, selected the spot to make it the abode of Kings; the greater part was finished in less than seven years, and it was inhabited in 1687.



The effects of this hasty construction were soon seen; in less than a century after its construction there were apprehensions that it would crumble away in many spots. The foundations had been laid upon made ground, and were not secure; the building was shored up in several places. I saw the beam that supported the alcove in the King's room falling into dust, and if it had not been observed the King might some night have found himself on the ground floor, in the presence of the captain of his guard. A bed was put in the large dressing-room for him, and he slept there for six months. The amount of expense incurred at Versailles was long made a pretext for the war declared against the ancient dynasty. Mirabeau asserts that Maréchal de Belle-Isle stopped in a fright when he had reckoned up to twelve hundred millions. One of the principal faults to be found with the Château is that there is no entrance worthy of the edifice. A multitude of receding angles on the side to the court reduce the front to seven windows, and the only object of this arrangement was to preserve the little mansion of Louis XIII. The façade towards the garden is much superior, as the breadth is six hundred yards. The real entrance to the apartments was by the splendid marble staircase; but it is at the side reached by three narrow arcades, and only leads to the King's antechambers, and the way into the gallery is only by a door in the middle, so that the King's rooms were reached without enjoying the beauty of the grand rooms. Those who had not the right to remain in the King's apartments passed at once into the gallery—the finest in Europe—where the pencil of Le Brun portrayed the victories of Louis XIV., and where an immense number of doors of looking-glass repeated in perspective the view from the windows overlooking the garden. In this gallery strangers who came from the farthest parts of France to see the King once in their lives stood to await the moment when, on Sun-

day, the whole royal family issued from the King's rooms to go to mass, and crossed the eight halls on their way. These halls were named, from the paintings on the ceiling, Diana, Mercury, Mars, etc., and as they were passages rather than rooms, only occupied permanently by the Swiss guards, they had no other ornaments but the pictures, lustres, and gilding. Turning to the right, the first hall was that of Apollo. There was a throne in it under a canopy of crimson damask, but it was never used. In this room there was a glass thermometer fixed in the window, and the King came several times a day to ascertain the temperature; a servant of the Château noted it in his book three times a day. There was a clock in the Hall of Mercury, formerly of much note; at every hour cocks crowed and flapped their wings, Louis XIV. issued from a temple, and Fame, in a cloud, came and crowned him to the sound of a chime. A fine picture of the Queen by Madame Le Brun was placed for a time in the Hall of Mars; she had, with her surprising power of representing texture, portrayed the Queen in a dress of flame-coloured velvet, having her second son on her knees, and her eldest girl leaning on her shoulder, while the Dauphin pointed to his little sister asleep in her cradle. The figure of the youngest Princess was effaced after her death; and as her eldest brother soon followed her to the tomb the picture recalled painful remembrances, and was removed.

The Château of Versailles may be compared to an immense labyrinth, from the number of galleries, corridors, staircases, and rooms that it contains. A person needed to be very well used to it to find his way about, and many small towns had not so large a population.

The bedroom of Louis XIV. was entered from the *Ceil de Bœuf*, but in subsequent reigns it became the waiting-room. This great hall was the centre of the Château, and the end of the shabby little court called the Marble Court, with a great

balcony over it. Above was placed the real *memento mori*, not, as in Persia, a slave to remind the sovereign of mortality, but a dial with the hand fixed at the hour of the death of the last monarch. Louis XV. died on 11th May 1774, at three o'clock in the afternoon. I have found, by writing to Versailles, that the hand is in the same position as when I went away. Just opposite was the real sleeping-room of the King, with blue furniture and a bed ornamented with feathers, helmets, and gilding. Two magnificent golden candlesticks made by Père Germain were placed on a cabinet; between these two artistic marvels a single plaster figure attracted the looks of that kind father, Louis XVI.—his daughter as an infant, praying; when accidentally broken he had it remodelled. In the middle of the great dressing-room was a small model of the Place Louis XV., and the famous clock of Passemont, seven feet high, which, besides showing the time, displayed the years, months, phases of the moon, and evolutions of the planets. The King always sat up till after midnight on New Year's Eve to see his clock make all its changes. A splendid pot of stocks, made of valuable china, which stood in one of the rooms, was broken by an unlucky visitor. The man was short-sighted, and not seeing the glass shade over the vase broke it with his forehead, and the splinters broke the flower into fragments. I mention this little event, for the poor man turned faint and gave his name and address very sorrowfully, fancying that the drawbridge of some fortress would be lowered for him. But Louis XVI. sent to console and relieve him, though the accident cost more than a million crowns. In the King's private library he usually worked at a little bureau placed in the embrasure of the window. His amusement during his work was to look at the people crossing the courts; and visitors might convince themselves by the sight of the books in use lying on the floor and the numbers of papers

strewed around, that Louis XVI. did not spend his time in smith's work, in getting drunk, or in beating his servants, as his slanderers pretended.

*Anecdotes of the King.*

While on his way to the hunt the King went out by a stair near the waiting-room of the servants of the Château. There was a guard-room at the bottom, at the entrance to which Louis XV. was struck by Damiens, who had hidden in a little passage leading to the Court of Stags. The assassins of our day directed their violence more against the Crown than the person of Louis XVI., or that might have been easily reached. Every evening, returning from supper with Madame, he would cross the courts or large dark galleries wrapped in a grey cloak, with an umbrella if it rained, and only accompanied by two servants bearing torches. In the little chambers round the Court of Stags the King had a whole set of geographical maps, plans in relief, models of ships, a little observatory, and the famous forge that public report would have it he was constantly using. I can assert that it looked very much neglected; and after mid-day the King was dressed in a manner that precluded such violent exercise. At any rate, his supposed talent was not always useless; for when a fire broke out in a set of apartments near the King's, and the door could not be beaten down, he came to the rescue with his tools and picked the lock soon enough for the fire to be extinguished, though not to save the life of the person in charge — an old woman, who had gone to sleep by the hearth. All these rooms were well lighted but badly warmed, for the King disliked heat. In summer, cloths were spread over the grand balcony of the *levée* room and watered with syringes, and the King would often push some one against them in joke to get a wetting, especially any one who seemed to care much for the ex-



treme elegance of the large *frisure* then in vogue. His constitutional vigour made his proceedings rough, and what he only meant for a small joke would sometimes leave painful traces;<sup>8</sup> but he would have denied himself any amusement if he could have supposed it capable of giving the slightest pain, and during nearly six years at Court I never saw the King in the smallest instance act with intentional rudeness to the humblest of his servants.

His only passion was for hunting, and it was needful for his health. He used himself to select the meets, and kept notes of the stags hunted, of their age, and of the circumstances of their capture.<sup>9</sup> He also very often went out shooting, and although short-sighted shot very well, and often came back with his face blackened with powder. He was a bad rider and wanting in confidence. The Queen, on the other hand, rode on horseback with much elegance and boldness.

During the winter the various companies acting in Paris came to Versailles to wait on the Court. Tuesday was devoted to tragedy, Thursday to comedy, Friday to the comic opera. The grand opera was only performed five or six times each winter. Louis XVI. preferred tragedy or comedy, and attended very constantly; knowing and appreciating all the great poets, and possessed of an excellent memory, the King there found himself in his element, while from his unmusical ear he was unable to enjoy the opera, and could not help yawning. I never heard any one sing so much out of tune as the poor King. In the Versailles theatre in 1788 I heard a joke that showed how far disrespect for the royal family had already advanced, they being present in a box taken for

<sup>8</sup> In the *Ceil de Bœuf* there was a shovel so heavy that it took a strong man to hold it out at arm's length. I have often seen the King perform this feat with a little page standing on the shovel as well.

<sup>9</sup> See *ante*, p. 316, "The King's Diary."

them. Passiello's opera called "King Theodore at Venice" was going on. In the scene where the King's servant, telling their host of his master's pecuniary embarrassment, several times repeats, "What shall we do?" a voice from the pit replied "Assemble the Notables!"—*Recollections of a Page*.

#### ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

Madame Campan observes that before the Revolution there were customs and even words in use at Versailles with which few people were acquainted. The King's dinner was called *the King's meat*. Two of the Body Guard accompanied the attendants who carried the dinner; every one rose as they passed through the halls, saying, "There is the King's *meat*." All precautionary duties were distinguished by the words *in case*. Some chemises and handkerchiefs kept in readiness in a basket in the King's or Queen's apartments, in case their Majesties should wish to change their linen without sending to the wardrobe, constituted the packet *in case*. Their clothes, brought in great baskets, or cloths of green taffety, were called the King's or Queen's *ready*. Thus the attendants would ask, "Is the King's *ready* come?" One of the Guards might be heard to say, "I am *in case* in the forest of Saint Germain." In the evening they always brought the Queen a large bowl of broth, a cold roast fowl, one bottle of wine, one of orgeat, one of lemonade, and some other articles, which were called the *in case* for the night. An old medical gentleman, who had been physician in ordinary to Louis XIV., and was still living at the time of the marriage of Louis XV., told M. Campan's father an anecdote which seems too remarkable to have remained unknown; nevertheless he was a man of honour, incapable of inventing this story. His name was Lafosse. He said that Louis XIV. was informed that the officers of his table evinced, in the most disdainful and offensive manner, the

mortification they felt at being obliged to eat at the table of the comptroller of the kitchen along with Molière, *valet de chambre* to his Majesty, because Molière had performed on the stage; and that this celebrated author consequently declined appearing at that table. Louis XIV., determined to put an end to insults which ought never to have been offered to one of the greatest geniuses of the age, said to him one morning at the hour of his private *levée*, "They say you live very poorly here, Molière; and that the officers of my chamber do not find you good enough to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry; for my part I awoke with a very good appetite this morning; sit down at this table. Serve up my *in case* for the night there." The King then cutting up his fowl, and ordering Molière to sit down, helped him to a wing, at the same time taking one for himself, and ordered the persons entitled to familiar entrance, that is to say, the most distinguished and favourite people at Court, to be admitted. "You see me," said the King to them, "engaged in entertaining Molière, whom my *valets de chambre* do not consider sufficiently good company for them." From that time Molière never had occasion to appear at the valets' table; the whole Court was forward enough to send him invitations.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Louis XV. also was desirous of encouraging literature; but he was only capable of affording it a cold and supercilious protection, unaccompanied by any demonstration of affability or kindness, and more humiliating than obliging.

In the *Memoirs* of Madame de Hausset, one of Madame de Pompadour's *femmes de chambre*, we meet with the following passage:—

"The King, who admired all that was connected with the age of Louis XIV., recollecting that the Boileaus and Racines had been protected by him, and that part of the splendour of that reign was attributed to his own, was flattered with the idea that a Voltaire flourished in his own Court; but he feared that author and did not esteem him. He could not, however, help saying, 'I have treated him as well as Louis XIV. behaved to Racine and Boileau; I gave him a place of gentleman in ordinary and a pension, as Louis XIV. did to Racine. If he is presumptuous enough to aim at being a

M. de Lafosse used also to relate that a brigade-major of the Body Guard, being ordered to place the company in the little theatre at Versailles, very roughly turned out one of the King's comptrollers who had taken his seat on one of the benches, a place to which his newly-acquired office entitled him. In vain he insisted on his quality and his right. The altercation was ended by the brigade-major in these words — "Gentlemen Body Guards, do your duty." In this case their duty was to take the party and turn him out at the door. This comptroller, who had paid sixty or eighty thousand francs for his place, was a man of a good family, and had had the honour of serving his Majesty five-and-twenty years in one of his regiments; thus disgracefully driven out of the hall, he placed himself in the King's way in the great hall of the Guards, and bowing to his Majesty requested him to vindicate the honour of an old soldier who had wished to end his days in his Prince's civil employment, now that age had obliged him to relinquish his military service. The King stopped, heard his story, and then ordered him to follow him. His Majesty attended the representation in a sort of amphitheatre, in which his armchair was placed; behind him was a row of stools for the captain of the Guards, the first gentleman of the chamber, and other great officers. The brigade-major was entitled to one of these places; the King stopped opposite the chamberlain, wearing a cross and supping with a King, it is not my fault. It is not the fashion in France; and as there are more wits and great lords here than in Prussia I should have occasion for an immense table to entertain them altogether.' He then counted on his fingers, 'Maupertuis, Fontenelle, La Motte, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, Cardinal Polignac.'—'Your Majesty forgets,' said some one, 'D'Alembert and Clairault.' 'And Crébillon,' said he, 'and La Chaussée.' 'Crébillon, the son,' said another, 'who must be more agreeable than his father; and there is the Abbé Prevôt, and the Abbé d'Olivet.' 'Very well,' said the King, 'all these people would have dined or supped with me for the last five-and-twenty years.'"



seat which ought to have been occupied by that officer and said to the comptroller, "Take, sir, for this evening, the place near my person of him who has offended you, and let the expression of my displeasure at this unjust affront satisfy you instead of any other reparation."

During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV. he never went out but in a chair carried by porters, and he showed a great regard for a man of the name of D'Aigremont, one of those porters who always went in front and opened the door of the chair. The slightest preference shown by sovereigns, even to the meanest of their servants, never fails to excite observation.<sup>11</sup> The King had done something for this man's numerous family, and frequently talked to him. An abbé belonging to the chapel thought proper to request D'Aigremont to present a memorial to the King, in which he requested his Majesty to grant him a benefice. Louis XIV. did not approve of the liberty thus taken by his chairman, and said to him, in an angry tone, "D'Aigremont, you have been made to do a very unbecoming act, and I am sure there must be *simony* in the case."—"No, Sire, there is not the least *ceremony* in the case, I assure you," answered the poor man, in great consternation; "the abbé only said he would give me a hundred louis."—"D'Aigremont," said the King, "I forgive you on account of your ignorance and candour. I will give you the hundred louis out of my privy purse; but I will dis-

<sup>11</sup> People of the very first rank did not disdain to descend to the level of D'Aigremont. "Lauzun," says the Duchesse d'Orleans in her *Memoirs*, "sometimes affects stupidity in order to show people their own with impunity, for he is very malicious. In order to make Maréchal Tessé feel the impropriety of his familiarity with people of the common sort, he called out, in the drawing-room at Marly, 'Maréchal, give me a pinch of snuff; some of your best, such as you take in the morning with Monsieur d'Aigremont the chairman.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

charge you the very next time you venture to present a memorial to me."

Louis XIV. was very kind to those of his servants who were nearest his person; but the moment he assumed his royal deportment, those who were most accustomed to see him in his domestic character were as much intimidated as if they were appearing in his presence for the first time in their lives. Some of the members of his Majesty's civil household, then called *commensalité*, enjoying the title of equerry, and the privileges attached to officers of the King's household, had occasion to claim some prerogatives, the exercise of which the municipal body of Saint Germain, where they resided, disputed with them. Being assembled in considerable numbers in that town, they obtained the consent of the minister of the household to allow them to send a deputation to the King; and for that purpose chose from amongst them two of his Majesty's *valets de chambre* named Bazire and Soulaigre. The King's *levée* being over, the deputation of the inhabitants of the town of Saint Germain was called in. They entered with confidence; the King looked at them, and assumed his imposing attitude. Bazire, one of these *valets de chambre*, was about to speak, but Louis the Great was looking on him. He no longer saw the Prince he was accustomed to attend at home; he was intimidated, and could not find words; he recovered, however, and began as usual with the word *Sire*. But timidity again overpowered him, and finding himself unable to recollect the slightest particle of what he came to say, he repeated the word *Sire* several times over, and at length concluded by saying, "*Sire*, here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, who was very angry with Bazire, and expected to acquit himself much better, then began to speak; but he also, after repeating *Sire* several times, found his embarrassment increase upon him, until his confusion equalled that of his colleague; he

therefore ended with "*Sire*, here is Bazire." The King smiled, and answered,<sup>12</sup> "Gentlemen, I have been informed of the business upon which you have been deputed to wait on me, and I will take care that what is right shall be done. I am highly satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your functions as deputies."

### MESDAMES, THE AUNTS OF LOUIS XVI.

The position of Mesdames at Court being obscure and unsatisfactory, they were seldom seen there. They spent the chief part of the year either at Bellevue, on that splendid height that commands the proud city and the charming country around it; or at the Hermitage, a little garden at the other end of Versailles, by the road leading to Marly.

Madame Adelaide and Madame Victoire were the only sur-

<sup>12</sup> In this pleasantry there is nothing bitter or harsh, as in most of those of Louis XV. Louis XIV. never indulged in an expression capable of offending any one, and his repartees, which were almost always full of meaning, often show refined tact. Generally speaking, wit, either poignant and caustic or pleasant and lively, has not been wanting in the descendants of Henri IV. In the *Memoirs* of Madame de Hausset there is a striking observation on this subject:—

"M. Duclos was at Doctor Quesnay's haranguing with his usual warmth. I heard him say to two or three persons, 'The world is always unjust towards great men, ministers, and princes; nothing is more common than to deny them all claims to wit. A few days ago I surprised one of these gentlemen of the *infallible brigade* by telling him that there has been more wit in the House of Bourbon than in any other.' 'Did you prove that?' said some one with a sneer. 'Yes,' said Duclos, 'and I will prove it to you. I presume you will allow that the great Condé was no fool, and the Duchesse de Longueville is celebrated as one of the most brilliant of women. The Regent was unrivalled for wit of every kind. The Prince de Conti, who was elected King of Poland, was distinguished for this quality, and his verses are equal to those of La Fare and Saint Aulaire. The Duc de Bourgogne was learned and enlightened. The Duchess, Madame, daughter to Louis XIV., was an eminent wit, and made epigrams and couplets. The Duc de Maine was also an apt conversationalist; besides, I might add many members of the family now living.'"

vivors of the four daughters of Louis XV. who outlived their father. The third, Madame Sophie, had died two years before; and the other, Madame Louise, had quitted the world in one of those sudden resolutions that can only be inspired by great religious fervour, or by a quick and ardent spirit that will not be satisfied by smaller sacrifices — resolutions that always cause astonishment to men of the world, whatever be their cause.

It was in 1771 that Madame Louise, unmoved by her father's prayers and her sisters' tears, tore herself from the pleasures of the Court, to bury herself at thirty-four years of age in a cloister of Carmelites, and to forget the empty grandeurs of earth beneath a hair-cloth garment in one of the most austere religious orders. Scandal made many attempts to pursue her there, but found no response. And yet Madame Louise was blamed by several persons for having retired such a short distance from the Court, for seeing too much company, and still taking an active part in the affairs of the world and the interests of the State, while she practised the humblest labours like the lowest of the nuns. No doubt her self-denial would have seemed more complete at a greater distance from her family, and with vows of more absolute solitude; but her sacrifice seems large enough as it was, and without stopping to consider that perhaps the example of piety given by Madame Louise might have been of more use at Court than hid in a cloister, it must be said with truth that such a resolve must have required a great deal of courage. Madame Louise died in December 1787, and her death made so little sensation that, as I was unwell, I did not hear of it till some time afterwards. And it was no wonder, for the Princesses had not been slow to forget her, though they had visited her continually during the life of Louis XV.

The tempers of Mesdames were a little sharpened by the



neglect they received at Court; so they were very hard to please in waiting upon them. The least unpunctuality received a sharp reproof. If I was not afraid of being thought spiteful, I could give some proofs of my own experience. I will only mention that I was sharply scolded one day by Madame Adelaide for putting my hands into a muff that she had given me to carry while she went upstairs. If the pictures of Louis XV. that I have seen are good likenesses, this Princess resembled him exactly, and possessed his haughty glances. Madame Victoire was shorter and stouter.

Mesdames the Aunts only came to Paris in the winter, as they had been able to stay at Bellevue up to the 5th of October. Seeing that they were of very little use to their nephew, unable to enjoy his confidence, and fearing measures opposed to their religious opinions, they at last decided on going to Rome. Possibly in their solitude, standing in a position whence they could form a better judgment of the course of events, theirs was the surer presentiment of all the trouble that hung over their family; therefore, they separated themselves from it for life, but they could not prevail on Madame Elizabeth to leave her brother and accompany them. . . . No doubt Mesdames did not find themselves happy at Rome. The news of the fall of the throne of their fathers and the sorrows of their family came to disturb the peace they might have enjoyed in the Eternal City. They could at least carry their tears and prayers for their guilty country to the foot of the altar, till the day when they were forced to quit the hospitable city that had received them, by conquests that the noble head of the Church could neither arrest nor foresee. So they left Rome to retire to Naples; and, after several changes of their place of refuge, Madame Adelaide had the sorrow of seeing her younger sister die at Trieste. Her own mournful existence was short-

ened by grief, and she herself soon died at Klagenfurth.—  
*Recollections of a Page*, by Comte d'Hézecques, pp. 79–82.

### POSTSCRIPT.

As Madame Campan has several times stated in the foregoing pages that the money to foment sedition was furnished from English sources, the decree of the Convention of August 1793 may be quoted as illustrative of the *entente cordiale* alleged to exist between the insurrectionary Government and its friends across the Channel! The endeavours made by the English Government to save the unfortunate King are well known.

*Art. i.* The National Convention denounces the British Government to Europe and the English nation.

*Art. ii.* Every Frenchman that shall place his money in the English funds shall be declared a traitor to his country.

*Art. iii.* Every Frenchman who has money in the English funds or those of any other Power with whom France is at war shall be obliged to declare the same.

*Art. iv.* All foreigners, subjects of the Powers now at war with France, particularly the English, shall be arrested, and seals put upon their papers.

*Art. v.* The barriers of Paris shall be instantly shut.

*Art. vi.* All good citizens shall be required in the name of the country to search for the foreigners concerned in any plot denounced.

*Art. vii.* Three millions shall be at the disposal of the Minister at War to facilitate the march of the garrison of Mentz to La Vendée.

*Art. viii.* The Minister at War shall send to the army on

the coast of Rochelle all the combustible materials necessary to set fire to the forests and underwood of La Vendée.

*Art. ix.* The women, the children, and old men shall be conducted to the interior parts of the country.

*Art. x.* The property of the rebels shall be confiscated for the benefit of the Republic.

*Art. xi.* A camp shall be formed without delay between Paris and the Northern army.

*Art. xii.* All the family of the Capets shall be banished from the French territory, those excepted who are under the sword of the law, and the offspring of Louis Capet, who shall both remain in the Temple.

*Art. xiii.* Marie Antoinette shall be delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and shall be immediately conducted to the prison of the Conciergerie. Louise Elizabeth shall remain in the Temple till after the judgment of Marie Antoinette.

*Art. xiv.* All the tombs of the Kings which are at Saint Denis and in the departments shall be destroyed on August the 10th.

*Art. xv.* The present decree shall be despatched by extraordinary couriers to all the departments.

THE END.





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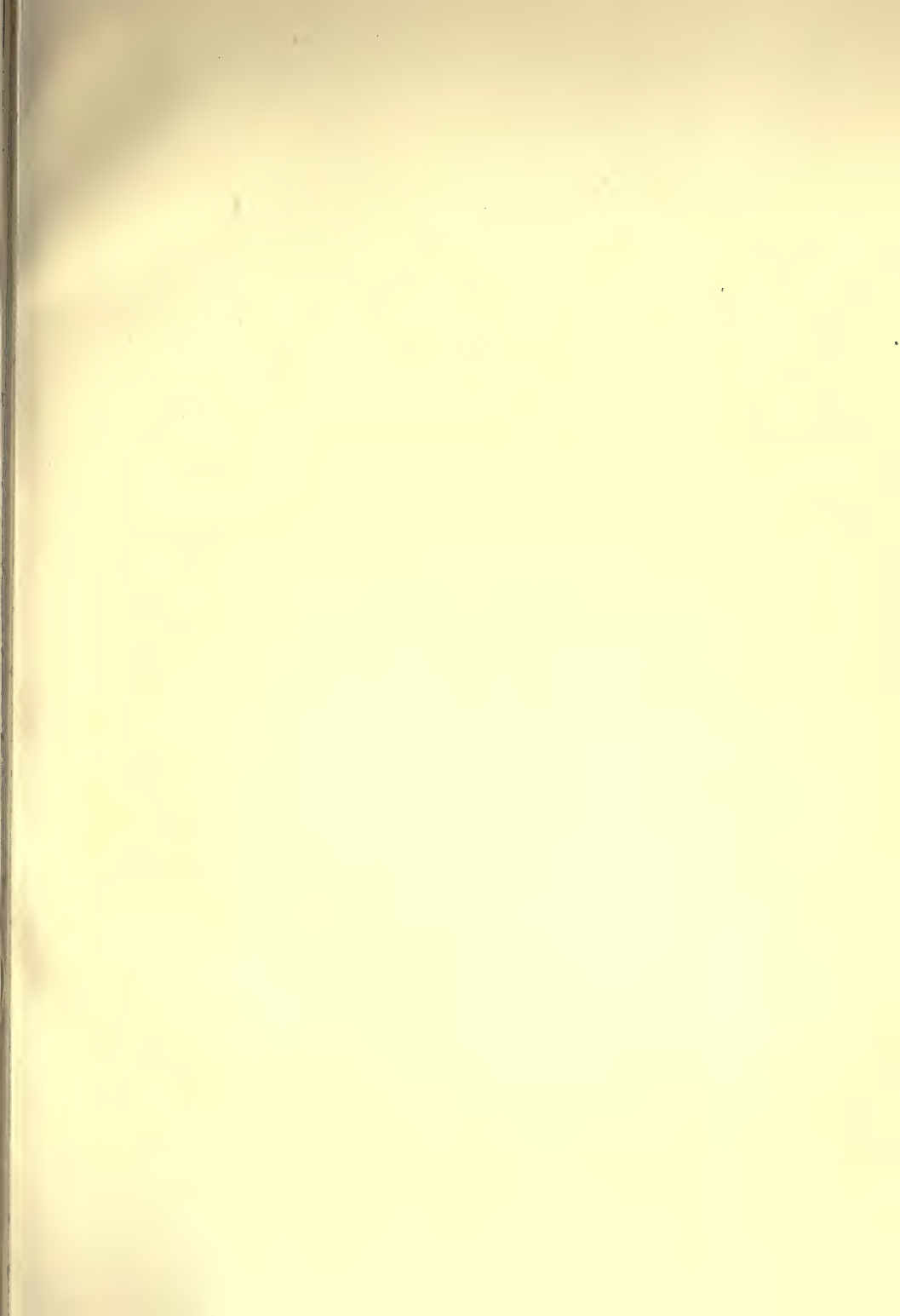
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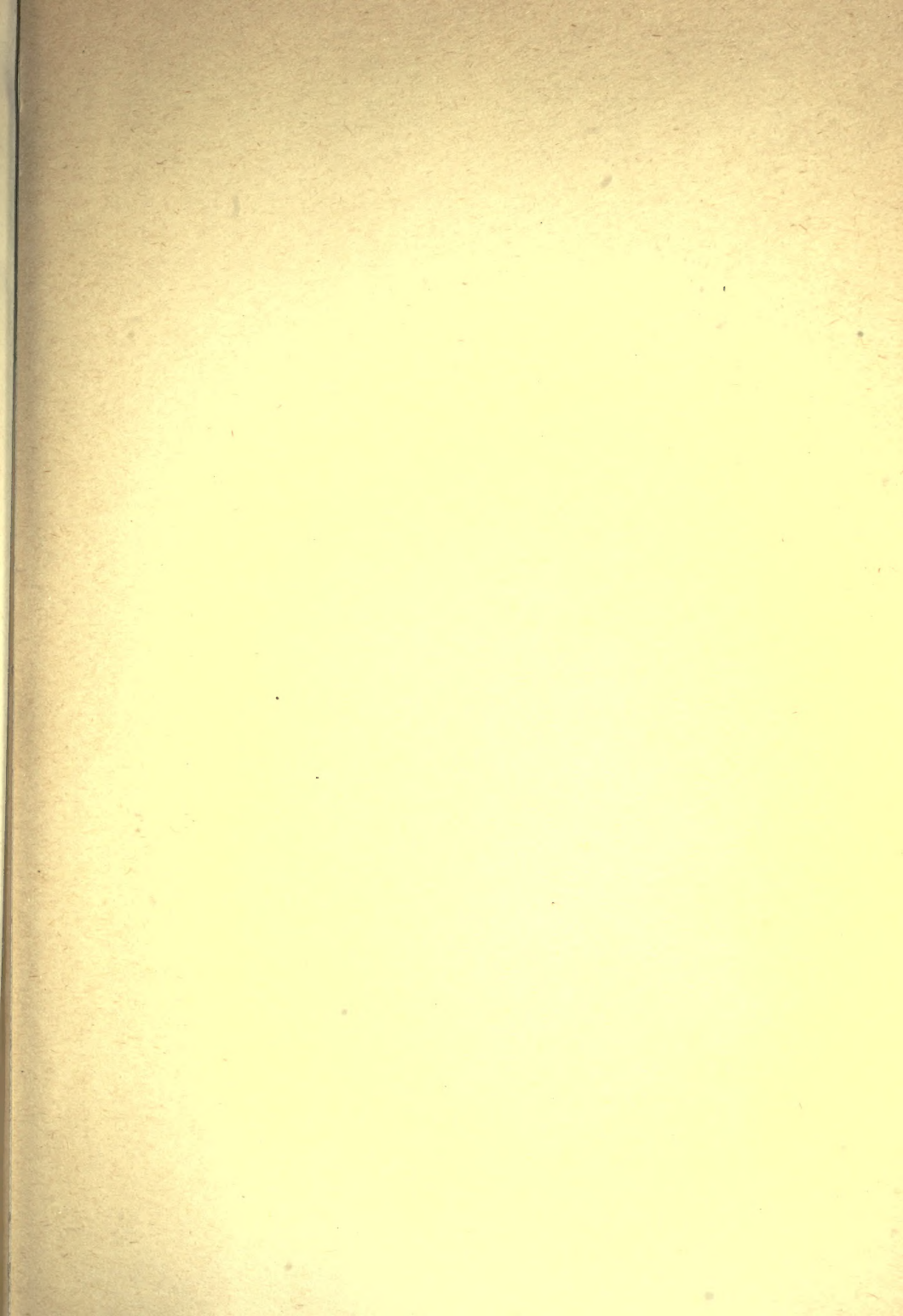


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